00032092

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

MARRIAGES

OF

THE BONAPARTES

VOL. I.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

THE MARRIAGES

OF

THE BONAPARTES

BY

THE HON. D. A. BINGHAM

AUTHOR OF 'THE SIEGE OF PARIS

32092

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION

U U d 36

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1882

All rights reserved

023.144
Map/Pir
32092

00032092

PREFACE.

THE various historians who have dealt with the first Napoleon have hardly paid sufficient attention to the matrimonial alliances by which he hoped to found and consolidate, not only an empire as large as that over which Charlemagne held sway, but several kingdoms in addition. From a very early age Napoleon looked upon marriage as a means of pushing his fortunes in the world; and if at one time he contemplated marrying a lady old enough to be his mother, did not a Duc d'Alençon, at the age of seventeen, venture over to England to pay his addresses to Queen Elizabeth, who was then in her thirty-sixth year? It is true that an objection was raised on the score of age; but a marriage with the Duc d'Anjou, who was only a year older than his brother, had been seriously entertained by the maiden queen.

A perusal of the following pages will show how the matrimonial schemes of Napoleon ended, and what little solidity they possessed.

Napoleon treated women quite regardless of their feelings: the princess was to grace his court and add lustre to his family, and the peasant girl to

beget children to recruit his armies. Had he remained much longer on the throne he would have no doubt revived the old French law by which, as M. Taine says, 'children of fourteen were bound to march, and widows up to the age of sixty were obliged to re-marry.'

There was a marriage scheme mixed up with almost all the important events of the Empire, with the fatal march to Moscow as well as with the rash and iniquitous invasion of Spain.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE MARRIAGES OF THE BONAPARTES . .	1
II.	CHARLES AND LÆTITIA BONAPARTE . . .	30
III.	JOSEPH BONAPARTE	53
IV.	JOSEPHINE AND NAPOLEON	92
V.	THE DIVORCE	225
VI.	THE SECOND MARRIAGE	283
VII.	JOSEPHINE AFTER THE DIVORCE . . .	338

I.

THE MARRIAGES OF THE BONAPARTES.

> Great Julius on the mountains bred,
> A flock perhaps or herd had led;
> He that subdu'd the world had been
> But the best wrestler on the green.

So wrote Waller, and we too may begin by observing that, born under other conditions, and subjected to other accidents, Napoleon Bonaparte, instead of becoming a soldier and a conqueror like Cæsar, might have made the best and most active matrimonial agent of his epoch. The business he did in this line, in the way of forming family alliances to consolidate his dynasty, and other alliances in the hope of effecting a fusion between the old and the new régimes, was simply enormous, and would have occupied the lifetime of any ordinary mortal, especially when we take into account the thousand intrigues, diplomatic and other, to which many of these unions gave rise. This labour involved, too, the breaking of some marriages and the patching up of others. Looking at all the military and administrative work which Napoleon Bonaparte accomplished in a couple of lustres, it seems marvellous how a mind even so indefatigable as his could have found time to deal not only with

the broad features of the alliances he planned, but with their most intimate details. His instructions to his brother Louis how to treat his wife were as minute as those dictated for the passing of a river in the presence of the enemy, or for the administration of a conquered province. He could write to Prince Eugène a long despatch, telling him how many days he should hunt, how often he should take the Princess Augusta to the theatre, and at what time he could rise in the morning and go to bed at night without disturbing his wife. Alluding to the last months of 1757, in his essay on Frederick the Great, Macaulay doubts 'whether any equal portion of the life of Hannibal, of Cæsar, or Napoleon could bear comparison with that short period, the most brilliant in the history of the Prussian monarch.' At this period we find Frederick with 'enemies all round him, despair in his heart, pills of corrosive sublimate hidden in his clothes, pouring forth hundreds upon hundreds of lines hateful to gods and men, the insipid dregs of Voltaire's Hippocrene, the faint echo of the lyre of Chaulieu.' But we doubt if the King of Prussia got through as much fighting and writing as did Napoleon during his first Italian campaign. Napoleon carried no poison, wrote no doggerel, but his pockets were stuffed with the wildest letters addressed to his adorable Josephine, while beating Beaulieu and Wurmser; and in the course of a few months he wrote over a thousand despatches, &c. Lord Holland says Napoleon employed his leisure studying logarithms, but we suspect that most of the time not devoted to war and politics must have been filled up by arranging matches for his brothers and sisters, his

adopted children the nephews and nieces of Josephine, his marshals, his generals, his ministers, and his courtiers. Although he laughed at the genealogical trees which flatterers prepared, and was sometimes fond of declaring that his family dated from Marengo, he delighted on other occasions in declaring himself the descendant of Charlemagne, and in overrating perhaps the value of royal alliances and aristocratical connections. Fully alive to the benefits of a patrician order, which he might attempt to initiate but could not create, he fell back upon a system of fusion, and in his omnipotence treated the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain like Sabine women, giving them away in marriage to the comrades of his glory, most of them men of the most humble origin.

Of the accidents which contributed to his marvellous rise, Napoleon has himself left us the list in the following statement, taken down by Las Cases, which deserves our attention.

'1. If my father, who died before he was forty, had lived a few years longer, he would have been elected to sit in the Constituent Assembly, to represent the Corsican nobility. He was an aristocrat with liberal ideas, and he would either have voted with the Right, or at least with the minority of the *noblesse*. In either case, no matter what my personal opinions, my career would have been ruined.

'2. If I had been of age when the Revolution broke out, I should probably have been myself elected a deputy. Warm and ardent, I should no doubt have made my mark, no matter the side I adopted; but the profession of arms would have been closed for me, and again my career would have been ruined.

'3. If my family had been better known, if we had been rich, and brought more prominently before the world, the fact of belonging to the nobility, even if I had adopted the Revolution, would have led to my proscription (like that of Beauharnais). I should never have inspired confidence, I should never have commanded an army, or had I commanded one, I should never have dared to act as I did. With all my successes I should have been unable to follow the bent of my liberal ideas with regard to the priesthood and the nobility, and I should never have attained supreme power.

'4. Even the number of my brothers and sisters was of great service to me, by enabling me to multiply my relations and means of influence.

'5. My marriage with Madame de Beauharnais brought me into contact with a whole party absolutely necessary for the carrying out of that system of fusion which was one of the greatest principles of my administration, and which specially characterised it. Without my wife I should never have been able to enter into natural relations with the Royalists.

'6. Even my foreign origin, against which a good deal was said in France, was favourable to me. It made the Italians regard me as a compatriot, and it greatly facilitated my successes in Italy. Those successes, once obtained, caused inquiries to be made with respect to the origin of my family, which had long fallen into obscurity. The Italians soon became aware that it had formerly played a prominent part among them, and when the marriage of my sister Pauline with Prince Borghese was projected, the

alliance was approved of both in Rome and Tuscany, and everyone said, "It is among ourselves; it is one of our own families!" When the question of the coronation was debated in conclave it was violently opposed by the Austrian party; but the Italian party carried the day, adding to the political motives which enlisted their votes this little "consideration" due to their national *amour-propre*. After all, it is an Italian family which we impose on the barbarians in order to govern them; we shall be revenged on the Gaul.[1]

'7. Even the name of Napoleon, little known, poetical, and sonorous, contributed a little in bringing about a great result.'[2]

[1] It was a very serious matter, and contrary to tradition, for the Pope to leave the Papal States, even in the interests of the Church. It is true that Pius VI. had visited Vienna to remonstrate with Joseph II., who, though nicknamed by Frederick the Great 'my brother the Sacristan,' vexed the Church; but this journey, not to be compared to that to Paris, had been strongly opposed by the Cardinals.

[2] Foolish attempts were often made to try and prove that the Emperor had no right to the name of Napoleon. The *Débats* of April 18, 1814, when his Majesty was at Elba, contained the following paragraph: 'It is high time to let the public know that the Christian name of Bonaparte is not Napoleon but Nicholas. This man wished to be extraordinary in everything.' This grave accusation is supposed to have arisen from the fact that when General Bonaparte was at the head of the army of Italy and was marching on Rome, he received the papal negotiators at Tolentino. One of these observed that he was the only Frenchman who had marched against Rome since the Constable de Bourbon, adding as a remarkable fact that the history of this first expedition was written by Nicholas Bonaparte, an ancestor of the commander of the second, in a work called *The Sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon*. Lord Holland mentions the 'absurd report' of Napoleon having changed his name from Nicholas in order to avoid ridicule, adding that when there was a question of Soult becoming King of Portugal, it was urged as an insurmountable objection that his Christian name was Nicholas, and in fact the Marshal

When at St. Helena, Napoleon reproached Lord Castlereagh with having been guilty of many falsehoods, and among other things, with having asserted in Parliament, that if the French army was so much attached to Napoleon, it was because he made a kind of conscription of all the heiresses of the Empire, and afterwards distributed them among his generals. 'Here,' said Napoleon, 'Lord Castlereagh lies again. He came among us, and is acquainted with our laws, our customs, and with the truth; he must have been aware that such a thing was impossible, and quite out of my power. What opinion could he have had of our nation? The French were incapable of ever submitting to such tyranny. No doubt I made a good many marriages, and I should have liked to have made thousands more; it was one of the great means of amalgamating, of melting down into a single family, irreconcilable factions. If I had had sufficient time I should have occupied myself with extending these unions to the United Provinces, and even to the Confederation of the Rhine, in order still more to tighten the bonds of these scattered portions of my Empire. But in all this I only employed my influence, never my authority. Lord Castlereagh does not stick at trifles; his policy is to render me odious.' In

was called Nicholas Jean-de-Dieu Soult, although Lord Holland says, 'I think his name was not Nicholas but John.' Names in those days must have been of considerable importance. We find in the preface of an ignoble melodrama published in London in 1807, entitled the *Caitiff of Corsica, or the Universal Banditti*, this observation: 'Strange that *Jonathan Wild* should have been translated into French on the fall of the Directory, also that his mother's name should have been Læti ia.' Lætitia Wild bore Jonathan, and Lætitia Bonaparte, Napoleon.

proof of the assertion made by Napoleon, that he never exercised his authority in matrimonial matters, his panegyrist Las Cases brings forward one doubtful instance. He relates that M. d'Aligre had a daughter who was an immense heiress, and it occurred to the Emperor to marry her to M. de Caulaincourt, Duc de Vicence (a quondam suitor of Josephine de Beauharnais), who was a special favourite. 'The Emperor,' continues Las Cases, 'could not imagine any obstacle to this union. He sent for the Marquis, who often came to Court, and made his demand; but M. d'Aligre, who had other views, refused to hear of this marriage, in spite of all the efforts of Napoleon to shake his determination. In relating the above facts to me, M. d'Aligre allowed me to perceive that he considered he had exhibited great courage, for he believed, like the rest of us, that it was very dangerous to stand in the way of the wishes of the Emperor. He was mistaken, as we were; we did not know him. I am aware to-day that private justice and the rights of parents were all-powerful with him. To the best of my belief, M. d'Aligre had never to suffer on account of this refusal.'

To an unbiassed mind the solitary exception brought forward by Las Cases proves quite the contrary to what he would have us believe. Why should M. d'Aligre, who was acquainted with the Court, have considered it an act of courage to refuse the hand of his daughter to a man she had probably never seen? How came it that Las Cases and his friends considered it was dangerous to oppose the desires of the Emperor in such matters until his Majesty assured him of the contrary *at St. Helena*? It was only in

1817 that Las Cases became aware that Napoleon respected the rights of parents; but he must have known that his Majesty had a list of all the rich heiresses and 'grandly blazoned' young ladies in the Empire; that their fathers were sent for and offered places and restitution of their forests in return for the right of disposing of their hands; that some ladies who resisted were exiled to their châteaux, and that others were obliged to leave France or were thrown into confinement. Capefigue, who certainly cannot be accused of maligning Napoleon, mentions these matters and the lists of proscription drawn out by the Imperial police. Then Las Cases could not say for certain that M. d'Aligre es[illegible] vengeance of the Emperor, who was not t[illegible] thwarted with impunity, except perhaps by some of his favourite generals whose services he could not dispense with. There was very little difference between the influence used by the most irresponsible of sovereigns, and his commands. That influence was exerted not only to force a Mdlle. de Coigny to give her patrician hand to Savary, one of the meanest and most unprincipled of Napoleon's instruments, who, as his master said, required to be continually corrupted; it was employed to oblige Berthier to marry the Princess of Birkenfeld, and Talleyrand to marry Madame Grand. It was employed on numerous other occasions in and out of his own family, unsuccessfully with Lucien, successfully with the miserable Louis, with Jerome, with Mdlle. Stephanie de Beauharnais, Mdlle. Tascher, and others. It is too absurd to hold up as the respecter of any rights whatever, the military despot who could exile women like Madame de Staël, Madame de

Chevreuse, Madame de Duras, Madame d'Aiseaux, and Madame Récamier ; who only spared Madame de Luynes on the condition of becoming a lady-in-waiting to the Empress ; who tolerated no resistance, and gave the noble Faubourg to understand that it must either enter into his system or accept the consequences. Napoleon considered that all the men and women in France were puppets formed to further his schemes and aid in the consolidation of his dynasty. Nor was this presumption very wonderful, seeing the adulation of which he was the object ; when a public functionary could declare that 'God made Napoleon, and ceased from his labours,' and a bishop could talk of 'that God whom even the conqueror of Marengo adored!' The assertion made by Lord Castlereagh was not mendacious—the thing was quite possible—it was not beyond Napoleon's power. Lord Castlereagh had a correct notion of the French nation ; the French were capable of submitting to such tyranny—and did submit to it.

The soldier after having served a certain number of years was liberated, but this was not the case with the 'female conscription,' for even the widows of the Emperor's officers had certain duties to perform. On his return from Elba, he said he had little difficulty in composing society. He had ready to hand his widows, the Duchesse d'Istrie (Madame Duroc), Madame Regnier, Madame Legrand, and the relicts of many other generals. 'Nothing more moral, nor more natural. They were young and yet acquainted with the world, and among the number were some very charming and most amiable women.' As the second reign of Napoleon only lasted a hundred days, he had hardly time to form the novel court of widows, where jewels

and bright colours would have been replaced by weeds, and in which the lovely and youthful Duchesse de Montebello (Madame Lannes) would have been the saddest and most beautiful ornament.

Often in his hours of exile Napoleon suffered from latent fits of matrimonimania, and harped upon his fusionist system, which, properly carried out, would have effected such great things. He said on one occasion that he had managed matters badly with the Faubourg St. Germain; that he did too little or too much; that two courses were open to him, that of extirpating and that of fusioning. The first course was out of the question, and the second was difficult, but offered no insurmountable obstacles; he had accomplished a great deal, and had he remained on the throne he would have carried out his plan, and France would have been invincible; it was necessary at any price to cement this union. 'The contrary,' he continued, 'lost us, and may for a long time prolong our misfortunes, and perhaps the death-throes of our poor France. I should have attached the *émigrés* when they returned to France; the aristocracy would easily have adored me; an aristocracy, too, was necessary to me, for it is the true and only support of a monarchy. But the value of an aristocracy—its magic—lies in its antiquity, in time, and these were the only things I could not create.' Then, alluding to his second marriage: 'If Austria and Russia had raised any difficulties, I would have married a Frenchwoman. I would have chosen one of the first names of the monarchy. I would have surrounded myself with the Montmorencies, the Nesles, the Clissons; and I would have married their daughters to foreign sovereigns after

adopting them. It would have been my pride and pleasure to have spread these fine French plants had they given themselves to us. They did not comprehend me. They had no idea, no knowledge of true glory. They preferred wallowing in the mud of the Allies instead of following me to the summits of the Simplon, in order to command the respect and the admiration of the rest of Europe. The madmen!'

Napoleon entertained varied feelings on the value of matrimonial alliances. He said they were something, but not everything. His first marriage brought him into contact with the Faubourg St. Germain; by his second marriage he was received into the family of the crowned heads of Europe, Yet neither marriage turned out as he wished, nor produced the advantages he anticipated. The sterility of Josephine was a constant source of regret, and involved a great political difficulty by compromising the stability of the dynasty; and the union with Marie Louise did not prevent Austria from joining the Allies. It was a pitfall, he said, covered with flowers. It was, however, a matter of pride to Napoleon to think that the blood of the Imperial dynasty should have mingled with that of all the reigning houses in Europe—those of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England, and also with that of the ex-reigning house of France. His adopted son, Eugène Napoleon, better known as Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, married the daughter of the King of Bavaria. His niece, Stephanie de Beauharnais, married the brother-in-law of the Emperor of Russia. His brother Jerome married the daughter of the King of Wurtemburg, who was first cousin to the Emperor of Russia, to the King of Prussia, and to the King of England. He

himself married a daughter of the Cæsars, and thus entered the House of Hapsburg, and through his wife's mother became connected with the Bourbons. The Bourbons of Spain and the King of Saxony both implored his alliance. In the hour of his tribulation, and when his lust of dominion had become intolerable, all these bonds snapped like cobwebs. None of his alliances availed him. The Vice-Queen of Italy remained faithful to the Emperor, so did the Queen of Westphalia and the Queen of Sweden; but the Kings of Bavaria and of Wurtemburg, and Bernadotte, all declared against him. His father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, snatched from him not only his wife but his child. Marie Louise had been sacrificed to a great political necessity, and, the crisis over, the victim was taken back. She had saved Austria, but she did not save France. She had averted impending ruin from the country of her father, but she had been powerless to stay the avenging sword which smote that of her husband. The defect in all these alliances was that they were not founded on mutual interests, but upon apprehension on one side, and on vanity, ambition, and a slight spirit of revenge on the other; and they consequently failed to stand a strain.

At St. Helena Napoleon often regretted that Imperial alliance which, in his opinion, had lured him to destruction, and certainly his divorce with Josephine brought him no luck. Josephine, who was exceedingly superstitious, but perhaps not more so than Napoleon himself, and who was as fond of consulting the Pythoness of Montmartre and the Sorceress of the Faubourg St. Germain, as Catherine de Medicis was of consulting Nostradamus and Anne of Austria the

astrologer Morin, always told her husband that his star would pale the day they separated; and it was so. We have already noticed the fact of Napoleon having forced Talleyrand and Berthier to marry, and how he gave Savary a spouse, having such confidence in his devotion that he declared—'If I ordered Savary to make away with his wife and children, I am sure he would not hesitate;' also how he wanted the Marquis d'Aligre to give his daughter to Caulaincourt. Among other remarkable matches—and we shall speak of some of them more fully hereafter—were those between Mdlle. de la Rochefoucauld and the Prince Aldobrandini; between the eldest daughter of the Comtesse d'Arberg and General Klein; between the second daughter of the same lady and General Comte Lobau; between Emilie de Beauharnais and the Comte de Lavalette; between General Rapp and the daughter of a wealthy banker; between Marshal Davoust and Mdlle. Leclerc. Sometimes the Emperor proceeded in detail, sometimes in wholesale, as when, after the battle of Austerlitz, he issued this decree: 'We adopt all the children of the generals, officers, and soldiers who fell at the battle of Austerlitz. They will be educated at Rambouillet and at St. Germain, provided for, and married by us. They will add to their names that of Napoleon,' &c. And it may be said that this ruling passion was strong in death, for we find the following passages in the will of the Emperor: 'I bequeath to Marchand, my first *valet de chambre*, 400,000 francs. The services he has rendered me are those of a friend. I desire him to marry the widow, the sister, or the daughter of an officer or soldier of my Old Guard.' He also left Duroc's daughter

200,000 francs; and Marshal Bessières' son, the Duc d'Istrie, 300,000 francs, with this mention: 'My desire is that the Duke shall marry Duroc's daughter, if there be no inconvenience.' Both marshals had served him long and faithfully; both had lost their lives in the campaign of 1813. Duroc fell at Wurtzchen, and Bessières at Lutzen, and the ashes of both had been laid in the Invalides. Strange to say, both generals, too, had refused ladies whose hands had been offered to them by Napoleon. Duroc had declined the honour of marrying Hortense de Beauharnais, and Bessières had rejected several brilliant matches proposed to him by his Majesty, preferring to wealth and station Mdlle. Lapeyrière, who made him the best and most adorable of wives.

Napoleon, however, had on his conscience the crime of having prevented one marriage. Dwelling one day at St. Helena on the attachment of the King of Saxony, he observed: 'I am sure his Majesty says a *Pater* and an *Ave* for me every day. It is true that I ruined the prospects of the poor Princess Augusta, his daughter, and I was very wrong. Returning from Tilsit, I received the King's chamberlain at Marienwerder, who handed me a letter from his master, saying: "The Emperor of Austria has just written to me to demand the hand of my daughter. I send you this letter in order to know what answer I should give." I replied that I would be at Dresden in the course of a few days, and on my arrival I condemned the marriage and hindered it. I made a great mistake, but I feared that the Emperor Francis would carry off the King of Saxony from me, when, on the contrary, it was the Princess Augusta who would have secured

me the Emperor Francis, and then I should not be here.' This explanation was not quite veracious, for if neither Austria nor Russia had listened to his proposals for an alliance, he intended to fall back on the daughter of his faithful old ally, the King of Saxony, although she was very far from being either young or good-looking; and it may be asked how the Princess of Saxony would have secured the alliance of a monarch who afterwards aided in dethroning his own daughter.

That a large number of *émigrés* should have allowed themselves to be drawn within the Imperial system, by marriage and other means, was not extraordinary; for Napoleon had it in his power to restore the estates and titles which they had lost during the Revolution, and he was the distributor of places and boundless wealth. Besides kings, he created nine princes, thirty-one dukes, 388 counts, and 1,090 barons. A volume might be written about all the treasures on which he laid hands, and of which he disposed according to his fancy. One of Madame de Pompadour's generals earned the nickname of *le père Maraude*; but never before nor since the Bonaparte epoch, according to Lanfrey, was there such unlimited and systematic pillaging.[1] It may be true in a mea-

[1] However, during the Seven Years' War very terrible things were done if we are to believe a letter quoted by Carlyle in his *History of Frederick the Great*. This letter says :—

'The robbing and torturing of travellers, the plundering and burning of Saxon villages, was such that many persons have nothing left but what they carry on their backs. Plundering was universal, and no sooner was one party away than another came, and still another; and often the same house was three or four times plundered. Baron von Bose's castle, with its splendid appointments, they ruined utterly; took all money, victuals, valuables, furniture, clothes, linen and beds,

sure, as Machiavelli said, that it is more easy to support the exactions of the French than those of any other nation, because they usually spend the fruit of their plunder with the persons they have despoiled; but this was not the case with the Republican and Imperial troops, and especially with the officers. When Napoleon obtained the command of the army of Italy he said in his first proclamation: 'Soldiers, you are ill-fed and nearly naked. The Government can do nothing for you. . . . I am going to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world, where you will find great towns and rich provinces, honour, glory, and wealth.' As a recent historian remarks, this proclamation provoked in the common soldiers a thirst for pillage unequalled in modern warfare, and among the officers a spirit of ambition and insatiable cupidity. It is difficult to read without a blush of indignation how shamefully Piedmont, Tuscany, Genoa, Parma, and Lombardy were plundered, and how Rome was only to be spared on condition of the Pope consenting to pray for the prosperity of the French arms, and 'giving us some fine monuments, statues, pictures, medals, books, silver Madonnas, and even bells, in order to indemnify us for the expense *which a visit to Rome would have cost us*!' And after the defeat of

all they could carry; what could not be carried away, they cut, hewed, and smashed to pieces; broke the wine casks, and even tore up the documents and letters found lying about. . . . Several churches were pillaged; the altars broken, the altar cloths and other vestures cut to pieces, and the sacred vessels and cups carried away. Of the pollution of the altars and the blasphemous songs these people sung, one cannot think without horror. . . . And it was our pretended allies and protectors who have desecrated our divine service, utterly wasted our country, reduced the inhabitants to want and desperation,' &c. &c. And so on *ad nauseam*.

Wurmser this demand was more clearly specified—it was laid at 15,000,000 francs in coin, 6,000,000 francs in stores, 100 pictures, 500 manuscripts, the temporary occupation of Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara, and the busts of Junius and of Marcus Brutus! The Directory having complained that these conditions were too mild, Napoleon showed that the campaign against the Pope had yielded no less than 34,000,000 francs, as the money in the pawn offices and customs had been seized. The Duke of Parma had to purchase a suspension of arms at the price of 2,000,000 francs, 1,200 horses, saddled and bridled, 20 pictures, and among these 'St. Jerome' (which the duke vainly asked to redeem by paying 40,000*l.*), also military stores. The Duke of Modena, for the same favour, was obliged to pay 10,000,000 francs and twenty pictures; Lombardy 20,000,000 francs and works of art. An agent was to be attached to the French army in Italy, to *extract* and forward to Paris all the objects of art, science, &c., *found in the conquered cities.* These objects comprised pictures, statues, manuscripts, machines, mathematical instruments, maps, horses, carriages; also wood, hemp, and sailcloth for the French navy. It has been said of Warren Hastings that he was too much of a statesman to treat a great country as a buccaneer would a galleon; but this was hardly the idea of Napoleon—at all events before he became practically aware of the bad policy of a system he had inaugurated.

Having himself plundered every state in Italy in the most merciless manner, it is ludicrous to find Napoleon crying out against a state of things he had openly encouraged. But when he perceived the

inhabitants of some parts of the country entirely ruined, emigrating *en masse*, he felt that the evil had gone too far, and that he was committing a political blunder. 'I am surrounded by robbers,' he wrote, accusing his generals, his contractors, and everyone of pillaging. 'You no doubt calculated,' he said in a despatch to the Directory, 'that your administrators would rob, but that they would perform their duty and show a little modesty; but they rob in so ridiculous and impudent a manner that if I had a month's time I should shoot every one of them.' In another letter he declared that the excesses of the soldiery made him blush to be a man. 'I shall make some terrible examples,' he added, 'or I shall cease to command these brigands.' And to calm the avidity of the troops he announced his intention of levying immense contributions; he wanted to introduce some method into this plundering.

In addition to this, Napoleon acquired the habit of making immense sums by selling states even when they did not belong to him. As a specimen of such transactions we may quote how he ceded Tuscany to the House of Spain in exchange for Louisiana—Tuscany (which he never really let out of his grasp, and which he finally gave to his sister Eliza) for Louisiana, which he sold to the United States for about 80,000,000 francs. On March 2, 1801, he wrote to Talleyrand: 'You will authorise Lucien [then ambassador in Spain] to offer to the Duke of Parma, independently of Tuscany, the State of Lucca; but on the condition of the Spaniards giving us three of the frigates at Barcelona and Carthagena, and six of the line of battle ships now lying at the Havannah, per-

fectly armed.' At the date of this offer, made to the son-in-law of the King of Spain, Napoleon exercised no right whatever over Lucca, not even that of conquest. Lucca also went eventually to Eliza Bacciochi, his eldest sister. On the same day, in a second letter to Talleyrand, Napoleon said: 'If the King of Spain objects to occupy one of the provinces of Portugal, Lucien may release him from this task on condition of the King of Portugal handing us over the three vessels which blockaded me at Alexandria.' Spain at this moment was being employed in wringing 20,000,000 francs from Portugal, and forcing her to close her ports to English ships; and for this service Charles IV. was to receive the province of Olivença. His Spanish Majesty, too, in virtue of an old offensive and defensive treaty, was paying France 6,000,000 francs a month for the favour of not being forced to declare war against England. After the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens, Portugal, for the sum of 16,000,000 francs, purchased the right of keeping her ports open and remaining neutral. But in spite of a special treaty to this effect, she was shortly afterwards ordered to close her ports under pain of a declaration of war and the confiscation of the English merchandise lying in her harbours. It would take us too far to follow Napoleon through all his territorial trafficking. We have only to turn to the negotiations which followed Austerlitz to see how he wished to 'deal' with Hanover, with Sicily, with the Hanse towns, with Albania, which did not belong to him; with Ragusa, which was an independent state, and with the Balearic Isles, which belonged to his ally, the King of Spain, to form an idea of the extent to which this predatory proclivity, or mania,

was carried. It was either the height of impudence or insanity to offer the Hanse towns to the King of Naples in exchange for Sicily, which King Joseph, thanks to British interference, battles of Maida, &c., could not annex; and to offer Hanover (recently ceded to Prussia in order to entangle her with England) to George IV. Lanfrey, alluding to this systematic theft, says that even in time of peace, what were called euphemistically, '*les recettes extérieures*,' found a place in the budget.

In addition to all the money, statues, pictures, &c., ruthlessly stolen from countries where the French armies went to break the chains of despotism and spread the immortal principles of the Revolution, Napoleon seized in Italy, Poland, Hanover, and Westphalia domains to the value of 10,000,000*l.*; and, says Lanfrey, 'he claimed to be their legitimate proprietor, because they had not been taken from the people, but from the sovereigns he had dispossessed. . . . He furnished large dowries to his relatives and servants without any expense to his treasury. His sister Eliza had already received Lucca and Piombino; Eugène had Upper Italy; Pauline Borghese obtained the duchy of Guastalla, which she sold; Berthier the principality of Neufchâtel; Murat the duchy of Berg, ceded by Bavaria; Bernadotte the principality of Ponte-Corvo; Talleyrand that of Beneventum; Lebrun was made Duke of Plaisance. The Venetian States alone furnished twelve fiefs.' And these were only some of the domains upon which the French Emperor laid violent hands.

It is calculated that Berthier had an income of over a million francs; Ney, Davoust, Soult, and

Bessières, 600,000 each; Massena, Augereau, Bernadotte, Mortier, Victor, and no doubt all the other marshals, at least 400,000. And in addition to these regular incomes, 'refreshers,' and what they could loot. On one occasion Davoust received a present of 300,000 francs; and after Austerlitz, Napoleon presented Lannes with a million (40,000*l.*). After Jena, having requisitioned Prussia, Hesse, Brunswick, &c., to the extent of 400,000,000 francs, he gave 6,000,000 to the officers and 12,000,000 to the men. Before the Austerlitz campaign he made a present of 50,000 francs as 'a proof of his esteem' to Massena, one of the most rapacious of his lieutenants, who had plundered the military chest, who when in command of the army of Italy had left the soldiers unpaid, and amassed such sums himself that the troops revolted and refused to obey him; to whom Napoleon thus referred in instructions sent to his brother Joseph, 'But above all, prevent Massena from robbing. I desire that the money he levies in the kingdom of Naples shall benefit my troops and the state, and not fatten rogues. What Massena did in the Venetian States was frightful. That affair is not terminated yet.' And on March 1., 1806, the Emperor wrote a letter to King Joseph, in which he said: 'Arm the forts and disarm the Neapolitans. You will never maintain yourself in the country by the force of opinion. . . . Lay a contribution of 5,000,000 on Naples. The resources of the country must pay for the keep of the army. . . . Have no pity for the robbers. Massena has taken all. He received a gift of 3,000,000 francs, which he must refund, or I shall call a court-martial to inquire into the employment of the sums levied in Germany! . . . Establish

mortars, as I did at Cairo, so as to be able to destroy the city in case of revolt. Lay a contribution of 30,000,000 francs on the whole kingdom. . . . The army and generals must live in plenty. . . . The kingdom of Naples ought to yield 100,000,000 francs *without Sicily.* . . . You say you have no money; but you have a good army, fiefs, and *the property of the clergy*,' &c. What a pretty picture of the 'spoilt child of victory,' who died Duke of Rivoli, Prince of Essling, and who enjoyed the Imperial esteem! What advice to poor Joseph, who wished to rule with justice and mercy, and to draw the pay for the French soldiers from France! What advice for the signer of the Concordat to give respecting ecclesiastical property! But money was to flow into, not out of, France.

The docility with which the Germans and Italians submitted to French exactions was astonishing, but the Spaniards took matters very differently. The Duc de Fezensac relates that, while on Marshal Ney's staff and engaged in carrying despatches, one of the wheels of his carriage came off as he was passing through a German village, on which the people came out and soon set his vehicle to rights. Such an accident, the Duke opined, would have had a fatal termination in Spain. Nothing could have been more wanton and outrageous than the sack of such open places as Cordova and Burgos. Dupont's disaster at Baylen was in a great measure due to the amount of plunder which impeded his movements; and if the terms of the capitulation were not fully observed, that was due to the exasperation of the Spaniards on finding a large number of sacred vessels among the French baggage. The pitch to which pillaging was carried in

Spain disgusted even Massena, who wrote to King Joseph on August 10, 1810, that 'theft and brigandage are carried to the utmost extent.' He expressed at the same time the desire to leave a country where he was a helpless spectator of revolting disorder. But what could King Joseph do? A month before, he had complained to his brother of 'the shameful depredations committed by certain officers who had torn the silver buckles from the court harness, and who had plundered churches and convents. 'If your Majesty,' he said, 'would only write to Caulaincourt that you are aware of the organised pillage of the churches and houses of Cuença, you might do a great deal of good. I know that the sale of sacred vases at Madrid has created much mischief;' and he denounced the generals who imitated Caulaincourt. The Count de Morla complained that one French private had been found with 2,180 pounds *tournois*, or nearly 100*l.*, in his pockets. Writing about what took place in Massena's lines before Torres Vedras, Marmont says in his memoirs: 'Detachments of men, armed and without arms, were formed in each regiment, in order to explore the country and carry off everything they could find. If they met a Portuguese, they seized and tortured him, to force him to reveal where he had hidden his provisions. They commenced by hanging a man till he was red—that was a first warning; and then they hung blue, and death ensued.' How Spain was plundered of her pictures by Marshal Soult and other commanders is well known. Shortly after Soult died at the magnificent château he had constructed and named Soultberg, in honour of himself and his wife, who was German, his

gallery was sold. It consisted mostly of Spanish masters, of Murillos, Ribeiras, and Suberans, and fetched 1,467,351f. 50c. The 'Conception,' by Murillo, was bought for the Louvre for 586,000 francs.

Of a truth the patrician ladies who married Napoleon's officers did not give their hands to mere soldiers of fortune. What has generally been termed the road to honour was, under the Imperial system, the road to wealth, obtained, it is true, in the most unscrupulous fashion. It was of this glorious period of conquest and rapine that Victor Hugo sung:—

> Et puis il revenait avec la grande armée,
> Encombrant de butin sa France bien-aimée,
> Son Louvre de granit;
> Et les Parisiens poussaient des cris de joie,
> Comme font les aiglons, alors qu'avec sa proie
> L'aigle rentre à son nid!

Madame de Rémusat says that the marshals obtained gigantic recompenses, that immense sums were distributed among them, that their exactions of all kinds in conquered countries were tolerated, that they made enormous fortunes, which they squandered, believing the source inexhaustible. . . . Marshal Ney purchased a house which cost him 40,000*l.*, and Marshal Davoust did the same. In fact, the Emperor directed all the marshals to keep brilliant establishments; their wives sparkled with diamonds, and their tables glittered with plate of the most costly description.

As for the Emperor himself, his civil list amounted to 35,500,000 francs, about 10,000,000 of which he drew from Italy, Piedmont, and Tuscany. He also had at his disposal the secret service money of the Foreign Office, and the theatrical fund!

During Napoleon's first campaign in Italy, Clarke, an officer of Irish extraction, who afterwards served the Emperor for many years as War Minister, and was created Duc de Feltre, was told off by the Directory to act as a spy on the young general. The following is an extract from a report which this secret agent addressed to the government on December 7, 1796. Napoleon afterwards made up for a moderation which imposed on those who watched him most closely. Clarke wrote: 'The fate of Italy several times depended on his skilful combinations. Everyone here looks upon him as a man of genius. He is feared, loved, and respected in Italy. His penetration defeats every intrigue. He belongs neither to the Royalists, who calumniate him, nor to the Anarchists, who dislike him. The constitution is his guide. I believe he will be always useful, never dangerous, to his country. Bonaparte will be placed by posterity in the rank of the greatest men. He has too much concern for his glory to think of enriching himself.'

The free and easy manner in which Napoleon treated women, disposing of their hands as if they stood in a slave market at Stamboul, as well as his frequent wars, which endangered the lives of husbands and sons, finished by alienating the fair sex. Madame de Rémusat has left us a graphic description of the state of feeling in France ere the sanguinary battles of the Empire commenced. Writing before the Austerlitz campaign, she says that the gloom was universal; that many distinguished families, whose children had embraced the career of arms, trembled for their destiny. 'How anxiously,' she adds, 'did parents await those bulletins which at any moment might acquaint them with the death of one they

loved! What torture did Bonaparte impose upon mothers and wives? He was sometimes astonished at the hatred he finished by inspiring; but how was it possible to pardon him for such a painful and prolonged anxiety, so many tears shed, so many sleepless nights, so many days filled with terror?' Comte Miot de Melito relates how, on the return of the Emperor from Elba, he was sent into the departments to investigate the feeling of the country. In the report he afterwards made to his Majesty, he informed him that he had everywhere found the women his declared enemies, and that in France such adversaries were not to be despised. 'Oh! I well know that,' exclaimed Napoleon; 'it has been told me on all sides, and I cannot doubt it. I would never admit women into the secrets of the cabinet, nor allow them to meddle with the government, and now they revenge themselves.' Surely Napoleon did not mean to convey the idea that if he had admitted a Marquise de Pompadour to his councils, and allowed her to write such despatches to his marshals as the favourite of Louis XV. wrote to Soubise, to de Contades, to de Broglie, and the Abbé de Clermont, marking out on a map the positions they were to occupy with the patches she could spare from her cheeks, that the women of France would have clung to him! The women had not only been excluded from the political world; they had been systematically degraded. Madame de Rémusat tells us that he never said an amiable word to any of the ladies of the court. He reminded a duchess who had been forced into the household of the Empress Josephine, that she was marked with the small-pox, and received the retort, 'a Frenchman could never have told me so.' When he received Madame

de Talleyrand he had nothing more gracious to say than, 'I hope that the conduct of the Citoyenne Talleyrand will cause the levities of Madame Grand to be forgotten:' an insult which drew forth the rejoinder, 'I could not follow in this respect a better example than that given by the Citoyenne Bonaparte.' If he treated his two wives with some kind of decency, he behaved with almost uniform brutality to his mistresses. At a fancy ball he tore a lady's mask from her face, and in fact endless instances could be related of his want of gallantry, and indeed want of elementary politeness. He declared that the women in France were too well treated, that the Orientals were right in considering them the property of man, and that they were slaves by nature. He approved of polygamy, and it is quite possible that he would have established it in France had his reign endured. All that he required from a woman was beauty, grace, seduction, complete submission, and a numerous progeny for the necessities of his conscriptions.

Many of his letters contained expressions of great brutality. On April 10, 1806, he wrote to Marshal Berthier from the Malmaison:—

I regret that you sent your brother to Paris, and I shall not receive him. Order him to rejoin his corps at once. He has gained two millions in Hanover, but must not give himself airs. If he wishes to shirk duty because he is rich, he will find out his mistake. I consider a general dishonoured who deserts his troops. As for the confinement of his wife I cannot enter into such details; my wife might have died at Munich or Strasburg, and that would not have disarranged my plans for a quarter of an hour, &c., &c.

He could not tolerate a woman writing on the topics of the day, and for the wife of a general to

touch upon military subjects was a deadly sin. In another letter to Berthier, dated Paris, December 5, 1811, he said :—

My cousin, write to Marshal Suchet to complain that his wife, in her correspondence with Madame Saligny, speaks of what happens in his army ; that these details ought never to be found in the letter of a woman, who should be ignorant of the strength of the troops and their movements, and only speak of her health, and that is all.

NAPOLEON.

Strange to say, la Maréchale Suchet, who was ordered only to speak of her health in 1811, is still alive in 1880, and resides in the splendid hotel adjoining the British embassy, which was given to her as a marriage gift by King Joseph of Spain.

Even crowned heads did not escape the brutality of Napoleon. After Jena the lovely and unfortunate Queen of Prussia was treated with an almost inconceivable want of generosity. No calumny was too dastardly for his pen. In a bulletin addressed to the army, he explained an engraving in which her Majesty was represented standing beside 'the handsome Emperor of Russia. On the other side the King points to the tomb of the great Frederick. The Queen, draped in a shawl, much as the engravings of London represent Lady Hamilton, presses her hand upon her heart and appears to regard the Emperor of Russia. The shade of Frederick must have been indignant at this scandalous scene.' In another bulletin the French army was informed that the portrait of the Czar had been found in the apartments inhabited by the Queen at Potsdam. The Queen of Naples, before being driven from her throne, was gratified with such epithets as 'atrocious,' and as a 'criminal woman,' who had

'violated the most sacred rights.' Her Majesty having sent the Prince de Cardito to congratulate him on his assumption of the title of King of Italy, Napoleon interrupted him in the most violent way, and employed such abusive language that the unfortunate envoy fainted away. Nor were the unfortunate Queens of Spain and of Etruria treated with a greater amount of gallantry. It is not astonishing that in the end even the women of France turned against a man whose conduct towards their sex was marked by a coarseness and violence little in keeping with the character of the nation.

In the following pages we have attempted to give an account of the marriages of that wonderful Bonaparte family; the intrigues by which they were accomplished, the domestic quarrels, the separations, the divorces, the wars, and the acts of oppression to which they gave rise; their political interest, the tears of more than one victim sacrificed at the altar; infidelities and miseries, fortunately relieved by two or three brilliant exceptions. Johnson, when treating of biography in the 'Rambler,' said: 'There are many invisible circumstances which, whether we read as inquirers after natural or moral knowledge, whether we intend to enlarge our science or increase our virtue, are more important than public occurrences. Thus Sallust, the great master of nature, has not forgotten in his account of Catiline to remark that his walk was now quick, now slow, as an indication of a mind revolving something with violent commotion.' And there is hardly a little act in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte and his family which did not illustrate to a certain extent those which were larger and more visible.

II.

CHARLES AND LÆTITIA BONAPARTE.

IN 1764 there was celebrated a marriage in Corsica which exercised a great influence on the destinies of the world—the marriage between Charles Bonaparte and Lætitia Ramolino, who had thirteen children, five of whom were destined to wear crowns. Charles Bonaparte, with the exception of his uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien, was the last of his race, and but for his marriage the family would have become extinct. Five Bonapartes had died successively in the course of a century in the prime of life, and Charles Bonaparte himself was not destined to attain the age of forty. Husband and wife were very dissimilar, both morally and physically. Charles Bonaparte, whose portrait and marble bust may be seen in the museum of Versailles, was tall, slight, had a handsome face, was certainly well educated for his time, and would have inherited from his mother, *née* Virginie Odone, a considerable property but for the Jesuits, whose rapacity was never pardoned by Napoleon, and who ruined the family. One of the chief features in the character of Charles Bonaparte was a want of energy, which bespoke his Italian origin; his ancestors, in fact, had come from indolent Tuscany, and his father, Joseph de Bonaparte, had received letters of nobility from

the Grand Duke in 1757. It is true that with Paoli he fought for the independence of his country, when Corsica was purchased for 5,000,000 francs from the Republic of Genoa by the Duc de Choiseul; but he had little of the strength of mind and resolution of his wife. Although the marriage certificate was lost or destroyed during the troubles in the island, it appears that Charles Bonaparte was only eighteen, and Lætitia Ramolino only fifteen years of age, when they were married, and that the union was not to the taste of the Ramolinos. The bride was exceedingly pretty. It is related that Paoli, in the days of his power, having received an embassy from Algiers and Tunis, and wishing to give the Barbary powers an idea of the attractions of his countrywomen, assembled all the beauties of the island, and that the most lovely of all was Lætitia Bonaparte, who seems also to have been greatly admired when she accompanied her husband to Paris. She was not only lovely, with a head like a Roman matron, but she proved on many occasions that she was a woman of an exceedingly strong mind and undaunted courage. In 1769, after a desperate resistance, Paoli and the patriots were vanquished by an overwhelming French force (not by four to one, as Napoleon said when a cadet at Brienne, but by ten to one), and a few days afterwards the principal inhabitants of Ajaccio, and among them Charles Bonaparte, tendered their submission, considering all further resistance useless. During the campaign Charles Bonaparte had been constantly accompanied by his wife, who shared all the dangers of the army, rode with the troops, and was very nearly drowned while crossing a river on horseback shortly before giving

birth-to Napoleon. The turbulent character of the future Emperor has been attributed to this incident.

Charles Bonaparte having made his submission, was allowed to return to Ajaccio unmolested, and it was at this epoch that he entered into relations with M. de Marbeuf, who afterwards became governor of the island, and took such an interest in the Bonaparte family. In 1771 his nobility was recognised by the French Government; in 1773 he was appointed king's councillor, and in 1779 deputy of the Corsican nobility in Paris. Napoleon, the year afterwards, accompanied his father to the French capital, and, strange to say, in passing through Florence, Charles Bonaparte, owing to his Tuscan origin, obtained from the Grand Duke Leopold a letter of recommendation to his sister Marie Antoinette. How startled Charles Bonaparte would have been could his vision have pierced the future, and if he could have witnessed the marriage of the lad he was about to place at Brienne with the Archduchess Marie Louise, the grand-niece of the unfortunate Queen of France.

At this period the Bonapartes were much pressed for money. There were five children alive and another was expected. Under these circumstances M. de Marbeuf strongly advised Charles Bonaparte to apply for a couple of scholarships in the government schools; he had good claims, he said; one of his sons might be put into the navy, and Joseph Bonaparte, and Joseph Fesch, his mother's half-brother, might enter an ecclesiastical establishment. There was a considerable difference between the aptitudes and character of these children. Joseph Bonaparte and Joseph Fesch were gentle and timid, while Napoleon—thin, ugly,

noisy, and passionate—kept the paternal house in constant disorder. 'Nothing intimidated me,' he said at St. Helena; 'I feared no one. I beat one and scratched the other. I rendered myself redoubtable to all. My brother Joseph was beaten, bitten, and I had already complained of him before he knew where he was. I was right to be sharp, for my mother Lætitia would have repressed my bellicose humour; she would never have suffered my tricks. She was severe in her tenderness, and punished and recompensed indistinctly. My father, an enlightened man, but too fond of pleasure to occupy himself with us, endeavoured to excuse our faults.' As for his education, 'like everything that was done in Corsica, it was lamentable,' he said. Napoleon, in fact, had received nothing but a few lessons in Italian, had been taught his alphabet by Uncle Fesch, and some sacred history and his catechism by his grand-uncle Lucien. His mother had too much to do with the household to look after him, and he passed most of his time with the goatherd Bagnoli and the Corsican fishermen. In the course of time Charles Bonaparte, after due application, received a gratuitous admission for one of his sons into the Military School of Brienne. This favour was accorded to the son born on August 15, 1769, which is the official date of the birth of Napoleon. Doubts, however, have been cast on this matter, and Colonel Jung, of the French staff, who recently obtained access to the archives of the War Office, is of opinion that Napoleon was really born on January 7, 1768, and that it was Joseph who was born on August 15, 1769.

It seems that, in 1765, Charles Bonaparte had a

son who died when a few months old. In 1767 a daughter was born, who also died young. On January 7, 1768, a third child made its appearance, and received the Christian name of Nabulione,[1] having for godfather Jean Thomas Arrighi de Casanova, and for godmother Marie de Casanova. In the certificate of the birth of Nabulione Buonaparte, the birthplace is given as Corte, and in fact the Bonapartes had been forced to fly from Ajaccio before the French army in the year 1768.

In the archives of the French War Office is another certificate, setting forth the birth of Napoleone Buonaparte at Ajaccio, on August 15, 1769, having for godfather Lorenzo Giubega, and for godmother Geltrude Paravicino. Which is the correct date of the birth of the future Emperor? In the 'Mémoires du roi Joseph' one reads that 'Charles Bonaparte at that time had five children, of whom I was the eldest, having been born in 1768 at Corte. Napoleon was born at Ajaccio on August 15, 1769.' But there are several official documents personally relating to Joseph Bonaparte which throw doubt upon this statement. There is his marriage certificate, dated Thermidor 14, year II., or August 1, 1794, which describes Joseph Bonaparte as twenty-five years of age, and a native, not of Corte, *but of Ajaccio.* As Joseph Bonaparte, when about to be married, was unable to present any papers, four other natives of Ajaccio—Captain Louis Coti, Inspector Zerbi,

[1] The name of Napoleon was written in a variety of ways before the Italian campaign, and it was only at that epoch that Nabulione, or Napoleone, or Napolione Buonaparte became finally Napoleon Bonaparte. The inscription on the Vendome column commences thus:—*Neapolio, imp. aug. monumentum belli germanici, &c.*

shoemaker Jouse, and the commissariat officer Lazare Moresco—swore that they had known him from his childhood, and that he was born *at Ajaccio.* To replace his birth certificate General Cervoni, Adjutant-Generals Arena and Sebastiani, commissariat officer Leca, midshipman Manou, Antoine Robaglia, and Poti, syndic of the district of Ajaccio, also swore that Citizen Joseph Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, and this attestation was freely signed by Joseph himself. Had he been born at Corte, why should he have said he was born at Ajaccio, and why should all these witnesses have agreed with him? Why did King Joseph, in speaking of his marriage in his memoirs, make no allusion to these certificates?

When called upon to furnish a return to the military authorities in 1793, Napoleon declared himself twenty-five years of age, which was not the case if he were born in 1769. In a letter which Napoleon wrote to Abbé Raynal about his history of Corsica, he made himself out eighteen; whereas had he been born in 1769, and not 1768, he would have been only seventeen. On the occasion of his civil marriage with Josephine, the certificate makes him born in 1768. When the question of his divorce was brought before an ecclesiastical court, the arch-chancellor declined to produce the certificate of Napoleon's birth, though he declared on his word as a prince that he had seen it. Whenever Napoleon returned to Corsica he assumed the command of the family, and the only privilege which Joseph enjoyed, according to the Abbé Nasica, was that of not being put under arrest. After the death of his father, Napoleon ruled the house like a college or a convent, with the consent of

his mother, 'and the greatest harmony prevailed.' When the grand-uncle Lucien died, he called on Napoleon's brothers and sisters to regard him as their chief; and when Charles Bonaparte was expiring at Montpellier, Joseph says that he frequently asked for Napoleon, 'who was to make kings tremble and to change the face of Europe.' If Napoleon were not really the eldest, he was certainly treated at an early date as the chief of the family. Prince Lucien has left it on record that 'there was no arguing with him; that the slightest opposition made him angry, and that on the least resistance to his will he flew into a passion; that Joseph himself did not dare to answer his brother.' Again, it is impossible not to be struck with the imperious tone of his very earliest letters. In a letter which he wrote to Paoli from Auxonne in 1789 he said:—'I was born when the country perished; 30,000 Frenchmen were flung upon the coast, drowning the throne of liberty in torrents of blood. Such was the odious spectacle which first met my gaze. The cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, and the tears of despair encircled my cradle at my birth.' This would be true applied to the child born at Corte, but not applied to the child born *at Ajaccio*, after the pacification of the island, and when Charles Bonaparte was living on good terms with M. de Marbeuf—on such good terms that evil tongues circulated scandalous reports about him and Madame Bonaparte. There is in fact only one official document to prove that Napoleon was born in 1769—that presented by Charles Bonaparte when he took his son to Brienne, and which, of course, is of very little real value. It is to be remarked, too, that

this document, contrary to the usages of the Church, is in Italian and not in Latin, and that the hour and day of birth, and the place of baptism, are omitted. M. Dangeais, in his 'Historical Memoirs on the Life of Napoleon,' quotes two letters written by Napoleon—one in 1789, in which he says he is twenty-one, and another in 1792, in which he says he is twenty-four years of age. These letters would prove him to have been born in 1768. And Séguier relates this curious anecdote:—'On being admitted to an audience, the First Consul asked me my age. General, I replied, I date from the same year as you, 1768.' At these words Napoleon exclaimed with great vivacity that he was born in 1769—*a year after the union of Corsica to France*—and he then turned his back on Séguier. It was probably in allusion to this presumed falsification that Lamartine wrote—

Ta tombe et ton berceau sont couverts d'un nuage.

As for Joseph, we are told that, brought up at Ajaccio, he probably thought in 1794 that he had been born there; that his witnesses had always seen him at that place; that Ajaccio was the family residence; that he was evidently not sure as to his age, for he said he was about twenty-five; that the error committed at Marseilles in 1794 was due to a want of recollection on the part of Joseph; and that the error committed in Paris in 1796 was trivial.

This lame apology strengthens the idea of a fraudulent substitution, especially when taken in connection with the fact that the official registers both at Corte and Ajaccio, in which the acts in question were entered, were afterwards mutilated.

But why should any substitution have been practised? Simply because one of the conditions attached to the favour of a free entrance to Brienne was that the applicant should be under ten years of age. The child born on January 7, 1768, would be too old, and the favour could only be accepted by the child born on August 15, 1769. Joseph, with his gentle character, seemed cut out for a priest, while Napoleon, with his boisterous, domineering, and ardent spirit, possessed the germs of a warrior. It was therefore determined that Joseph should be trained for the Church, and Napoleon *for the marine.* On December 15, 1778, the scholarships having been conceded, Charles Bonaparte embarked for Marseilles, accompanied by his two sons Joseph and Napoleon, together with Joseph Fesch. Charles Bonaparte, after a short stay at Marseilles with some relations and friends serving in the regiment of *Royal-Corse,* pushed on to Autun, where he was kindly received by the bishop of that place, Monsignor de Marbeuf, the brother of the Count, and the predecessor of Monsignor de Talleyrand. He left the two Josephs and Napoleon at the seminary and went on to Versailles. Napoleon remained only three months at Autun, but during that time he learned to speak and to read French sufficiently well to get admitted into the Military School of Brienne, which he entered on April 23, 1779.

A year afterwards, Napoleon wrote the following letter to his father, which is as remarkable for its style as for the sentiments it expresses:—

Mon Père,—S vous ou mes protecteurs ne me donnent pas les moyens de me soutenir plus honorablement dans la maison où je suis, rappelez-moi près de vous, et sur-le-

champ. Je suis las d'afficher l'indigence, et de voir sourire d'insolents écoliers, qui n'ont que leur fortune au-dessus de moi, car il n'en est pas un qui ne soit à cent piques au-dessous des nobles sentiments qui m'animent. Eh quoi! monsieur, votre fils sera continuellement le plastron de quelques paltoquets qui, fiers des douceurs qu'ils se donnent insultent en souriant aux privations que j'éprouve. Non, mon père, non. Si la fortune refuse absolument l'amélioration de mon sort, arrachez-moi de Brienne, donnez-moi, s'il le faut, un état mécanique. A ces offres, jugez de mon désespoir. Cette lettre, veuillez le croire, n'est pas dictée par le vain désir de me livrer à des amusements dispendieux; je n'en suis pas du tout épris. J'éprouve seulement le besoin de montrer que j'ai les moyens de me les procurer comme mes compagnons d'étude. Votre respectueux et affectionné fils,

BUONAPARTE.

Some money was sent, and Napoleon remained at Brienne. On September 16, 1783, he passed his examinations, and was found of good constitution, excellent health, submissive, honest, and well-conducted; strong in mathematics, pretty well up in geography and history, weak in Latin—'would make an excellent sailor, and deserves to be sent to the school of Paris.' Shortly afterwards the idea of entering the navy was renounced for the artillery. Napoleon in the first place had himself expressed the desire to go to sea. The sea had a great charm for him in his youth, from his having frequented the society of the Corsican fishermen and imbibed their marvellous stories. The way in which Napoleon, when at Elba, astonished Captain Usher, of the 'Undaunted,' by explaining how to keep a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea, proves how retentive his memory must

have been, and how carefully he must have studied. Captain Usher said that any board of officers would have inferred from the exposition he made of the difficult manœuvre in question, that Napoleon had received a naval education.

In 1785 Charles Bonaparte died at Montpellier, whither he had gone for medical treatment—died a freethinker, having all his life suffered at the hands of the Jesuits. This was a terrible blow for the whole family, and Napoleon appears to have felt deeply the loss of his father. In the course of the same year Napoleon, after passing a by no means brilliant examination, was gazetted to the regiment of La Fère,[1] and left the Military School of Paris at the same time with Clarke and Davoust. Clarke, his future War Minister, joined the regiment of Berwick, and Davoust, one of his future marshals, Royal Champagne. Napoleon's commission was drawn out in favour of Napoleone de Buonaparte, and was signed 'Louis. Done at St. Cloud, 1st September, 1785.'

Years afterwards, during the Empire, the Municipal Council of Montpellier wished to raise a statue to the memory of Charles Bonaparte, before his remains had been removed from that place to Saint

[1] Twenty years before Napoleon joined, recruits for the artillery regiment of La Fère were thus demanded :—

Avis à la belle jeunesse.

By order of the King. Those who wish to join the Royal Artillery Regiment of La Fère are informed that this regiment is that of the Picards. There is dancing three times a week, battledore is played twice, and the rest of the time is spent at skittles, prisoner's base, and fencing. Pleasure reigns. All the soldiers enjoy high pay, and officers of fortune have 60 francs a month. Address M. de Richoufftz, at his château of Vauchelles. He will reward any one sending him fine men. —*Curiosités des Parlements de France.*

Leu by his son Louis. There was to be a column in glorification of Napoleon, and at its base Religion opening the tomb of his father with her left hand, and with her right pointing to this inscription :—

Sors du tombeau,
Ton fils, Napoléon, t'élève à l'immortalité.

Napoleon refused to sanction the erection of this monument, Charles Bonaparte having himself done nothing for posterity. 'Let us leave the ashes of the dead alone,' he said ; 'I have also lost my grandfather and great-grandfather, why should nothing be done for them ?'

For the next ten years the widow of Charles Bonaparte and the Bonaparte family had to maintain a hard struggle, and when Paoli at last, disgusted with the French Revolution, threw himself into the arms of England, they were obliged to fly from their native island and seek refuge in France. Even Napoleon, who had been such an ardent admirer of Paoli, now looked on him as a traitor. On June 13, 1793, Joseph Bonaparte wrote to a friend from Toulon : 'I have this instant arrived here with my family. Paoli has at last hoisted the standard of revolt ; I was longer his dupe than you were ; I have been punished, for I have ended by being his victim. There were 2,000 armed peasants. My house and that of Multedo were pillaged and burned.' It appears that when the revolt broke out the patriots wished to seize on Madame Bonaparte and her children, and to throw them at once into prison ; but Paoli, under different pretexts, delayed according his permission. He had long been on intimate terms with the family, which had given

him many proofs of attachment, and it was repugnant to his feelings to resort to severe measures. At last, however, he was forced to give the order to march. On learning this news Madame Bonaparte determined to defend her house to the last, and, if necessary, to perish in its ruins. Several young men belonging to the neighbourhood promised to share her fate. In the end, however, Costa, an old friend of the family, succeeded by dint of entreaties in persuading Madame Bonaparte, for the sake of her children, not to make a useless sacrifice of her life, and the consequence was that she left her home at dead of night, accompanied by the Abbé Fesch, by Louis, Marie Anne, and Pauline, while Caroline and Jerome remained secreted in the house of their grandmother. It was only after a most difficult march of several days, and many trying adventures, that this party, which comprised two future kings, a future queen, two future princesses, and a future cardinal, reached the coast, gained shipboard under fire, and bore away for Calvi, where they were joined by Napoleon, and from thence to Marseilles, where they were safely landed. At St. Helena, Napoleon, exaggerating, said that the house of *Madame* was attacked by 12,000 peasants, who burned down the dwelling and destroyed the flocks and the vineyards. He added that Paoli had in vain tried to induce his mother not to oppose him, but that she had replied, like a true heroine, in the spirit of Cornelia, that she did not know two laws, and that her children, her family, and herself would obey the dictates of duty and honour. 'Had the old Archdeacon Lucien been alive,' continued Napoleon, 'his heart would have bled at the idea of losing so many sheep, goats,

and cattle, and his prudence would have induced him to avert the storm.'

When the Bonaparte family landed at Marseilles they were almost totally destitute. Napoleon was afterwards highly incensed that the good townsfolk of the old Phocœan city had not received them as illustrious refugees. Their education, to believe the souvenirs of the Marseillais, had been sadly neglected, and their morality left much to be desired. In fact, many strange tales are related on this subject, which were probably founded on truth. However this may be, Madame de Rémusat assures us that Napoleon could never forgive Marseilles for having seen what it saw, and the anecdotes imprudently related concerning his family 'constantly damaged the interest of the whole of Provence,' upon which Napoleon very meanly revenged himself. Madame Bonaparte and her children had to live on the pittance which the Convention allowed to those Corsican refugees who could not serve in the French army, and the hardships then endured made a deep and permanent impression on the mind of the unfortunate widow. In her distress at this time she applied for a cadetship for Louis; she had eight children, she said, and 'she was the widow of a man who had long served the King, and sacrificed considerable sums to forward the views of the Government; without resources, she could only rely on the sensitive and virtuous heart of the minister'—who refused her demand. She also tried, but in vain, to get Lucien into the seminary at Aix. She wrote, pleading her numerous family, which led her '*de sollissiter*' this favour. M. de Marbeuf had led her to believe that he would enter 'si je le *plassai* au

college, il y a un *ans*, et cependant je *neutant* pas encore *parller* de sa reception,' &c. &c. The look-out was most gloomy. However, brighter days were at hand ; in the same year of 1793 Napoleon distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon. In 1794 Joseph made a brilliant match, and Napoleon, after having served five years as a sub-lieutenant, one year as a lieutenant, one year and four months as a captain, and two months as a major, obtained the brevet rank of general of brigade. Before the end of the year we find Napoleon back from a campaign in Italy, employed at Nice, where he was joined by his mother, his sisters, and by Jerome. Napoleon had then a carriage and horses ; Louis strolled about in a brilliant uniform ; Joseph, Lucien, and the Abbé Fesch were engaged in the commissariat and were making money, more or less honestly, but certainly with great rapidity. Lætitia Bonaparte, when she was first married, was delighted at leaving the village of Sartene to settle at Ajaccio, which was the Versailles of Corsica, with its handsome streets, beautiful walks, and Genoese palace for the governor. A kind of court was held there by M. de Marbeuf, who had been sent to the island on account of his amiability, with the view of gaining over the inhabitants. Boswell, whom he nursed when ill, pays a tribute to his winning manners and affectionate politeness. He was a philanthropist, introduced the potato, loved the people, and according to Michelet became a Corsican at heart. He was fifty years of age, unmarried ; he was gallant, liked the society of women, and Lætitia Bonaparte was the pearl of that society. M. de Marbeuf was very assiduous in his attentions to her, because 'Corsican

women, serious, ambitious, and vindictive, are the real queens of the island.' It might have been thought that under more favourable circumstances this woman, who had even more right than Catherine de Medicis to be called 'the mother of kings,' would have played a prominent part, but such was not the case.

The high fortune which awaited Madame Bonaparte, who on the creation of the Empire received the denomination of Madame Mère, did little to change her habits. She never could thoroughly realise the splendour with which she was surrounded, or be convinced of its solidity. She always lived in fear and trembling lest the thrones and dominations created by Napoleon should suddenly collapse and vanish like a dream, and she not unwisely determined to provide against all contingencies. The mother of the Empress Josephine, Madame de la Pagerie, could never be persuaded to quit Martinique in order to take up her residence at the Tuileries. Madame Mère consented to live in Paris, but she held herself aloof from the court, never meddled with politics, and never sought to exercise any political influence. Her sole occupation was to amass money, and many were the stories told respecting her avarice. Napoleon wished her to dispense the bounties of the Empire and to place herself at the head of all the charitable institutions of the capital, but this arrangement was found to offer serious objections. She was greatly distressed when Napoleon insisted that she should live in a style in conformity with her position. She whined that her favourite Lucien had not been provided for, which was a great expense to her, and that he would never be able to give his daughters a dowry. She had

taken this duty on herself. No one could tell what might happen. Napoleon reproached her for the simplicity of her dress and the ridiculous figure she cut at court, and she is said to have been ill for a fortnight when her daughter Eliza made her purchase a thousand crowns worth of silk. She was obliged to keep house and entertain, but an old servant maid she had brought from Corsica waited outside the door at dinner, and seized on all the dishes which had been left untouched, and they were sent back to the cook-shop. After the Russian campaign, when pressed for money, Napoleon, who had been informed by his police that his mother had hidden away a large sum behind the portrait of her husband, asked for a loan, which was refused on the ground that the money had been sent to Lucien. Napoleon had the hiding-place ransacked, and found it contained 5,000,000 francs, which he appropriated. Prince Metternich, who mentions this story, says that Madame Mère carried away with her to Rome, after the final catastrophe, a sum of about 240,000*l.*; that the mother of Napoleon only loved money, and had no taste for social elevation. She enjoyed an immense revenue, which but for the positive orders of her son would all have been placed in the funds. When her children turned her extreme economy into ridicule, she used to say, 'The world does not always wag the same, and if you were to find yourselves on my hands once more, you would thank me for what I do to-day.' At St. Helena, Napoleon, after alluding to the prodigality of Pauline Borghese, and saying that Madame Mère used often to lecture her, and to predict that she would end her days in a hospital, remarked that Madame carried her

parsimony to an absurd extent, being always alarmed concerning the future. He added—'However, it is only right to say that she gave a great deal to her children in secret; she was a good mother. . . . Besides, this same woman, from whom it was so difficult to obtain a crown, would have given everything to prepare my return from the isle of Elba; and after Waterloo she would have handed me all she possessed in order to re-establish my affairs: she made me the offer. She would have condemned herself to black bread without a murmur.'

Las Cases says that when he informed Madame Mère of his resolution to devote his life to Napoleon at St. Helena, she offered her son all her fortune, and if necessary, to reduce herself to the condition of a servant. Cardinal Fesch, Madame's half-brother, was also prodigal of offers.

On the downfall of the Emperor, Madame Mère and several other members of the family retired to Rome, where they were very well received by the Papal Government. Pius VII. in no way resented the harsh treatment he had received at the hands of Napoleon at Savona and Fontainebleau. When the allied sovereigns assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle to deliberate on the affairs of Europe, Madame Mère appealed to them in favour of her son in the following terms:—

Sires,—A mother, afflicted beyond all expression, has long entertained the hope that your Imperial and Royal Majesties will restore her happiness. It is impossible that the prolonged captivity of the Emperor Napoleon should not furnish an occasion for discussion, and that your generosity, your power, and the recollection of past events, should not lead your Imperial and Royal Majesties to interest your-

selves in the deliverance of a prince who has shared both your interest and your friendship. Will you allow a sovereign who trusted in the magnanimity of his enemy, and who threw himself into his arms, to perish in the tortures of exile? My son might have demanded an asylum from the Emperor, his father-in-law; he might have trusted himself to the noble character of the Emperor Alexander, whose friend he formerly was; he might even have sought a refuge in the territory of his Prussian Majesty, who no doubt would have remembered their ancient alliance. Can England punish him for the confidence he reposed in her? The Emperor Napoleon is no longer to be feared; he is infirm. Even if he were in good health, and in the enjoyment of the talents which Providence formerly placed in his hands, he abhors civil war.

Sirs, I am a mother, and the life of my son is dearer to me than my own life. On account of my grief, pardon me the liberty of thus addressing your Imperial and Royal Majesties. Do not allow the protests of a mother against the long cruelty inflicted on her son to remain unheeded.

In the name of Him who by His essence is good, and whose image your Imperial and Royal Majesties are, endeavour to put an end to the tortures of my son, and restore him to liberty. I ask this of God. I ask it of you, who are His lieutenants on earth. State interests have their limits, and posterity, which judges everything, adores above all the generosity of the conqueror.—I am, &c., &c.,

MADAME MÈRE.

Napoleon's mother could have had little confidence in the success of an application based on a series of platonic arguments, and in fact her petition met with no attention from those sovereigns whose territories had been ruthlessly invaded and plundered by the son of the Corsican widow who sat in the Eternal City bewailing the fate of one of the greatest soldiers the world ever produced.

Madame Mère visited Napoleon in Elba, where she met with an affectionate welcome. It is possible that she may have upbraided her son for the rashness of his conduct, and have gently reminded him of her warnings as to the consequences of his unbounded extravagance. In the Imperial correspondence we find the following curious letter written by the monarch of Elba :—

To General Comte Bertrand, Grand Marshal of the Palace.

La Madone, August 23, 1814.

I arrived here at nine o'clock; it is now five, and I am going out shooting. One does not feel the heat here. Two shutters are wanting for my bedroom; try and send them to-morrow. Also send me two lanterns to put at the door of my tent. There are three iron beds here. I have ordered one to be brought from Marciana for Madame. There are fifteen mattresses, with blankets and sheets, which is all that is required. Madame can come to Marciana, if she likes, and lodge in the house of the mayor. She might start on Thursday at 5 A.M. . . . Send on a *valet de chambre*, a footman and a lady's maid, a cook and Cipriani, to get her house and her breakfast ready. In the mayor's house Madame will have a room for herself and one for her ladies, one for her maids and one for her men-servants. If the Sieur Colonna accompanies Madame, he will be lodged in the town. In this house there is sufficient furniture. I have had a chest of drawers placed in her apartments. There is enough linen for both of us. Major Roul will be attached to me as orderly officer. His pay will be 200 francs a month. He will accompany Madame, as well as the chamberlain, Ventini. I think there are things enough for Madame's kitchen and mine. There are also candles and lights enough. The kitchen can be established in the house. Send three curtains for Madame's room. The rods

are here. Send us also fire-irons, tongs, shovels, &c. I think those people are right who say that it is necessary to have fires of an evening.

NAPOLEON.

P.S.—The *valet de chambre* has some stuff for making curtains, which he is going to take to Madame's house.

What a contrast to previous letters complaining of the parsimony of Madame! The night before Napoleon set sail for France he wrote thus :—

To General Lapi.

Porto Ferrajo, February 26, 1814.

I leave the island of Elba. I have been extremely satisfied with the conduct of the inhabitants. I confide to them the safety of this country, to which I attach a great importance. I can give them no greater proof of confidence than that of leaving, after the departure of the troops, my mother and my sister in their keeping.

NAPOLEON.

Napoleon never saw either mother or sister again.

After the final collapse of the Empire, Madame Mère took up her abode in Rome, where she resided during the winter, passing her summers at Albano. Madame Patterson Bonaparte found her at this period a sensible and dignified old lady, admired by everyone, never promising more than she could perform, and raising no false expectations. She indulged in a sort of melancholy piety and charitable work, led a very secluded life, but was visited every day by Cardinal Fesch. She now and then received foreigners, but not Englishmen. These she could never pardon.

Madame Mère lived to a very advanced age. Born

in 1750, she died in 1836, having outlived Napoleon by fifteen years. She survived her three daughters, Eliza Bacciochi,[1] Pauline Borghese, and Caroline Murat. Lucien only survived her one year; and Joseph three years. She is said to have retained her good looks almost to the last. Beugnot, who only saw her when she was over fifty, declared he never met so handsome a woman, and it appears that old age made hardly any alteration in those rather stern but classical features. Michelet remarks that the Italian artists give her a sublime beauty, something tragical, mysterious, unfathomable. 'It is difficult to take one's eyes off her. The mouth is full of disdain and hatred, and that bitter honey one finds in Corsica. The eyes are black, fixed, wide open, and more or less enigmatic. . . . She has the strange air of a fortune-teller, or of a Moorish sibyl descended from the Carthaginians or Saracens, whose tombs are found near Ajaccio, and whose posterity still exists in Nicolo. She has the sombre air of a prophetess of evil, or of one of those *voceratrices* who follow funerals, not to weep over the dead, but to invoke vengeance on the living.' To the general gazer Madame Mère appears a Roman matron, the regular outline of her profile giving her a rather harsh and masculine expression.

Never, perhaps, did any marriage produce such startling results as that between Charles Bonaparte and Lætitia Ramolino. It has been remarked that the Romans would not have Corsicans even for slaves,

[1] Eliza was married to Paschal Bacciochi, at Marseilles, on May 1, 1797, before the mayor, and the religious ceremony was afterwards performed at the château of Montebello, in Italy.

but that Corsica furnished France with a master. Jean Jacques Rousseau was prophetically inspired when he declared that the little island would one day astonish Europe; but the mind of the philosopher was directed to peaceful legislation, and not to the birth of a great warrior who was to shake the world to its foundations.

III.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

WE accept with reserve the official date of Joseph's birth, 1768, and that he was the eldest son of Charles and Lætitia Bonaparte. Almost as a child he accepted the supremacy of his brother Napoleon, and until Napoleon's death he lived in a state of complete dependence. It has been said that the whole existence of Joseph was a perpetual struggle between two conflicting principles—his love of tranquillity and want of ambition, and his intense admiration and absolute devotion to his brother. In a piteous letter which he wrote to Louis towards the close of a long life, and dated London, August 1, 1834, he said: 'I have a good wife, but I have not lived with her for the last thirty years. Without ambition, I have been constantly engaged fighting against brigands, the enemies of my country, of whose exigencies I could not approve. The most loving man in the world has passed his life away from his family.' Some objections may be raised to the assertion made by Joseph and his biographers that he was devoid of ambition, but we shall examine its value further on.

When twelve years old Joseph went with Napoleon to Autun, and the Abbé Chardon shortly afterwards reported that, 'knowing nothing of French when

he arrived, in spite of his little ardour, he learned it promptly. He is just as obliging and honest as his brother is imperious; he is gentle, thoughtful, grateful, and loving towards his comrades.' In fact, he resembled his father in the same degree as Napoleon resembled his mother. He was a Tuscan, as his brother was a Corsican or Carthaginian. After remaining for three years at Autun studying for the Church, Joseph was about to be removed to the seminary of Aix, when, to the surprise of his family and all Ajaccio, he shook off his torpor, which had been mistaken for 'that Christian humility, the greatest virtue of a good abbé,' and evinced a warlike spirit. He declared his intention of renouncing religion for the pomps and vanities of a military career. Master Joseph, who had been received into the family of M. de Marbeuf's brother, had shown symptoms of dissipation, and had no doubt come to the conclusion that he had mistaken his vocation. The clergy, too, about this time, were getting into very bad odour. Joseph was to have been a priest, Napoleon a sailor, Lucien a soldier. Joseph declined the surplice, Napoleon never went to sea, Lucien never wore a uniform. Louis, brought up as a soldier, soon renounced the profession of arms; and Jerome, after distinguishing himself on board ship, was made a general of division. '*L'homme propose; Dieu dispose.*'

On July 15, 1784, Napoleon then, officially, fifteen years of age, wrote to his uncle Fesch thus:—

My dear Uncle,—I write to inform you of the passage of my dear father through Brienne, in order to take Marianne (Eliza) to St. Cyr, and to try and re-establish his health. He arrived here on the 21st, with Lucien and the two young

ladies you saw. He left the latter [*sic*], who is nine years old and three feet eleven inches six lines high, behind him. . . . He knows French well, and has quite forgotten Italian. . . . I am persuaded that my brother Joseph never writes to you. When he writes to my dear father, it is only a couple of lines; however, he writes often to me. As for the profession he wishes to embrace, you are aware that he at first chose the Church. He persevered in that resolution up to the present, but now he desires to serve the King, and in this he is wrong for several reasons.

1st. As my dear father remarks, he has not sufficient nerve to face the perils of action; his health is feeble and will not permit him to support the fatigues of a campaign, and he can hardly contemplate leading a garrison life. Yes, my brother would make a good garrison officer; he is well-made, is light-minded, consequently fit for frivolous compliments, and with his talents he will always get on well in society, but not in a battle (!)—

> Qu'importe à des *guerriè* ces frivoles avantages;
> Que sont tous ces trésors sans celui du courage.
> A ce prix *fuciez*-vous aussi bien qu'Adonis,
> Du dieu même du *Peon* (Pinde) eussiez-vous l'*élocance*,
> Que sont tous ces dons?[1] sans celui de l'*avallance* (vaillance).

After this appropriate if badly-spelt quotation, the letter proceeds:—

2nd. He has received an ecclesiastical education, and it is late to undo it. Monsignor the Bishop of Autun would have given him a fat living, and he was sure of being a bishop. What an advantage for the family! Monsignor de Marbeuf has done all in his power to persuade him not to persist, promising him that he shall not repent. Well; he persists. I praise him, if he has a decided taste for this profession, which is the finest of all, and if the great motive power of human affairs in forming him, as in forming me,

[1] There is only one note of interrogation, instead of three, and that in the wrong place.

has given him a decided inclination for the military profession. What corps does he wish to enter? Is it the marine?

3rd. He knows nothing of mathematics; he will require two years to learn them. His health is incompatible with the sea. Is it the engineers? He would require four or five years to learn what is necessary, and then he would only be a pupil. Besides, it is not in conformity with the lightness of his character to work all day. The same objection exists for the artillery as for the engineers, except that he would only have to study eighteen months to be a pupil, and that is not to his taste. Perhaps he wishes to join the infantry. Good; I understand; no doubt he desires to be an officer of infantry, to pass the whole day without doing anything, to walk up and down the streets. Besides, what is a slender officer of infantry? Three parts of the time a scamp. This is what neither my dear father, nor you, nor my mother, nor my uncle (grand-uncle) the archdeacon, desires, for he has already shown some symptoms of levity and prodigality. *Consequently a last effort will be made to induce him to adopt the Church.* In default of this, my dear father will take him back to Corsica, where he will have him under his eye; they will try and get him admitted to the bar.

I conclude by demanding the continuation of your kindness, and it shall be my most essential and pleasant duty to render myself worthy of it.—I am, with the deepest respect, my dear uncle, your most humble and most obedient servant and nephew,

NAPOLEONE DI BUONAPARTE.

P.S.[1]—*Dechiré* cette lettre.

Il faut espérer que *Josphe* avec les talents qu'il a et les sentiments que son education doit lui avoir inspiré prendra le bon *partie*, et sera le *sutien* de notre famille. Representez-lui un peu tous ces avantages.

[1] The P.S. alone is published without being corrected.

It is difficult to imagine a lad of fifteen years old writing in this style of a brother eighteen months older than himself. The letter[1] would be sufficiently astonishing written by a lad of sixteen and a half *à propos* to a younger brother, and during the lifetime of father, mother, grand-uncle, and uncle. It lends additional weight to the theory of the substitution of the certificates of birth.

The respectful manner in which the letter terminates is also remarkable, and may perhaps have been remembered in after years, when the Emperor taunted Cardinal Fesch with having plundered his soldiers at the time his Eminence was acting as a commissariat officer with the army of Italy.

As for Joseph, who desired to enter the artillery, he was obliged to renounce this idea on the death of his father in 1785. This event forced him to return to Corsica, where he made an ineffectual attempt to get called to the bar.

In 1786 Joseph, in spite of his want of ambition, addressed a long memorial to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, begging for the order of St. Stephen, as the Bonapartes of Ajaccio were descended from the Bonapartes of Tuscany, and as the nobility of Charles Bonaparte had been recognised by his Most Christian Majesty as dating back 200 years. The order was refused, on the ground that Joseph Bonaparte was a foreigner. In the meantime Joseph shared the household cares with his mother; and in 1789, his relative Jerome Lévie, having been made mayor, he was appointed secretary to the municipality. He appears to have taken little or no part in the troubles which

[1] This letter is preserved in the archives of the War Office.

distracted Corsica in the days of the Convention, and which ended in the hurried flight of the Bonaparte family to France, and he was much distressed at having to throw up his humble appointment, with its slender remuneration.

There is some difficulty in tracing the career of the Bonapartes at this epoch, in consequence of the care which was taken, as soon as Napoleon attained power, to suppress all the documents concerning the family, at Marseilles, Ajaccio, Bastia, and Corte. Leaves were torn out of the public registers, false papers introduced into the archives of the War Office, and it is to be remarked that the committee charged with the publication of the correspondence of Napoleon only commenced with the siege of Toulon. It was officially decided, under the Second Empire, that the affairs of the Bonapartes concerned the nation only from that period. It was not for mortal eyes to peer too inquisitively into the origin of the gods, and see from what materials they had been formed and through what tribulations they had passed. It is known, however, that the Bonapartes, during the Reign of Terror, owed much to the delegates of the Convention—Gasparin, Salicetti, and Fréron—who interested themselves in their well-being. It was through their intervention that Madame Bonaparte received pecuniary aid, and was able to establish herself in Marseilles; that the Abbé Fesch was made storekeeper to the army of Italy; that Lucien received a similar appointment; and that Joseph was named commissary of the first class, and this in spite of a formal law which laid down that the post in question could only be given to a field officer. This little difficulty

was surmounted by Joseph attributing to himself the title of Lieutenant-Colonel, enjoyed at that moment by his brother Napoleon; and on September 4, 1793, a decree was issued by which 'Joseph Buonaparte, at present lieutenant-colonel,' was appointed commissary of the first class. It is curious to find that ten years afterwards, when Napoleon determined his brother should become a soldier, Joseph, when asked to furnish his *états de service*, should have sent in the following statement, headed :—

Brevet de Colonel pour le Citoyen Joseph Bonaparte.

Artillery pupil in 1768.
Staff officer in 1792.
Adjutant-Major in 1793.
Member of the Corps Législatif in year V.
Member of the Conservative Senate.
Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.
Colonel of the 4th regt. of the line.
Served during campaigns of 1793 and 1794; slightly wounded at the siege of Toulon.

This document, which is signed 'J. Bonaparte,' is preserved in the archives of the War Office; and after its perusal one feels it difficult to place reliance in anything Joseph ever said or wrote afterwards. Joseph Bonaparte was never an artillery cadet; he was never a staff officer; he was never adjutant-major; he remained at Marseilles the whole time of the campaigns of 1793 and 1794; it was not he who was wounded at the siege of Toulon, but his brother Napoleon, who got a slight prod from an English bayonet. And it will be remarked that the only post he really held in the army, that of a first-class commissary, is passed over in silence, for he could not have been making

money at Marseilles and serving in the ranks of the army at the same time. The above example gives one a fair idea of the fantastic tricks played with the records of the Bonapartes. The Convention had decided that all the Corsican refugees capable of bearing arms should be forced to join the army; but Joseph, Lucien, and the future Cardinal Fesch, had managed to escape bearing arms, and to get into the administration, which was more lucrative, less arduous, and less dangerous. Towards the commencement of 1793, Napoleon marched into Marseilles with a detachment of artillery, was billeted on a M. Clary, and the day after his arrival received the visit of his brother Joseph. In the semi-official chronicles of the period, M. Clary is described as a wealthy merchant, whose family had been noted for many generations for its commercial skill and probity. In common parlance, M. Clary was a retired soap-boiler, who had amassed a considerable fortune. He had two daughters—Julie and Désirée—who were both destined to become queens, thanks to the arrival of this artillery detachment. Joseph, who probably knew how the land lay, while visiting his brother paid his addresses to the elder daughter, and being a man in authority and of good personal appearance, was accepted in due time. After the death of M. Clary, who left each of his daughters 20,000*l.*, the marriage took place—a marriage which exercised a good deal of influence on future events, and was the beginning of brighter fortunes. On May 13, 1794, Joseph furnished the authorities with the documents already alluded to, and in which he was represented to have been born, not at Corte, but at Ajaccio. The marriage was fixed

for August 1, and the ceremony was to have been performed at Marseilles. On July 27, however, came the news of the fall of Robespierre, and all the brilliant prospects of the Bonaparte family were temporarily compromised. The Bonapartes had cast their lot in with the men of the Convention, and the 9th Thermidor, which saw France delivered from the sanguinary régime of the Reign of Terror, threatened to prove fatal to Napoleon and his brothers. Napoleon had been taken up by Robespierre the younger, who had conceived the greatest admiration for his military capacity. In a letter to his brother, Maximilian Robespierre, he said: 'The Citizen Bonaparte, general-in-chief of the artillery, is possessed of transcendent ability;' afterwards, it is true, adding, 'he is a Corsican, and merely offers the guarantee of a man of that island who resisted the caresses of Paoli, and whose property was ravaged by that traitor.' Napoleon at that time was generally considered as the Robespierres' man. Marshal Marmont, in his memoirs, quotes a letter written by Mdlle. Robespierre[1] after the Empire, in which she says that Napoleon was a Red Republican, but that his victories turned his head, and 'the admiration of Bonaparte for my eldest brother, his friendship for my youngest brother, and perhaps also the interest inspired by my misfortunes, induced him to obtain for me a pension of 3,600 francs a year when he was Consul.' A few days after the political crisis in the capital, General Bonaparte, who was at Nice, was arrested, and sent to Antibes under an escort. The apprehensions of the whole family were well founded.

[1] Mdlle. Robespierre died in Paris in 1834.

Joseph, who had accepted a post on a kind of revolutionary committee, gave up all idea of having his marriage celebrated at Marseilles with the pomp and circumstance he had intended to display, and the ceremony was quietly performed at the little village of Cuges by the mayor of that place, whose son was one of the witnesses. The other two witnesses were Etienne Maurel, a municipal officer, and Joseph Roux, hair-dresser. Thus were Joseph Bonaparte and Julie Clary hurriedly, secretly, and civilly, not religiously, married. This pair, destined to rule first over Naples, and then over Spain, or a portion of it, in 1794 dreaded persecution on the part of moderate Republicans. Of the second daughter of M. Clary, and his wife Françoise Rose Somis, Eugénie Bernadine Désirée, who fell in love with Napoleon, and who finally married Bernadotte, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

We intend to follow the extraordinary career of Joseph only in its broad outline, in order to show to what purposes he was turned by his brother, in whose powerful hand he became so pliant an instrument. Beyond the fact that the dowry Joseph received with his wife was of great assistance to the family, and that the connection was serviceable as securing the co-operation of Bernadotte, there is little more to be said of Joseph's marriage. Five and twenty years ago there were old people living at Marseilles who had strange tales to tell of what passed on the beach of Montredon, where the *bastide* Clary stands, but Provençal traditions and the scandal of the Cannebière are hardly to be relied upon.

Napoleon was not long in disgrace, and shortly after his appointment to the command of the army

in Italy, Joseph was sent on a mission to Rome, where he was acting as French ambassador when the insurrectionary movement broke out, during which General Duphot was massacred, and he himself narrowly escaped with his wife and sister-in-law. Together with Lucien, he sustained Napoleon's interests while the young general was in Egypt, and he joined Lucien in persuading his brother to return to France. Joseph next distinguished himself in the share he took in concluding the celebrated treaties of Luneville and Amiens.[1] He also drew up the treaty of peace with England, and invited General La Fayette to witness the signing of that act, in spite of Napoleon's decided aversion for that 'ideologue.'

Blamed at this period by Comte Miot de Melito for not claiming a larger share in the business of the nation, and accustoming himself to public affairs, especially as his brother might at any moment be killed, Joseph declared this was not owing to his natural indolence, and added: 'You little know my brother. The idea of sharing his power with another alarms him to such an extent that he is just as suspicious of my ambition as of that of anyone else, and perhaps more so, because it is more plausible. He

[1] According to Joseph, the irritation of Napoleon against England was at this time so great that when the effigy and inscription of the new coinage came before the Privy Council, he suddenly launched into the most violent abuse of Great Britain, and pronounced a hostile criticism on the works of Milton and Shakespeare! What had aroused the ire of Napoleon were the strictures in the English press, which he always insisted upon reading, and which invariably disturbed his equanimity to a terrible extent. M. Gallois tried to appease him by reminding him that volumes and volumes of libel had been directed against Louis XIV., and that nothing was remembered of them but the fretful sensibility of the monarch.

desires above everything that the necessity of his existence should be deeply felt, and that people should not be able to contemplate anything beyond without shuddering. He knows that his power depends upon this idea rather than on force or gratitude. If there were a successor at hand in the event of Bonaparte dying, my brother would no longer consider his life secure. . . . My policy is to boast of the moderation of my desires, my philosophy and my love of repose, and to make everyone believe, as you believed an instant ago, that I will not, and not that I cannot, be more than I am. . . . The ambition of my brother has no limits. . . . He is a prodigious man, and the depth, the extent, and the audacity of his views astonish me every day more and more.'

It was in 1804 that Joseph was made a colonel of infantry, at the same time that his younger brother Louis, who had really been brought up as a soldier and had seen hard service in Italy and Egypt, was made a general of division. Joseph was to become a soldier because in Napoleon's opinion it was necessary for his possible successor, at a very distant period, to be a military man. He was therefore gazetted to the 4th regiment of infantry of the line, and joined his corps at the camp of Boulogne. His intimate adviser and friend, Comte Miot de Melito, made the following reflections on this matter in his memoirs: 'Joseph therefore braved the ridicule to which a man exposes himself who, when over thirty-six years of age, embraces for the first time the career of arms.' This hardly accords with the *états de service* presented by Joseph. However, he set to work with ardour to learn his trade, and, although a prince and grand

elector, would never allow himself to be called anything but colonel. He manœuvred his regiment after a short time to the satisfaction of Napoleon, and he and Soult appear to have both fallen in love with the same lady in camp, and to have thus incurred the displeasure of the Emperor, who had a *penchant* in the same direction. The Republican airs which Joseph affected also irritated the new Emperor, who expressed the following opinions with regard to him: 'In thirty years time France will require a military ruler, and it was necessary for Joseph to become a soldier [in his youth it was necessary for him to be a bishop]. Now at least he knows what the army is; the epaulettes do not frighten him; he can mount a horse, and command like anyone else. He must go on with this profession; let him win rank, get a good wound, and reputation. I will do for him what I did for Moreau (?). I will give him a larger force than the enemy; I will leave him all that is easy, and keep the rest for myself. In this way he will be able to gain a battle and establish his reputation.' It is clear that Napoleon had never heard of his brother's previous military services. Poor Joseph neither in Naples nor in Spain established this reputation, and his flight from the field of Vittoria proves that he was even deficient in horsemanship, for, being obliged to dismount at every ditch, he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of our light cavalry.

On the morning of the 26th Nivose, year XIII. (January 16, 1805) Joseph was offered the crown of Lombardy, Talleyrand presenting him with the following convention:—

1st. Napoleon, Emperor of the French, is King of Lombardy.[1]

2nd. He cedes his rights to this crown to his brother Joseph, as French prince and grand elector of the Empire.

3rd. The crown of Lombardy is hereditary in the natural and legitimate descendants of Joseph Bonaparte.

4th. Should Prince Joseph (who had only two daughters) die without any male children, the Emperor to dispose once more of the throne of Lombardy.

5th. Should this death take place after that of the Emperor, one of his natural or adoptive sons being on the throne of France, the crown of Lombardy to pass to Prince Louis.

6th. If, during the lifetime of the Emperor, Prince Joseph leaves behind him a male child not of age, the Emperor to become President of the Council of Regency; the grand dignitaries of Lombardy forming the council.

7th. In no case can the crowns of Lombardy and of France be united on the same head. Consequently Prince Joseph renounces, for himself and his children, the succession to the French throne.

In caudâ venenum. It is true that there was an eighth clause to the effect that, should the Emperor die without naming a successor, Joseph would be called to the crown of France, and Louis to that of Lombardy. Joseph refused this arrangement, having no idea of being thus deprived of what he considered his rights. The throne of Lombardy was also rejected by Louis. The ill-feeling created by this incident did not last long. Napoleon went to Milan (without the Empress), where he was crowned King of Italy, and made Eugène de Beauharnais his viceroy, while Joseph returned to his military duties at

[1] Austria afterwards made such a fuss about the assumption of this title that Napoleon renounced it.

Boulogne. His Majesty was intensely irritated with both his brothers, but he required their services, and knew it would be impolitic to drive them to desperation.

On the 11th Nivose, year XIV. (December 31, 1805), the Republican calendar expired, and on the same date orders reached Joseph from the Emperor, who was at Schoenbrunn, to march upon Naples at the head of the army which had been assembled by Massena in Upper Italy. On January 9, 1806, Joseph left Paris 'to punish the perfidy of the Neapolitan King,' and to take his place. Napoleon, on his way back to France, stopped at Munich, where he arranged the marriage of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, whom he had adopted, and assured him the succession to the throne of Italy. He thus announced this matter to his brother Joseph :—

Munich, Dec. 31, 1805.

My Brother,—I have demanded the hand of the Princess Augusta, the daughter of the Elector of Bavaria, who is a very pretty person, for Eugène Beauharnais. The marriage is settled. I have demanded the hand of another princess for Jerome [already married to Miss Patterson]. As you have seen him lately, let me know if I can count upon that young man to do what I wish. I have also arranged a plan of marriage for your eldest daughter with a little prince who will one day be a great prince, but we shall have time to talk this over.

NAPOLEON.

The elder daughter of Joseph, Zenaide by name, was only four years of age when the above letter was written. And the little prince who was one day to become a great prince was Napoleon Charles, the

eldest son of Louis, concerning whose birth such strange stories were told. He was the same age as his intended bride, cousin Zenaide. Alas! he died two years later, and his death, as we shall see, exercised an immense influence on the fortunes of the Bonaparte family. Zenaide afterwards married the eldest son of Lucien, by his first wife, while Joseph's second daughter, Charlotte, bestowed her hand upon Napoleon Louis, the brother of the deceased Napoleon Charles, and of Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III.

It is curious to find Napoleon carrying his match-making propensities so far as this, and looking such a long way ahead; but he took, as people think, an unnatural interest in the eldest son of Louis, and we have just seen him conjecturing that in thirty years time Joseph might be required to replace him, although, officially speaking, Joseph was his elder brother, and in the common order of things would die before him.

In the 'Revue Historique' for 1879 is to be found the following letter, which is published neither in the correspondence of Napoleon nor the Memoirs of King Joseph. It is from Joseph to his wife, and runs thus:

June, 1806: Naples.

My dear Julie,—I know that your health is not good; then why do you continue to go to the Tuileries on Thursdays and Sundays? You ought to remain at home, take care of yourself, and tell stories to Zenaide, Lolotte (Charlotte), and Oscar (Désirée's son, who was afterwards King of Sweden). Be sure that this is the best thing you can do for them, for yourself, and for me. Everything here is quiet, and I shall undertake the expedition to Sicily as soon as I have means at my disposal. That done, if it enters into the views of the Emperor to marry Zenaide or

Charlotte with Napoleon, instead of with a foreigner, I shall be extremely happy. Should the Emperor, by the adoption of our nephew, centre his affections on him . . . I would then live quietly with you at Mortfontaine, and would gladly tear myself away from the existence I lead here, simply in order to obey the Emperor. . . . It is more than probable that we shall have no son; then what more glorious than to centre, with the Emperor, our affections on the same child.

As fate would have it, the little Napoleon died, and, strange to say, Charlotte, who afterwards married his brother, might still have been Empress of France, had not her husband, Charles Napoleon, undertaken a mad expedition to Italy, and died at Forli in 1831, leaving Louis Napoleon heir to the Imperial crown.

On January 27, 1806, Comte Miot de Melito received the following letter from the Emperor:—

M. Miot,—My intention is that you start on the 30th for the headquarters of the army of Naples, where you will be under the orders of Prince Joseph, my Lieutenant-General. He will employ you in the administration of the kingdom of Naples in the manner he considers best for the good of my service. Upon which I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

The Count did not half like having his fate disposed of in this off-hand manner, and being shifted from Paris, where he enjoyed a liberal salary, into a foreign service; but, on the other hand, he was much attached to Prince Joseph, on whose many personal qualities he delights to dwell. He saw the Emperor the next day at the Tuileries, and was told to return the following morning, when he had a long conversation with his Majesty, who said to him:—

You are going to join my brother. You will tell him that I make him King of Naples, that he will remain Grand Elector, and that his position in France will not be changed. You must inform him, however, that the slightest hesitation on his part will be fatal to him. I have another person in my mind to replace him, should he refuse. I will call him Napoleon, and he shall be my son. It was the conduct of my brother at St. Cloud (on the occasion of the coronation) and his refusal to accept the crown of Italy, which made me name Eugène de Beauharnais my son. I am determined to give the same title to another, should Joseph force me to do so. At present all feelings of affection disappear in presence of State interests. I only recognise as relations those who serve me. My fortunes are not attached to the name of Bonaparte, but to the name of Napoleon. It is with my fingers and my pen that I make children. To-day I can only love those whom I esteem. Joseph must forget all the ties of kindred. Let him make himself esteemed! Let him acquire glory! Let him have a leg broken in battle! Then I shall esteem him. Let him give up his old ideas and not dread fatigue. It is only by despising fatigue that one becomes something, and not in hunting hares at Mortfontaine. Look at me: the campaign which I have just undertaken, with its agitation and movement, has made me grow fat. I believe that if all the kings in Europe were to coalesce against me, I should gain a ridiculous paunch.

I offer my brother a fine opportunity. Let him govern his new states with wisdom and firmness! Let him show himself worthy of what I give him! But it is nothing to be at Naples; he must seize upon Sicily. Let him prosecute the war with vigour! Let him show himself often at the head of his troops! Let him be firm! This is the only way to gain the esteem of the army. I shall leave him fourteen regiments of infantry and five troops of cavalry, or about 40,000 men. Let him provide for that portion of my army; it is the only contribution I shall demand.

But above all, you must hinder Massena from robbing. I desire that what he levies on the kingdom of Naples shall

go to the troops, and not to fatten thieves. What Massena did at Venice was frightful. But that matter is not finished yet.[1] . . . You understand me ; I can no longer have any relatives living in obscurity. Those who do not rise with me shall no longer belong to my family. I am creating a family of kings, or rather viceroys ; for the King of Italy, and the King of Naples, and others I do not name, will all be comprised in a federative system.[2] I wish, however, to forget what two of my brothers did against me. Let Lucien abandon his wife, and I will give him a sovereignty. As for Jerome, he has partially repaired his faults, and after a cruise of a year I shall marry him to a princess. But I shall never permit the wife of Lucien to sit by my side.

On his way to Naples the Count stopped for a couple of days at Rome, where he found Lucien Bonaparte living in a magnificent palace, ornamented with pictures and statues of the greatest value. Among other rare works contained in his gallery was the 'Minerva' of the Giustiniani Palace, which he had recently acquired. Madame Mère, therefore, had no great reason to be alarmed about poor Lucien, who was unprovided for. He had taken care to provide for himself when a commissary of the army, and when sent on a mission to Madrid, for the Prince of the Peace is said to have bribed the French ambassador very handsomely and very effectively.

As for Joseph, he found little difficulty in marching into Naples, and consequently no opportunity for distinguishing himself and getting a leg broken. The

[1] In spite of his plundering propensities, Massena, created Duke of Rivoli and Prince of Essling, and surnamed 'the spoilt child of Victory,' served the Emperor until he fell into disgrace for allowing himself to be foiled before the lines of Torres Vedras, against which he dashed himself to pieces.

[2] This is just what Napoleon's kings objected to and resisted.

only place which offered any opposition was Gaëta, but as Gaëta did not command the road to the capital, it was simply invested. The Prince of Hesse, who was in command of the fortress, refused to surrender on any terms. Every morning he shouted out to the French troops who masked the place, that Gaëta was not Ulm, and that Hesse was not Mack. But his resistance was of the most Dona Julia description, and he and his garrison of 6,000 men in the end capitulated to a force only as many hundred strong. Such at least is the French version.

Joseph's embarrassments as a sovereign soon began. On March 1, 1806, Napoleon wrote to him, saying:—

My Brother,—I have received your letters. The difficulties you experience happen in every newly-conquered country. You must expect an insurrection, which will come sooner or later. Send away the Jesuits. I do not recognise that order. . . . Arm your forts and disarm the Neapolitans. Believe me, you will never maintain yourself in the country by force of opinion. Levy a contribution of 5,000,000 francs on the city of Naples. The country must find resources to support the army. Show the robbers no pity. Massena has taken everything. He received a present of 3,000,000 francs. He must restore this sum, or I shall appoint a court-martial to examine his accounts.

And a few days later:—

You must levy 30,000,000 francs on the whole kingdom. Naples is richer than either Venice or Milan when I entered those cities (!) Your armies and generals must live in abundance. The kingdom of Naples, without counting Sicily, should yield 100,000,000 francs. If it does not yield them, it will be because the old system of the Spanish kings has not been followed.

There was no money in the treasury. Joseph was always trying to borrow from Napoleon, and Napoleon was always exhorting his brother to squeeze the Neapolitans. On December 2, 1807, Joseph had an interview with Napoleon at Venice, and Comte Miot de Melito, who was King Joseph's War Minister, says that the Emperor then exposed his gigantic plans, and offered his brother the throne of Spain, upon which country he intended to seize. We shall go more fully into that shameful Spanish intrigue when dealing with Prince Lucien. Suffice it to remark, that on March 27, 1808, Napoleon wrote to King Louis of Holland, who resisted the constant interference of his brother in that country: 'I have determined to place a French prince on the throne of Spain. The climate of Holland does not suit you. . . . If I make you King of Spain, will you accept? Do not confide the object of this letter to anyone, for it is necessary that a thing should be accomplished before avowing that it has occurred to one.' The idea of being thwarted in any project upon which he had set his mind was perfectly abhorrent to his Majesty, and was considered as a slight offered to his authority—a slight which at all events must be kept secret. King Louis, aware that he would be treated in Spain as he had been treated in Holland, and that the interests of his people would be ruthlessly sacrificed to the personal interests of Napoleon, nobly refused. He had played the phantom monarch long enough, and had learned by experience the defects of the federative system and the painful humiliations it involved.

The Queen Julie, who was a plain, delicate little woman, 'a perfect angel of goodness,' according to the

Duchesse d'Abrantes, who was the favourite daughter-in-law of Madame Mère, and who was highly appreciated by Napoleon, not being of an intriguing disposition, appears to have behaved with great tact at Naples. Before her arrival in that city, Joseph, who could always string together any number of pathetic sentences, thus wrote to his spouse at Rome :—

As I mentioned yesterday, there is no foundation for the rumours circulated by malevolent persons. Naples is just as quiet as Paris. I set an example of moderation. I have no mistresses, no mignons, no favourites. Read this letter, my good Julie, to my mother and to Caroline (Mdme. Murat), since they are uneasy. If they knew me better they would be less anxious. Tell them that age has not changed me, and remind my mother that at all epochs of my life, whether as an obscure citizen, a farmer, or a magistrate [no mention of soldiering], I have always sacrificed pleasure to duty. It is not for me, caring little for grandeur, to go to sleep. I am labouring for the kingdom of Naples with the same good-will as on the death of my father I worked for his young family. I only live for justice, and justice commands me to make my people as happy as possible.

The remainder of this letter is couched in most affectionate terms, and is filled with noble sentiments.

But Joseph and Julie were not destined to render Naples happy for any length of time, nor did the King manage to distinguish himself in a military point of view. Massena had been recalled in order that he might be forced to disgorge, and the command of the troops in Calabria had been handed over to General Reynier, who lost the battle of Maida against General Stewart. This defeat exasperated Napoleon, because it struck a blow in Italy at the supposed invincibility of the Imperial troops. The British red-

coats had more disasters in store for poor Joseph and his commanders.

On May 21, 1808, two months after the offer of the crown of Spain to Louis, the King of Naples received a pressing invitation from the Emperor to meet him at Bayonne. He was told to leave the command of the troops in the hands of Marshal Jourdain, and to appoint a Council of Regency. The wary Joseph, who knew what was intended, declined to put this latter order into execution, being unwilling, some people thought, to divest himself of supreme power or to leave the throne of Naples before being securely seated on that of Spain. It is related that Napoleon, uncertain if Joseph would consent to leave Naples, had him proclaimed King of Spain and the Indies the day before he reached Bayonne. On his approach he drove out several leagues to meet him, took him into his carriage, overwhelmed him with demonstrations of affection, and then developed his schemes with his accustomed impetuosity. Poor Joseph was allowed no time to reply. On arriving at Bayonne the scene changed. The traveller was not allowed an instant's repose. On alighting he found the Empress, surrounded by her ladies of honour, standing at the foot of the palace staircase, in order to compliment him on his new accession. Great was his surprise on entering the saloon of honour, to find himself in the presence of deputations which Napoleon had summoned *nolentes volentes* from all the towns occupied by the French army. Some of the great names of Spain were present; Dukes of Ossuna, Infantado, and Frias, the Counts of Santa Colonna and Fernan-Nunez, together with ex-ministers, courtiers, prelates, and the Inquisitor, Don Saluto

Raimundo Ethenard y Salinas. By all these persons was the bewildered Joseph proclaimed and saluted as King. What could Joseph do? His natural vanity was flattered by these unexpected ovations, which he possibly believed sincere, for he had unlimited faith in his own good intentions, and they captivated his imagination, at all events for the moment. M. Lanfrey assures us that before many days had passed the new monarch perceived he was destined to wear a crown of thorns.

On July 8, 1808, Joseph Bonaparte abdicated; on the 15th the Queen left for France; on the 20th the abdication was officially announced, and on the 31st a courier arrived with the information that Murat was to fill the vacant throne.

It is supposed that Joseph at heart accepted his new crown with repugnance, that he was loth to leave Naples, and that his secret intention when he started for Bayonne was to return there. This desire, if it existed, must have been greatly strengthened before he reached the Pyrenees. On his road to Spain he met Murat, and learned from him the troubled state of the country, and shortly afterwards he heard of the disastrous capitulation of Baylen, where General Dupont and 30,000 men had been obliged to surrender their arms and their plunder to General Castãnos. The abdication of Charles IV. and that of his son Ferdinand having been fraudulently obtained, Joseph Napoleon (the Bonaparte was now dropped in official documents) was called to the Spanish throne in the manner we have seen.

Napoleon had been woefully mistaken with regard to Spain. He thought he should be able to walk over

that country as he had walked over Italy and Germany, divided as those countries were into numerous small principalities. He was not long in finding out his error, and in perceiving the amount of resistance he was likely to meet with from a nation whose institutions, whose honour, whose religion, and whose interests he had wantonly attacked. In addition to the royal guard which accompanied King Joseph from Naples, Spain was quickly flooded with French troops, which were divided into eight army corps, commanded by Marshals Massena, Victor, Soult, Lannes, Lefebvre, Mortier, Ney, and Augereau. The Emperor soon found his presence necessary. Called away from Spanish affairs for a time, he hurried back to Paris after the treaty of Erfurt, and thence across the Pyrenees. At the beginning of November, 1808, he and Joseph were at Burgos, which place had fallen into the hands of the French troops. They found nearly all the houses deserted and pillaged, while heaps of broken furniture were lying in the mud. The quarter situated beyond the river was on fire, and a maddened soldiery were smashing in the doors and windows, and destroying everything; the churches had been despoiled, the streets were encumbered with the dead and dying; all the horrors of an assault were witnessed; and yet the town had not been defended. The cathedral, one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture, narrowly escaped destruction. The Chartreuse and the principal convents were sacked. That of Las Huelgas, the richest and most noble of Old Castile, was converted into a stable; the tombs in the very churches were violated in search of treasures, and the dead bodies of women were dragged in

the mire. Comte Miot de Melito says this is what he witnessed. King Joseph made some representations to his brother, but they were badly received; and his health was affected at the sight of the horrors inflicted on one of the first towns of the kingdom over which he had been called to reign. 'I strongly advised him,' says the Count, 'to renounce a crown which he could only secure after wading through oceans of blood, and which would never recompense him for all the humiliation and disgust heaped upon him.' The Spaniards were right when they said that if Joseph put the crown in his pocket, he was never able to put it on his head. He made a variety of excuses for not accepting the advice offered him by his minister, but the real reason was that he could not bear the idea of abandoning his title of King.

In a despatch to Count Stadion, Prince Metternich protested against the elevation of King Joseph to the throne of Spain. He said it was incompatible with all principles, more incompatible than the elevation of other members of the Napoleon dynasty, because it did not present even the excuse of right of conquest. The throne was not vacant, nothing so little resembled a voluntary abdication as that of Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII. The younger members of the royal family had not signed the act renouncing the throne; these younger members therefore retained all their rights. This was no doubt straining at a gnat, but it afforded Austria a pretext for not recognising Joseph, and it was the precursor of that war which led to the battles of Essling and Wagram, and ended in the Austrian matrimonial alliance. Russia on her side had recognised the new King. Count

Romanzoff told Prince Metternich that this was his doing; that after a certain lapse of centuries some great military genius always arose, and that it was useless to struggle against Napoleon. But Napoleon, both at Tilsit and at Erfurt, had offered Russia the Turkish Principalities in exchange for this recognition. Napoleon afterwards broke his bargain, and thus the elevation of Joseph led to a war with Austria, who opposed, and with Russia, who had been a consenting party to the seizure of Spain. Joseph, to his dismay, soon found that Napoleon intended to annex the provinces north of the Ebro, and that in exchange for this violation he was to be offered Portugal. According to Napoleon, the war with Spain cost so much that Spain must pay for it. Joseph was heart-broken, and protested. He declared he had been reduced to beggary, that he was no better than 'the *concièrge* to the hospitals of Madrid.' He wept over the change visible in his brother's heart, and 'the gradual decline of an immense glory.' And in a fit of despair he wrote to Napoleon, 'Your glory will not permit you to prolong the painful agony of your brother on the throne of Spain.' According to Lucien, the poor King of Spain was at this moment so irritated with some representations made to him by Soult on the part of the Emperor, that, 'though incapable of committing a crime, Joseph drew out a pistol and put a bullet into Napoleon's portrait.'

On March 29, 1811, the news of the birth of the King of Rome reached Madrid, and Joseph, whose position was growing more and more untenable, owing to want of money and the refusal of the marshals to obey his orders, determined to return to France and

have an interview with the Emperor. The two brothers met at Rambouillet, and it was agreed that the King's visit should be attributed to his desire to be present at the baptism of the heir to the throne. It was settled that Joseph should appear at the ceremony as a French prince and as grand elector, and that he should wear the white uniform embroidered with gold which bespoke a member of the Imperial family in the line of succession. However, Comte Miot de Melito tells us that Joseph hoped to be able to settle his business with the Emperor and to take his departure before the christening, because 'he had so completely forgotten his origin, and had so fully entered into his rôle of sovereign, that he looked upon it as a humiliation to appear publicly in the suite of his brother, and as it were in the position of a vassal. But the Emperor, who, on his side, was by no means above feelings of petty vanity, and who attributed great importance to being surrounded at the ceremony by a family of kings, purposely delayed his decision on Spanish affairs, so that Joseph was unable to leave Paris before the christening.'

Joseph failed to obtain any satisfactory arrangement, and the Count and other friends again pressed him to resign 'a crown which did not carry with it the least shadow of authority.' But the King had formed his resolution, and determined to return to Madrid, partly attracted thither by a *liaison* he had formed with a very amiable woman, the wife of one of his major-domos, the Marquis of M . . . . who was much grieved at what had happened. The Marchioness, by the way, after the expulsion of the French from Spain,

took refuge in France, and on the death of her husband married a French officer who had served in King Joseph's guards.

The position of Joseph after his return to Madrid grew more and more unsatisfactory. The English, under Wellington, were daily gaining ground; the Spanish troops, though beaten in the open field, were as formidable as ever; and the names of Mina and the Empecinado filled the French soldiers with terror when not close to the main body. The news of the disastrous retreat from Moscow inspired the enemies of the invaders with fresh courage, and the prospects of the French in Spain became more gloomy every day.

The Queen Julie had not accompanied her husband to Madrid. In 1810 frequent letters passed between them on the subject of a voyage to Spain; but matters, even as early as 1810, appeared too desperate to warrant this journey. In July of that year Joseph declared to his wife that he envied the lot of Lucien, who was then a prisoner in England, having been captured in an attempt to reach the United States. He considered himself so degraded, he said, that death would be preferable to the present state of affairs, and Julie was directed to dispose quietly of all their property, and to invest the proceeds in foreign securities. In September he doubted whether he would be able much longer to support his abject position. In March 1811 he informed his wife that, 'reduced to the condition of a criminal, or the most degraded of men, I should deserve my lot were I willingly to prolong it.' On his return from Paris he wrote letters to his wife brimful of despair. All Napoleon's promises had been broken. Moved by

these letters, the Queen at last determined to join her husband, no matter at what risk. She was then at Vichy for her health. On July 7 she was startled to hear that Comte Miot de Melito had arrived. She thought at first that her husband was dead, no doubt judging from the tone of his letters. She learned, however, that he had simply been obliged to cross the frontier, and to take up his quarters at St. Jean-de-Luz. The Count had been ordered to push on to Dresden, where Napoleon then was, and Joseph having lost everything at the battle of Vittoria, he was to ask Queen Julie to furnish him with means to prosecute his journey. The Queen dissuaded the Count from seeking an interview with Napoleon in order to lay before him the details of what had happened. 'The Emperor,' she said, 'is not the man you formerly knew. He recollects none of his old friends. He insists on everyone bending to his will. He will not recognise you. He is only to be approached with fear and trembling. Besides, he is at present in a most difficult position, and last year's reverses have changed his character.' The Princess Royal of Sweden, Madame Bernadotte, *née* Désirée Clary, who was with her sister, expressed the same opinion. However, the Count was about to start for Dresden when he learned what had happened in Spain—that Napoleon had recalled Marshal Jourdan, had given Soult the command of the forces, and had ordered Joseph to quit the army. The War Minister, who communicated these facts to the Queen, implored her to use her influence with her husband to persuade him to acquiesce in this arrangement. Shortly afterwards Joseph was directed to leave the Spanish frontier, where he had established

himself with his staff at the château of Poyanne, and to repair to his country seat of Mortfontaine, where he was joined by his wife and children on August 1, 1813. Here Joseph was detained as a sort of state prisoner. He was not permitted to visit Paris. When he infringed this order, he received a note from the Minister of Police, Savary, to say that the offence must not be repeated.

Napoleon having rejected the arbitration of Austria at Dresden, after an interview with Prince Metternich which lasted nine hours, the allies recommenced operations. Sweden pronounced against Napoleon, and the command of the contingent she furnished was confided to Bernadotte, whose wife was at that moment at Mortfontaine. In the same château were to be seen a King and Queen of Spain who did not possess an inch of territory beyond the Pyrenees; the wife of a French general who had been made a prince, and had become the mortal enemy of his native country; the daughter of the King of Wurtemburg, who had been given in marriage to the brother of Napoleon (Jerome), and whose father was about to join the league formed against the French Emperor. There were also Spanish, German, and French courtiers, without any court, and the Patriarch of the Indies, the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, who from time to time said mass. The presence of this high Church dignitary was all the more remarkable because one of the first acts of Joseph Bonaparte in Spain was to abolish the Inquisition; and the Duchesse d'Abrantes says that the fact of his Majesty having carried off the mistress of the Grand Inquisitor greatly contributed to his unpopularity, in a country which was

so devoutly Catholic! Of course the lively Duchess may have paraphrased this anecdote from the pages of Voltaire, substituting King Joseph for Candide. But then such strange things were done by the Bonapartes and by Spanish ecclesiastics! On November 8, 1813, Napoleon arrived at St. Cloud; Bernadotte had driven the French from Holland; Soult had been unable to stop the advance of Wellington; he had been unable to save either Pampeluna or Saint Sebastian, the two last Spanish towns which had remained in the hands of the French. Napoleon for some time took no notice of Joseph, who sent his wife more than once to see him, but without any result. Joseph wanted his position settled—was he, or was he not, King of Spain. At last M. de Flahault was despatched with orders to bring Joseph to the Tuileries, and the King was ushered up a back staircase into the Emperor's cabinet; for a dispossessed monarch was not a thing for public exhibition. Napoleon exposed to his brother all the difficulties by which he was surrounded, and the impossibility of replacing him on the throne of Spain. He announced his intention of restoring the crown of that country to Ferdinand VII., on the condition of Spain remaining neutral, and placing herself between him and the English. He also suggested the possibility of a matrimonial alliance, and that Joseph's eldest daughter should marry Ferdinand. But Joseph was not to be induced to abdicate so easily the crown which had been forced on him. He would send a reply. The Queen paid several visits to Napoleon, but brought him no decisive answer from her husband. At length,

on December 27, Madame Mère and Julie arrived together at Mortfontaine, to try and determine Joseph to repair to Paris to take up his residence at the Luxembourg as a French prince, and to renounce his title of King of Spain. After a good deal of negotiation, and consultations with his brother Louis, who was also a throneless king, Joseph submitted to the will of the Emperor, the sincerity of whose intentions with regard to Ferdinand would have been doubted had Joseph appeared at the Tuileries as King of Spain. It was arranged, however, that his Majesty should retain his royal title, and be called King Joseph, and his wife Queen Julie. King Joseph was also permitted to wear the uniform of the Grenadiers of the Guard.

When the allies pressed forward, and Napoleon left Paris to place himself at the head of his troops, King Joseph was named Lieutenant-General of the Empire and Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard. During the campaign of France, the Emperor addressed several letters to him on the situation of affairs and the measures he was to adopt. In one of these letters, dated from the farm of Lumeront, February 13, 1814, he highly praises the conduct of General Bourmont, who repulsed three attacks made on the village of Nogent. 'This Bourmont is the famous Chouan chief,' he added, 'who distinguished himself in La Vendée.' The same Bourmont deserted just before the battle of Waterloo, and for this traitorous conduct was afterwards created a Marshal and Governor-General of Algeria. In the same letter the Emperor wrote—'I tremble lest those scamps of

Russians should set fire to Fontainebleau by way of reprisal.[1]

The last letter Napoleon addressed to his brother at this period contained such information as this :—

The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were at Bray, but as soon as they learned I had forced the bridge of Montereau they fled in hot haste. Terror reigns in the enemy's army. The three sovereigns were for some days at Pont-sur-Yonne, in the château of Madame Mère. They counted upon reaching Fontainebleau to-morrow (Feb. 20, 1814), and Paris a few days later. All that passes appears inconceivable to them. To-day we have snow and hard weather. I send the Empress an account of the battle of Montereau for insertion in the 'Moniteur;' also an article on the precipitation with which the sovereigns quitted Bray. The Austrians have protected my palace of Fontainebleau from being pillaged by the Cossacks.

On March 29 Marie Louise and the King of Rome, much against their will, quitted Paris, and on the 29th King Joseph published a proclamation, announcing that the enemy were advancing by Meaux, followed by the victorious army of the Emperor, and declaring his intention of remaining with the National Guard to defend the city. In the meantime he sent word to Queen Julie to leave Paris with the children. The Queen

[1] In the *Military Correspondence of Napoleon*, No. 1,476, is an order to Berthier, dated from Troitshoie, October 20, 1812, which contains the following paragraph—'Marshal Mortier will set fire to the stores of brandy, the barracks, and the public buildings, with the exception of the Foundling Hospital. He will set fire to the palace of the Kremlin. . . . He will see powder placed under the towers of the Kremlin. . . . At four o'clock the officer charged with that duty will blow up the Kremlin. . . . Marshal Mortier will remain in Moscow until he has seen the Kremlin blown up. He will take care to set fire to the two houses of the late governor, and to that of Razoumovsky. —NAPOLEON.'

said she would not leave unless positively ordered to do so, and that a great mistake had been made in sending away Marie Louise, who, had she been permitted to remain, might have saved the fortune of her son, and perhaps that of her husband. The next morning King Joseph sent General Espert to his wife, ordering her to leave immediately, and the separation between Julie, whose husband was about to fly from Paris, and her sister Désirée, whose husband was marching on the French capital, was exceedingly touching. The next day King Joseph also left. His proclamation was not more serious than that of General Trochu in 1871—'The Governor of Paris will never capitulate.' General Trochu avoided capitulating by resigning, and leaving General Vinoy to capitulate. King Joseph avoided defending Paris by flying to Rambouillet. On April 4 King Joseph set out to try and join the Emperor at Fontainebleau, but as the enemy occupied the road between Orleans and that place he was forced to return, and at Blois no one was aware what Napoleon was doing, what were his intentions, nor if the allies had entered Paris. It was only on April 7 that the abdication was known, by the terms of which, Joseph, his brothers and sisters, were to have over 20,000*l.* a year each.

They were much alarmed lest they should be all sent to Elba, and the Princess Royal of Sweden was asked to intercede with the Emperor of Russia on their behalf, while King Joseph wrote to Talleyrand, and King Louis to Prince Schwarzenberg, with whom he was acquainted. In the end, Joseph and his family received their passports, but on the condition of not re-entering France, a condition which greatly irritated

his Majesty, and which he considered as an insult. However, there was nothing left but to accept.

On the return of Napoleon from Elba he was joined by all his brothers, with the exception of Louis. King Joseph once more figured at court in his white uniform, and acted as President of the Council, for Prince Lucien, who had also come to offer his aid after a separation of twelve years, was hardly to be trusted. After the fatal day of Waterloo King Joseph hurried to the coast, and, more fortunate than Napoleon, succeeded in reaching the United States. At Rochefort he found the two frigates which were awaiting the arrival of Napoleon; but seeing that it would be impossible to escape the English cruisers, he purchased an American vessel which was taking in a cargo of brandy, and after having in vain endeavoured to persuade his brother to come on board, he set sail and reached New York, where he was at first mistaken for Carnot. Queen Julie, who had been left behind, placed herself under the protection of her sister Désirée, who had taken a country house at Auteuil, and afterwards went to Italy.

In America, King Joseph laid aside his royal title and passed as the Comte de Survilliers. He purchased some land at Breeze Point, in New Jersey; and an exception having been made in his favour, he was also permitted to buy a large estate on the Black River. His wife, who had been always delicate, was not in a fit state of health to cross the Atlantic; but his daughters Zenaide and Charlotte both shared his exile in turn. He often wished to return to 'indolent Tuscany,' but the allies would not hear of this. His brother-in-law, the King of Sweden, offered him

an asylum, and so did the Emperor Alexander; but Joseph dreaded a northern climate. His desire was to return to the birthplace of his race, and to finish his days in Italy. When the news of the insurrection of 1830 reached him, and the Bourbons were once more driven from the throne, he sailed for England in the hope of being able to make good the claims of the King of Rome. He wrote to Marie Louise, proposing to present Napoleon II. to the French, declaring that with a little aid from his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, his success was certain, and that the Duke of Orleans would have no chance against him.

In the letter which he wrote to his brother Louis from London in 1834, and to which we have already referred, Joseph said—'Since 1830 I have spent in the cause of my nephew a sum of 40,000*l.*, half of what remained of my fortune after the destruction of my house in America, which I am sure was set fire to in order that the letters confided to me by Napoleon might be burned.' The nature of this correspondence is not revealed, nor are the guilty parties held up to obloquy.

Poor Joseph's life set in clouds. In 1831 his son-in-law, Napoleon Louis, died at Forli; the next year the King of Rome, or rather the Duke of Reichstadt, was borne to an early grave; in 1836 Madame Mère expired at Rome at the age of eighty-four, and much to Joseph's grief did not receive the funeral honours due to the mother of so many sovereigns. In 1839 he lost not only his daughter Charlotte, the widow of Napoleon Louis, but his sister Caroline Murat, ex-Queen of Naples, and his uncle the Cardinal Fesch, whose character he always warmly defended against

the attacks and insinuations of his family. The next year witnessed the death of his brother Lucien. Of all this wonderful family, driven from Corsica half a century before, Louis and Jerome alone remained. Shortly before his death, Joseph, whose health had completely broken down, and who had suffered from several strokes of apoplexy, was at last permitted to return to Italy, where he rejoined his wife, in whose arms he died in 1844, at Florence, closing an eventful career at a ripe old age.

Joseph was always fond of declaring that he was a family man, and devoid of ambition. If so, he was a man of a singularly weak and pliable character not to have imitated either Lucien or Louis. The first would never tolerate the tyranny of Napoleon; the second only endured it for a time. Lucien preferred his wife and family to a crown; and Louis preferred separation from a woman he had been forced to marry, and exile, to the throne of a country which he was only permitted to govern as vassal of his brother. But Joseph, who would only allow himself to be called colonel after the declaration of the Empire, who refused to ride to the coronation in the coach-and-six which had been prepared for him, preferring to go with his colleagues of the Senate; Joseph, who carried his Jacobinism so far that Napoleon threatened to cover him with ridicule in public by addressing him as *Prince Egalité*; Joseph afterwards clung with peculiar tenacity to his thrones, to his titles, and his white uniform. At the coronation he had expressed himself deeply offended at the idea of his wife bearing the train of the Empress Josephine, and, as Rœderer tells us, protested against the coronation

of Josephine because the children of Louis would then have an Empress for grandmother, while his daughters would remain the grandchildren of plain Madame Clary of Marseilles. He was afraid to accept the crown of Lombardy, lest he should lose his chance of the crown of France; he was afraid to resign the crown of Naples until certain of the crown of Spain, which Louis had refused because it had been filched from Charles IV. in so ignoble and treacherous a manner. When at Madrid, to the great irritation of Napoleon, he insisted on assuming all the titles of his predecessors; his public acts set this ex-Jacobin forth not only as King of Spain, but as King of the Indies, as Duke of Burgundy, Count of Flanders, and, what was better still, as King of Corsica. It is easy to imagine what umbrage the assumption of these titles, which revived in imagination the days of Charles V. and Philip II., gave the jealous despot on the French throne, who aimed at universal domination. At the baptism of the King of Rome we have seen Joseph trying in vain to escape the humiliation of appearing at the ceremony in the train of a greater luminary, and we have seen him, after having been driven from Spain, clinging with childish obstinacy to his royal title, and finally settling down in a Republican country, not as Joseph Bonaparte, but as the Comte de Survilliers. If one thing more than another could stamp the inconceivable fatuity of Joseph, it was the wonderful idea he had of his own merits, as expressed in a letter which he wrote to his wife on November 8, 1810. 'I hope,' he said, 'that posterity will pity a great nation for not appreciating a king which heaven gave it in its mercy.'

IV.

JOSEPHINE AND NAPOLEON.

MARIE ROSE JOSEPH TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE was born in the island of Martinique on June 23, 1763, and was the eldest of three daughters. Her second sister, Catherine Désirée, was born in 1764, and her death in 1771 exercised a great influence on the fate of Joseph, or Josephine as she was commonly called. The third daughter, Marie Françoise, was born in 1767, and but for her filial affection she would have been sent to Paris instead of her eldest sister. Several curious points of resemblance exist between the infancy of Josephine and that of Napoleon. Both were born in islands which were on more than one occasion in the hands of the English. Martinique was captured three times by our admirals, and during the war which raged from 1802 to 1814 between France and England, the Diamond Rock, which lies three leagues SSW. of Port Royal, was commissioned and rated as a ship in the British navy. Some doubt, too, hangs over the exact date of the birth of both, and it is a moot point whether Josephine was born on the day that Martinique was ceded to France by Spain, or a few days previous to the cession; and there is also some doubt as to whether Napoleon Bonaparte

was born before or after the annexation of Corsica, which, sold to France by the Genoese in 1768, was only subdued after a year of desperate fighting, during which Charles Bonaparte and *his wife* fought on the side of Paoli. It is also strange to find that Josephine and Napoleon, coming from two different points of the globe, should have landed in France in the same year—Napoleon on his road to Brienne, and Josephine to meet her intended husband, Alexander de Beauharnais.

There is not much to relate about Josephine's early days. Her parents were sadly disappointed that she was not a boy. She was sent to a convent at Port-Royal, where she seems to have made but little progress; she rejoiced in the pet name of Yeyette, and appears to have enjoyed a good deal of liberty, which she is said to have turned to account by falling in love with a young Englishman called William Stuart, the heir to Lord Lovat, whose family we are assured fled to Martinique after the defeat of the Pretender. This romance has found its way into more than one biography, and is to be discovered in the pages of Bégin, who appears to accept it with all its startling improbabilities. It is a tale of youthful and mutual passion, enforced absence, intercepted letters, and blank despair. Josephine was obliged to give her hand to another, and William Stuart had, in order to inherit the Lovat property, to marry a cousin. William Stuart never got over his first love, and he was a thorn first in the side of Alexander Beauharnais, and then in that of Napoleon Bonaparte. Glimpses are caught of him every now and again through the Consulate and the Empire, the last glimpse

being at the Malmaison, where he appeared with his arm in a sling in 1814, having been wounded in the defence of Paris. A few weeks after his last interview Josephine died, and William Stuart, unable to survive the loss, followed her quickly to the grave. On this fiction many strange anecdotes have been embroidered.

An alliance between the Beauharnais family and that of Tascher de la Pagerie had long been contemplated, and this alliance had no warmer advocate than Josephine's aunt, Madame de Renaudin, herself a Tascher de la Pagerie, who, strange to say, afterwards took for her third husband the Marquis de Beauharnais the same year that Napoleon Bonaparte married her niece. The Beauharnais, who had been governors in Martinique under the *ancien régime*, had returned to the mother country, and consequently the match-making had to be carried on by correspondence. Madame de Renaudin first of all proposed that Catherine Désirée, who was nearly two years younger than Josephine, should be sent to France to marry Alexander de Beauharnais; but before this matter could be arranged the unfortunate girl was carried off by a malignant fever. Madame de Renaudin then proposed that Manette, or Maria, should be despatched in her place, but Manette resisted the idea of leaving home so strongly that it was found necessary to fall back upon Josephine, who, although she was only sixteen years of age, was considered too old for her future husband, who was only nineteen. The father appealed to Madame de Renaudin on behalf of Yeyette. He wrote and said that his eldest daughter had left her convent, that she had felt deeply the pre-

ference shown in favour of her younger sister, that she had often expressed the desire to go to France, that she had a lovely skin, fine eyes, handsome arms, and a surprising taste for music. This appeal was attended with success; the difference of age was overlooked in Josephine's first, as afterwards in her second marriage, and in spite of English cruisers she was despatched to France. It is curious to note that at the same period, but in different ships, three cousins left Martinique. One became Empress of France, the second married M. de Peyronnet, afterwards one of the ministers of Charles X. The third, captured by pirates, was sold as a slave in Constantinople, and became the favourite wife of the Sultan Mustapha, and Sultana Valida. Josephine landed safely at Havre, whither Alexander de Beauharnais had repaired to receive her. Although the young officer appears to have led a somewhat dissipated life, and to have been in no hurry to assume the chains of matrimony, the first impression which Josephine caused was highly favourable. On seeing his intended bride for the first time he wrote to his father, saying: 'Mdlle. de Pagerie will perhaps appear less pretty than you expected, but I believe I can assure you that the honesty and gentleness of her character surpass all that has been said of her.' At that period Josephine was by no means the graceful and elegant woman of the world she afterwards became, thanks to the education she received at the hands of her husband. She had neither the winning manners nor the deportment which formed her chief attractions when she charmed the members of the Directory, and when she sat upon the Imperial throne.

The marriage took place at Noisy-le-Grand on December 13, 1779 (when Napoleon Bonaparte was at Brienne). Although Alexander de Beauharnais is represented by more than one biographer as having fought in the war of independence in America along with the Lafayettes, the Rochambeaus, the Lameths, and the De Noailles, the fact is, that his marriage prevented him from seeing service on the other side of the Atlantic. Although he married rather against his will, and shortly after his wedding resumed his garrison duties, we are assured that he soon loved his wife, and Madame de Rémusat relates that she read some very tender letters which Alexander de Beauharnais addressed to Josephine, and which she always carefully preserved. In due time the young couple went to Paris. Alexander de Beauharnais was considered one of the best dancers at the court, and though Josephine was never publicly presented, she was twice received by Marie Antoinette at the Trianon. Court and capital proved fatal to connubial happiness, and there is only too much reason to suppose that Josephine's conduct was of a character to give rise to jealousy, and a separation was threatened. Eugène de Beauharnais was born in 1781, but this event only delayed the rupture for a year. Twelve months afterwards Beauharnais set sail for Martinique. What was the object of this voyage? The Marquis de Bouillé was going out to the island as governor, with wild schemes of driving the English from Jamaica and their other West Indian possessions. Beauharnais asked permission to serve on his staff, but at the last moment this appointment was refused, and he was obliged to content himself

with going out as a volunteer. He was not to be deterred from his voyage by the fact that his wife was on the point of becoming a mother for the second time. One of the reasons given for his visit to Martinique is that he wished to institute personal inquiries with regard to the conduct of Josephine before she left the island. He had probably heard of the William Stuart affair. It is curious to note that while Josephine was excellently treated by the parents of Beauharnais during her husband's absence, Beauharnais was equally well received by the De la Pageries and the Taschers in Martinique. As the French Government did not furnish the Marquis de Bouillé with the sinews of war for attacking the English and driving them from the Caribbean Sea, and as, in fact, peace was signed with England at this period, we cannot say whether Beauharnais meant fighting. It is recorded, however, that while in the island he fell in love with a woman much older than himself, a woman who hated the De la Pageries, and who blackened his wife's character. Josephine's father appears to have been highly indignant with the conduct of his son-in-law. He wrote him a violent letter, which was very severe on the ladies of the colony, and offered to take back his daughter. This letter concluded in these terms:—'This, then, is the fruit of your voyage, and the fine campaign you were to fight against the enemies of your country; it has ended in a war against the reputation of your wife and the tranquillity of her family.'

Beauharnais returned to France, and immediately demanded a divorce. The demand was laid before the Parliament, which, after having taken a year to con-

sider the affair, decided that there were faults on both sides. A separation was accorded. Beauharnais was to furnish his wife with an income of 10,000 francs a year, and was to keep his son. Hortense was to be left with Josephine. While the divorce case was before the Parliament, Madame de Beauharnais remained at the convent of Panthemont, which had for superioress no less a person than the Princess of Condé. During this trying period the Marquis de Beauharnais, Alexander's elder brother, and his aunt Fanny, sided with the wife against the husband.

In 1788 Josephine in her turn went back to Martinique, with her daughter Hortense. Her father had died, and she wished to look after the paternal property. She remained in the island for nearly three years, when troubles breaking out, she fled to France, leaving her mother behind her. She was well received by her husband's family on her return, and by dint of a few stratagems and a little good management the breach between Alexander de Beauharnais and his wife was healed, and they lived once more as man and wife. In 1791 they retired for a short time to the family property at Sologne. While his wife was in Martinique, Beauharnais had become serious, and had taken to politics. He had adopted the principles of the Revolution, in spite of his former frivolous connection with the court and his love for the profession of arms which he had temporarily renounced. He had been elected a member of the National Assembly, and he was acting as president of that body when it was announced that the King and the royal family had fled from Paris. His coolness in the chair upon that solemn occasion

was the theme of universal admiration. After calmly announcing the fact to the Chamber, he proposed that the House should pass to the order of the day. After spending some time in Sologne, Beauharnais resumed duty as a soldier, obtained a military command, and set out to join the army of the Rhine, under the gallant and unfortunate Custine, whom he shortly afterwards replaced. According to the Comte de Lavalette, the new commander-in-chief had neither the defects nor the habit of command of his predecessor. Custine was violent even to brutality, and was incapable of listening to the language of reason; but with all this, he had a frankness of bearing and an openness of character which endeared him to the soldiery. Beauharnais, on the other hand, was a man of cultivated mind, of calm temperament, loving order and work, and a strict disciplinarian. He formed his opinions with promptitude and decision, and his cool and brilliant courage soon won the confidence and attachment of the army. Reserved in the presence of his troops, Beauharnais never fraternised with them, as did Custine, who liked haranguing his soldiers, who knew most of the privates by their names, who constantly visited them in their tents and their hospitals, and whose noisy gaiety and quick repartees were the theme of the camp. Neither of these generals, in spite of their varied and brilliant qualities, suited the Revolutionary authorities in Paris, who unfortunately had the power of inflicting upon them a punishment which Lord Wellington, writing to Lord Liverpool from the lines of Torres Vedras, declared the Common Council of London would gladly have inflicted upon him. Custine and Beauharnais were both tainted

with the original sin of belonging to the aristocracy and of having served under the ancient régime, and they were both destined to share the fate of the venerable Luckner, who had been induced to take service in France in order to instruct the French in the tactics of the great Frederick, and who perished on the revolutionary scaffold, 'he knew not why,' at the age of eighty. Biron, Chancel, and Houchard were similarly rewarded, while Dumouriez and Hoche himself had a narrow escape.

Beauharnais was removed from his command on the ground that he had been deficient in activity, and it is interesting to find that his conduct was defended by Tallien. He was deeply grieved at being obliged to leave the army, and we are told that 'his lofty mind contemplated with despair this removal from the theatre of glory.' He obeyed orders and returned to France, although well aware of the danger which awaited him. He had always spoken in favour of a representative government, but the excesses of the Jacobins filled him with horror. Lahorie, his aide-de-camp and friend, urged him to attack the enemy at once, and to die on the field of battle sooner than deliver himself up to the Jacobins. Beauharnais declined, because, as he said, 'My first duty is to think of my army and my country. I entertain little doubt with regard to the future, but I should be sorry to have to reproach myself with the death of a number of gallant fellows and the fatal result of a defeat. Perhaps the army will be placed under the orders of a more fortunate general. The decree which removes me is formal, and even a victory, which appears to me just now an impossibility, would not be pardoned

We have only 35,000 disorderly men to oppose to 80,000 troops. My death would remedy nothing. I must take my departure.'

Beauharnais bid farewell to 'the plumed troop and the big wars which make ambition virtue,' and was succeeded by a certain Colonel Corbin. The civil commissioners with the army, in order to put this gallant officer at his ease, dismissed thirteen generals and broke up the staff. This measure was carried out on October 12, 1793, and on the morning of the 13th, at 4 A.M., the enemy, having learned what had taken place, attacked the French troops along the whole line, and a few hours later Corbin and his army were in full retreat.

General Beauharnais, on his return to France, was at once thrown into prison, where he found Arthur Dillon, who was related to him by marriage, and in whose defence Camille Desmoulins had compromised himself with the Convention. Dillon had married a near relative of Josephine, and of this union was born a daughter, who married General Bertrand, and who accompanied that faithful officer to St. Helena. Alexander de Beauharnais never entertained much doubt as to the fate which awaited him. On the 4th Thermidor, year II., he wrote to his wife, saying :—

To judge by appearances, and the kind of examination which I have undergone to-day, I shall be the victim of a number of wretches who call themselves patriots. I have little hope of seeing you again, my friend, or of being able to embrace my children. I need hardly speak of my affection for them, nor of the fraternal affection (*sic*) which binds me to you. You can have no doubt respecting the sentiments with which I shall die. I also regret being separated

32092

from a country I love, and for which I would have willingly laid down my life a thousand times—a country I can no longer serve, and which will suspect me of having been guilty of culpable designs. This heartrending idea obliges me to recommend my memory to your care.

And the general continued (we give the remainder of his letter in the original as a specimen of the peculiar style in which he wrote):—

Je mourrai avec le calme qui permet pourtant de s'attendrir pour de plus chères affections, mais avec ce courage qui caractérise un homme libre, une conscience pure et une âme honnête dont les vœux les plus ardents sont pour la prospérité de la république.

Adieu, mon amie ; console-toi par mes enfants. Console-les en les éclairant et surtout en leur apprenant que c'est à force de vertu et de civisme qu'ils doivent effacer le souvenir de mon supplice et rappeler mes services et mes titres à la reconnaissance nationale. Adieu. Tu sais ceux que j'aime. Sois leur consolation, et prolonge par tes soins ma vie dans leur cœur. Adieu, je te presse, ainsi que mes chers enfants, pour la dernière fois de ma vie contre mon sein.

About the same date Josephine, who had been thrown into the Carmelite prison, wrote to her friend Mrs. Parker, in London, saying: 'Yesterday I had good news with regard to the health of my children, and to-day some hope respecting my husband. Nothing could be more propitious for the appetite, for sleep, and for good humour, and consequently I am not sad. . . . You are young, rich, lovely, witty, you are adored by an amiable husband, and sought after and applauded for your talents. I have little fortune, less beauty, no pretensions, and few expectations.' After indulging in a few doleful reflections, Madame de Beauharnais went on to give a description

of the manner in which she and her fellow-prisoners and amongst them the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and Madame de Fontenay, who afterwards became Madame Tallien, or Notre Dame de Thermidor, managed to pass their time and drive away dull care. One of their expedients consisted in observing an etiquette even more severe than that which was enforced at Versailles. The contrast between the manners and customs of the court and their gloomy abode appears to have furnished an inexhaustible subject of amusement. The inmates of the prison, she added (and here we have her true character painted by herself), were broken up into different groups, but 'for myself, beside a certain number of friends and acquaintances I have met, I speak to everyone, and everywhere find hearts to console and misfortunes to pity.'

Poor Josephine herself soon stood in need of pity and consolation. Her husband was condemned to death, and it is not improbable that the grief she experienced on this trying occasion resulted in her own life being saved. The shock was so severely felt that she fell seriously ill, and when her turn arrived to ascend the scaffold the Polish doctor who attended her certified that she was too ill to move, and that she had only a couple of days to live. Before she had sufficiently recovered, Tallien, urged on by his love for Madame de Fontenay, whose life was also in danger, compassed the fall of Robespierre, and with the end of the Reign of Terror the prison doors were thrown open. That Josephine fully anticipated sharing the fate of her unfortunate husband is shown by the following admirable letter, which she addressed to her

children upon what she considered the eve of her execution. It is clear that her indolent Creole nature had imbibed many of the noble sentiments of Alexander de Beauharnais. She wrote :—

You will receive this from the hand of a friend who shares all my grief. She said to me yesterday: 'It is shameful to live when all good and honourable people are dying.' May heaven, as the reward for her courage, refuse her this fatal honour! As for myself I am worthy to die, and am preparing myself. [Had already made her will, cut off her hair, and distributed various little souvenirs.] Wife, ought I not to share the fate of my husband?—The scaffold! . . . it is almost a passport to immortality which one purchases. But since, before this supreme moment, the executioners leave me a few moments, I desire to employ them in communing with you. My last sigh will be one of tenderness, my last words will become a lesson. I have the weakness to water them with my tears; soon I shall have the courage to seal them with my blood. If it is to my union with your father that I owe my felicity, I dare to think and say this marriage was due to my determination. So many obstacles stood in the way of it. . . . I found means to gain the affection of the parents of my husband; patience and gentleness always finish by obtaining the goodwill of others. You also possess, my children, natural advantages which cost so little and are worth so much; but it is necessary to know how to employ them. . . . As for me, my children, I am about to die, like your father, a victim of that fury which he always condemned. I quit life without hatred towards France or my executioners, whom I despise. I die full of compassion for the misfortunes of my country. Honour my memory by sharing my sentiments. I leave you for sole heritage the glory of your father, the name of your mother, which will be remembered by some companions in misfortune; our love, our regrets, and our blessing.

JOSEPHINE.

In another letter, which bears no date, which was addressed to her aunt, Fanny de Beauharnais, and which appears to have been written at this period, Josephine gives the following account of the examination of her husband before the Revolutionary Committee of his section :—

President.—Who art thou?

M. de Beauharnais.—A man, and a Frenchman.

P.—No bad jokes ; I demand thy name.

B.—Eugène Alexander de Beauharnais.

A Member.—No *de* ; that is too aristocratic.

B.—You mean feudal. It is certain that a name without a particle is more reasonable. The fault, if there be one, comes from the time of my ancestors.

Another Member.—Ah ! thou hadst ancestors ! The avowal is frank ; it is well to know that. Remark, citizens, that he had ancestors, and that he does not conceal the fact.

Here nine out of the twelve members of the committee began to laugh.

A Member (who had kept his countenance).—Idiot, who does not know that ancestors are like old parchments? Is it the fault of this man if his titles have not been burnt? Citizen, thou wilt take care to lay them before the committee, and I can assure thee that a good bonfire will soon rid us of thy ancestors.

Here an immoderate fit of laughter seized on this honourable council, and the stout president had considerable difficulty in restoring calm. However, this explosion of hilarity having rendered him more amiable, he politely said to the prisoner—

Sit down, citizen—*Asseyez-vous, citoyen.*

A Member (with vivacity).—I demand that the citizen president be called to order for having employed the pronoun *vous* towards a suspected citizen. Although suspected that does not necessarily mean guilty. As long as a man is not outlawed he is not unworthy of 'thou' (*d'être tutoyé*).

He added that *M.* Violette should be censured for want of politeness. At the qualification of *Monsieur* given to the president the laughter and noise recommenced.

At last, when order was established, my husband congratulated the committee on the innocent nature of their discussion, and himself on having such good-humoured magistrates for judges.

President (with dignity).—Dost thou take our operations for a farce? Thou art prodigiously deceived. The suspected citizen is right, my colleagues, to call us his judges. This qualification should restore us our gravity. It was formerly permitted to laugh. To-day one should be serious.

B.—This is what distinguishes the new from the old régime.

P.—Let us proceed, therefore, seriously, and continue the examination. Thy titles and grades?

B.—French citizen, general in the service of the Republic.

A Member.—He does not say all; he is a *ci-devant.*

Another Member.—A prince or a baron?

B. (smiling).—A viscount, if you please. That is enough.

P.—It is much too much. Thus thou avowest that thou art a noble?

B.—I avow that people have said so, and that I myself believed it in the days of ignorance.

P.—Admit that thou art disabused.

B.—This illusion has long been dispelled. Reason has taught me that the only distinctions which can exist are the result of virtue, services, and talents; a sound policy has shown me that no others can be admitted.

P.—Without prejudging the case, where did the citizen obtain those in which he glories? At the Constituent Assembly?

B.—I had the honour to belong to that body.

P.—You even presided over it?

B.—Yes, citizen, on an ever-memorable occasion.

P.—On the flight of the tyrant?

B.—On the occasion of the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes, and his return.

A Member.—I bet that the citizen does not consider Louis Capet a tyrant.

B.—History will explain and posterity will decide.

Citizen Nevil.—It is not a question of what Citizen Beauharnais thinks, but what he has done.

P.—That is the case; let us examine what he has done.

B.—Nothing; and in these stormy times I think that is the best.

P.—Therefore thou dost not pronounce in favour of any party?

B.—No, if you understand by party, factions which hate each other, tear the State, and prevent the reign of law and the consolidation of the Republic; but if by party you mean the immense majority of Frenchmen who desire independence and liberty, I belong to that party.

A Member.—It remains to be seen by what means.

B.—I should prefer the employment of reason to persuade and sentiment to convince, rather than the anarchy of factions, which are by turns violent and cunning. I consider, however, that force may be employed, but that it should be rarely resorted to, and that, without compromising the State, humanity should be respected.

A Member (a wicked old man who had been charged to arrest my husband).—Humanity! humanity! In certain mouths this language is suspicious.

B.—And should be so, if it signified pity for criminals; but it is respectable when invoked in favour of inexperience and error.

A Member.—This is how all the Moderates speak.

B.—Moderation is the daughter of reason and the mother of force. Why should I be violent and convulsive if, by reason of my state of health, I feel myself vigorous owing to calm, and powerful by reason of wisdom?

Citizen Nevil.—I can assure you, citizens, that neither

Rousseau nor Montesquieu ever wrote anything more self-evident.

A Member.—Do those people belong to the section?

P.—You fall into error, citizens; those authors belong to the age of Louis XIV., and their tragedies are daily played at the Théâtre Français.

Here a long literary discussion ensued, and M. de Beauharnais would have smiled with contempt had he not sighed over the idea of citizens being confided to the tender mercies of such ignorant scamps. The president, finding nothing against my husband, ordered his provisional arrest, adding—

'Revolutionary intelligence will have time to discover something against thee, and thou, citizen, wilt have time to prepare thy defence. If thou lovest thy country, thou wilt be able to serve it as well by thy resignation as thy activity, and if liberty be dear to thee, it will become all the more dear in prison. Consequently, I send thee there, not as guilty—God forbid—but as capable of becoming so. Thy name will be entered on the books of the Luxembourg, with this favourable mention, "*suspected by anticipation.*"'

Alexander de Beauharnais was well aware what would be the result of all this grim humour, and that the burlesque in which he had been constrained to play a part would be followed by a tragedy. He conjectured rightly, for he was shortly afterwards sent to the guillotine; and thus died a gallant gentleman, whose character formed a striking contrast with that of Josephine's second husband.

Once out of prison, a widow with two children and her property confiscated, Josephine found herself in the most straitened circumstances. She appears for some time to have been indebted to a Madame Dumoulin for her daily bread. Her son Eugène was apprenticed to a carpenter, and in an illus-

trated edition of the 'Memorial of St. Helena' the future viceroy of Italy and father-in-law of kings and queens may be seen dressed in a blouse, and walking down the Rue de l'Echelle with a plank on his shoulder. Hortense, too, the future Queen of Holland and mother of Napoleon III., was bound to a milliner. Shortly afterwards, however, Madame de Fontenay, who had become Madame Tallien, was able to come to the aid of her late fellow-prisoner; and Josephine, after having frequented the society of the Royalists of Versailles and the Faubourg St. Germain, was soon plunged in that of the Directory, which imitated the dissoluteness of the ancient régime without attaining its refinement. Madame de Beauharnais was a frequent visitor at the house of the Talliens, where, among other people, she met Barras and Hoche, who was one of her most ardent admirers, whom she spoke of as *le modeste Lazaro*, and who greatly interested her. Lord Holland says that before Napoleon married Josephine, General Hoche was his rival both in love and war, and that Hoche 'had the advantage of person, higher rank, and a longer established reputation in the army;' while Madame de Rémusat declares that the widow of Alexander de Beauharnais for some time hesitated between Bonaparte, Caulaincourt, and Hoche, Napoleon's rival in glory for a moment, and who is said by Napoleon's detractors to have been poisoned by his orders.

There can be little doubt as to the nature of the intimacy which ensued between Barras and Josephine. The legend goes that the first interview between Josephine and Bonaparte was due to an accidental circumstance. After the 18th Vendémiaire, when

Bonaparte, acting under the orders of the Directory, put down the Royalists who had risen against the Government, it was determined to disarm Paris. The story is, that Eugène de Beauharnais on this occasion managed to see Bonaparte, and demanded so warmly to be allowed to retain his father's sword, that the young general asked for permission to call on his mother. Eugène de Beauharnais, in his Memoirs, gives this version. He says:—'A short time before the Quiberon affair, *General Hoche sent me to my mother*, who was anxious to see me. The following year an event occurred which exercised a great influence over my destiny. My mother conceived the idea of marrying General Bonaparte. I myself was the cause of their first interview,' &c.

Napoleon himself at St. Helena told the same tale, which has passed into the domain of history, but which nevertheless is in reality merely fiction. The whole affair bears that theatrical stamp which Napoleon was so fond of imparting to the various episodes of his career. It seems that the order for the disarming of the inhabitants of Paris did not apply to side-arms, but merely to firearms, and consequently there was no reason why the heroic young carpenter should rush off to General Bonaparte to demand permission to retain the sword of his father. The object of this story was simply to disguise, what was no doubt the fact, that Bonaparte first met Josephine in the midst of that rakish society which frequented the house of Barras, who was at that moment the most powerful and the most jovial of *les cinq sires*. Barras, who was born a gentleman and who had served as a soldier, was probably at heart little but a libertine.

In the 'Memoirs of a Lady of the Palace,' written under the Empire, one finds the following description of how matters passed under the Directory:—'On leaving Madame de R. we went to see Barras, and found M. de Talleyrand, Madame de Staël, Bernadotte, and a crowd of generals present. The Director was not in the saloon, and we were told that he was in his study with Madame Tallien. An hour afterwards he made his appearance with one arm passed round that lady's waist. My father was so indignant that he made me leave the house at once, and I never returned to this compromising official residence.'

Carlyle has given us a graphic description of Senhora Fontenay, born Cabarus, now Madame Tallien, and the society which succeeded the '*tappe-durs*' of Robespierre and the reign of the guillotine. 'All sansculottic things,' he wrote, 'are passing away; all things are becoming culottic. Do but look at the cut of clothes; that light visible result, significant of a thousand things which are not visible In winter, 1793, men went in red nightcap, municipals themselves in sabots; the very citoyennes have to petition against such head-gear. But now in this winter, 1794, where is the red nightcap? With the things beyond the flood. Your moneyed citoyen ponders in what elegantest style he shall dress himself; whether he shall not even dress himself as the free peoples of antiquity. The more adventurous citoyenne has already done this. Behold her, that beautiful adventurous citoyenne, in costume of the ancient Greeks, such Greek as painter David could teach; the sweeping tresses snooded by glittering antique fillet; bright-dyed tunic of the Greek women; her little feet naked, as in

antique statues, with mere sandals and winding strings of riband. There is an effervescence of luxury. For your emigrant *ci-devants* carried not their mansions and their furniture out of the country with them; and in the swift changes of property, what with money coined on the Place de la Révolution, what with army furnishings, sales of emigrant domains, and church-lands, and king's lands, and then with the Aladdin's lamp of Agio in a time of paper money, such mansions have found new occupants. Old wine drawn from *ci-devant* bottles descends new throats. Paris has swept herself, relighted herself: salons, suppers not fraternal, beam once more with suitable effulgence, very singular in colour. The fair Cabarus is come out of prison; wedded to her red-gloomy Dis, whom they say she treats too loftily, fair Cabarus gives the most brilliant soirées. Round her is gathered a new Republican army of citoyennes in sandals, *ci-devants* or other. What remnants soever of the old grace survive are rallied there. At her right hand in this cause labours fair Josephine, the widow Beauharnais, though in straitened circumstances; intent both of them to blandish down the grimness of Republican austerity, and recivilise mankind by witchery of the Orphic fiddle-bow and Euterpean rhythm; by the graces, by the smiles! Thermidorian deputies are there at those soirées. Editor Fréron, *Orateur du Peuple*; Barras, who has known other dances than the Carmagnole. Grim generals of the Republic are there, in enormous horse-collar neckcloth, good against sabre cuts, the hair gathered into a knot flowing down behind, fixed with a comb. Among which latter do we not recognise once more that little bronze-complexioned artil-

lery officer of Toulon, home from the Italian wars! Grim enough; of lean, almost cruel aspect, for he has been in trouble, in ill-health, as a man promoted, deservingly or not, by the Terrorists and Robespierre junior. But does not Barras know him? Will not Barras speak a word for him? Yes—if at any time it will serve Barras so to do. Somewhat forlorn of fortune for the present stands that artillery officer; looks with those deep, earnest eyes of his into a future as waste as the most. Taciturn, yet with the strangest utterances in him if you awaken him, which smite home like light or lightning; on the whole, rather dangerous! A "dissocial" man! Dissocial enough; a natural terror and horror of phantasms, being himself of the genus Reality! He stands here, without work or outlook, in this forsaken manner. Glances nevertheless, it would seem, at the kind glance of Josephine Beauharnais, and for the rest, with severe countenance, with open eyes and closed lips, waits what will betide.' In fact, the tone of society after the fall of Robespierre resembled that of the Regency. The reaction was the same as the reaction in England on the restoration of Charles II. People were all the more dissolute because the natural course of their feelings had been pent up. Neither Puritanism nor Jacobinism were indigenous of the soil where they flourished for a time, and the disappearance of the sanguinary epoch in France was hailed with the same unrestricted delight and relaxation of morals there as the disappearance of a Puritan administration in England. Paris gave itself over to rioting and dissipation, and 'soft Ionic motions fit for the light sandal and antique Grecian tunic' took the place of that

'whirlwind of rags' called the Carmagnole. Women walked about the streets dressed as nymphs or sultanas, Minervas, Junos, or Dianas, and with costumes at times so light as to leave little to the imagination. Paris, in fact, was in the hands of the *Incroyables*, the *Merveilleuses*, the *Muscadins*, the *Jeunesse dorée*, and everything betokened a return to that state of society which had existed under the monarchy, when 'sin lost all its deformity.' Jacobin brutality had given place to an affected and overstrained politeness, and frivolity was the order of the day among the fashionable men and women of the capital. If Josephine de Beauharnais joined in the throng, in spite of her recent widowhood, she merely joined with the relatives of the other victims of the Revolution in a sort of jubilation over the downfall of their recent persecutors.

The position of Josephine shortly improved, for, thanks to the intervention of Barras, she had a portion of her property restored to her, and this enabled her to purchase from Talma that house in the rue Chantereine where she afterwards resided as Madame Bonaparte. When it was in the possession of Talma a select circle used to sup at this house. Mirabeau was one of its frequenters, before that Titan stumbled blindly down to his rest; and among other choice spirits may be mentioned the Duc d'Aiguillon and the Abbé Sièyes, the great champion of the third estate. The traditions of the house in the rue Chantereine were continued by Madame de Beauharnais, who, in addition to Republican notabilities, received a certain number of Royalists, who, when they found themselves alone, used to say. 'Let us take a stroll at Ver-

sailles,' and the conversation would turn on the departed glories of the court.

Josephine de Beauharnais was at this period one of the most attractive women in France. Without being positively pretty, her features were charming; she possessed an elegant figure, and there was grace and suppleness in every movement. As one of her biographers has remarked, she might have taken for her device the following line of La Fontaine—

Et la grâce plus belle encor que la beauté.

Her manners were at the same time simple and stately, and betrayed the patrician education she had received under the guidance of Alexander de Beauharnais. M. Thiers alludes to her as devout, superstitious, even a Royalist, hating the Jacobins, and in fact, a regular woman of the ancient régime. Her voice was exceedingly musical and sweet. Everything about this woman was soft, tender, loving, and indolent. No painter has left a portrait which in any way does justice to those peculiar and fugitive charms which formed her chief attraction, and which flew 'from the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes.' Even among the loveliest women of the Directory her superiority was marked. She could not compete in beauty with her friend the fair Cabarus; but Madame Tallien and the lesser satellites by which she was surrounded possessed neither the elegance nor the majestic demeanour of Josephine, who seemed moulded to be an empress. She was not only captivating in her manners, she was equally captivating in her actions. When in prison she was universally beloved; she was kind towards her inferiors, amiable to her equals, and

polite to those who considered themselves her superiors. 'In fact,' writes Madame Ducrest, 'when confined in the prison of the Carmelites, she was as much loved as when seated on the first throne in the world.' Such was the well-bred and bewitching woman whom General Bonaparte met in the year 1795 at the house of Barras.

The prospects of Bonaparte at this early stage of his career were exceedingly gloomy; they had never been darker than at the commencement of 1795. It is curious to reflect how often this man, who was destined to rule the world, was on the point of seeing his hopes dashed to the ground. On more than one occasion he was removed from the service. His name was first struck off the army list by the War Minister, Lajard, for having gone to Corsica without leave in order to get himself elected major of the National Guard. On his return to Paris, thanks to powerful protection, he was, however, reinstated. Again, when Robespierre fell, on a report of Salicetti accusing him of treason, he was ordered to Paris to appear before the Committee of Public Safety, much to the irritation of the young officers of the army of Italy, and especially of Junot and Marmont, who wished to rescue him. Bonaparte prepared to obey like Beauharnais, and wrote to Junot, saying, 'My conscience is clear; do nothing to compromise me.' After remaining ten days under arrest, Salicetti and the civil commissioners withdrew their charge, and liberated Bonaparte provisionally, seeing 'that the talents of this soldier may be necessary to an army with which he is better acquainted than anyone else, and as men of his stamp are very difficult to

find.' Thus the fall of Robespierre, which had been the signal for the release of Josephine, was nearly proving fatal to Bonaparte, in consequence of his having been patronised both by Maximilian and his younger brother, who was perhaps the first person in authority who thoroughly appreciated the military genius of the future master of France. Bonaparte was looked upon as 'their man,' and though he was always opposed to the excesses of the Revolution, and did what he could afterwards to efface all traces of the connection, it existed, and was not ungratefully remembered during the Consulate.

In January 1795 an expedition was organised at Toulon, in a great measure under the supervision of Bonaparte, with the view of wresting Corsica from the English. This enterprise failed, and shortly afterwards Bonaparte, much to his astonishment, was appointed general of artillery in the army of the West. He was removed from the army of Italy, which was regarded as a focus of Jacobinism, removed from an army in which he had distinguished himself, and told off to join a force engaged in quelling the civil troubles in La Vendée where his reputation was unknown. He at once started for Paris, accompanied by his faithful aides-de-camp Junot and Marmont, and on arriving found that he had been transferred from the artillery to the line. He was rendered still more indignant at this change, which was the work of a certain Captain Aubry, who had succeeded Carnot at the War Office, an old comrade who was jealous of the rapidity with which Bonaparte had attained the rank of general, a moderate Republican who had been thrown into prison by the Jacobins, and who

was at this moment one of the most ardent chiefs of the reaction. Barras, Fréron, and the Bishop Marboz appear to have interceded in vain in favour of 'the Terrorist.' Thoroughly disgusted, Bonaparte declared that he was too ill to join, and was consequently cashiered. Reduced to absolute poverty, he was obliged to sell his books and to look to his brother Joseph for assistance. It was at this period that he wrote the following letter to Talma—a letter preserved in the Imperial Museum formed by Prince Demidoff at Elba :—

I have fought like a lion for the Republic, my good friend Talma, and by way of recompense it allows me to die of hunger. I have come to the end of my resources; that wretch Aubry leaves me 'on the pavement' when he might make something of me. I feel myself superior to the Generals Santerre and Rossignol! . . . Happy art thou! for thy reputation depends upon no one; a couple of hours passed on the boards place thee in presence of a public which dispenses glory. We soldiers have to purchase it on a larger stage, and we are not always allowed to perform. Do not therefore regret thy position; remain in thy theatre. Who knows whether I shall ever reappear in mine. I saw Monvel yesterday; he is a perfect friend. Barras makes me fine promises, but will he keep them? I doubt it. In the meantime I am at my last *sou*. Canst thou place a few crowns at my service? I shall not refuse them, and will pay thee out of the first kingdom I conquer with my sword. My friend, how happy were the heroes of Ariosto! they did not depend on a War Minister. Adieu. Ever thine,

BONAPARTE.

In a letter to Joseph he remarked that elegant carriages had commenced to reappear, and that it was difficult in such a whirlwind of pleasure to indulge in

gloomy thoughts. 'Women,' he added, 'are everywhere to be seen—at the theatres, in the promenades, and the libraries. In the cabinet of the *savant* pretty persons are to be found. Here is the only place in the world where they deserve to hold the rudder; consequently the men are mad about them, and only think of and live for them. A woman need only remain in Paris for six months to learn what is due to her and the extent of her empire.' At this epoch Bonaparte applied to the Committee of Public Safety to be sent on a mission to Turkey to reorganise the forces of that country, which he declared to be the natural ally of France. Aubry had been succeeded at the War Office by Pontécoulant, who appointed Bonaparte to the Topographical Committee. His request to be sent to Constantinople was refused, the Republic standing in need of his services. He drew out an admirable plan of campaign for Kellermann and Scherer, who were operating in Italy. The former general, who afterwards became Duke of Valmy, declared that its author ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum; and Scherer, whose blunders at a later period caused Bonaparte to return from Egypt, sarcastically said that the officer who had conceived the plan should be entrusted with carrying it out. Once more Bonaparte felt so disheartened that in a letter to his brother Joseph he said, 'I shall end by not getting out of the way when a carriage passes.' Having displeased Letourneur, one of the Directors, who had succeeded Pontécoulant, as Pontécoulant had succeeded Aubry, Bonaparte, on September 25, 1795, had his name struck off the active list. Ten days afterwards, on the 13th Vendémiaire, year III., or October 5,

1795, Bonaparte saved the Republic, menaced by the Royalists, and became a power in the State. It was Barras who entrusted him with the duty of putting down the factions. He had first made the acquaintance of Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon, and had conceived a friendship for him 'in consequence of his likeness to Marat.' This was the turning-point in the fortunes of Bonaparte. It was at this period, either just after or probably a little before the 13th Vendémiaire, that he met Josephine de Beauharnais. The letter to Joseph, already quoted, shows the importance which he attached to female influence, which has generally been greater in France than elsewhere, an influence which Napoleon afterwards determined should never shackle his actions or interfere with his ambition. He was far from resembling either Charles XII. or Frederick the Great, as will be seen; but of a passionate nature, and, as he said himself in one of his early letters, with 'the southern blood running through his veins with the rapidity of the Rhone,' he managed to keep his passions under wonderful control as far as his own interests and the public were concerned. Two years before, he had declared in a letter to Lucien (preserved in the archives of Versailles) that his ambition was to live quietly on from 4,000 to 5,000 francs a year, and to enjoy the affections of his family, between twenty-five and forty years of age; 'that is to say, when the imagination has calmed down and no longer torments you.' Up to the 13th Vendémiaire, Bonaparte's mind was alternately filled with wild imaginings and fits of despondency. He had a keen perception of his own merit at a very early age, as is shown by the remarkable letter

which he wrote to his father when but fourteen years old. But he was poor, an object of suspicion on the part of the Moderates, and his chances of obtaining an important command appeared almost hopeless. Even after having been refused permission to go to Turkey, he did not renounce the idea of becoming a second Tamerlane, Gengis Khan, or even a Mahomet. During those interesting conversations which he afterwards had with Madame de Rémusat at Boulogne, he related that these visions of oriental conquest still haunted his imagination when in Egypt, but that they were killed at St. Jean d'Acre. In Egypt, finding himself unhampered by European civilisation, he perceived for a moment the means of carrying them out. 'I intended,' he said, 'to create a religion; I saw myself on the road to Asia mounted on an elephant, a turban on my head, and in my hand a new Koran of my own composition.' And years later, he talked of invading India in conjunction with the Russians, and of establishing himself for two or three years at Lahore.

None of these dreams were destined to be realised. Some hitch always occurred to prevent Napoleon from carrying out his schemes of Asiatic conquest. He was first of all diverted from this persistent idea by obtaining employment in Europe. Barras had fortunately remembered him when it became a question of defending the Convention against the Royalist sections; and this acquaintance, and his marriage with Madame de Beauharnais, procured him the command of the army of Italy. Attempts have been made by some Imperial scribes to prove that General Bonaparte was not indebted to Barras and Josephine

for this command. Napoleon himself used to deny the story, but its truth is none the less tolerably evident. Lanfrey is of opinion that, although the Directory began to be alarmed at the restless activity and the talent of the young general, and appeared anxious to see him leave Paris, it is by no means certain that he would have obtained the command of the army of Italy but for his marriage with Josephine de Beauharnais. Barras, as Josephine herself and many other persons attest, gave that command as a wedding gift. It must be borne in mind, too, that Barras was necessary to Bonaparte and Bonaparte to Barras, and Josephine formed the connecting link between the Director and the resolute and unscrupulous General. It was a trick rather common in those days to bind men to this or that political party by means of matrimonial ties. For instance, before General Joubert was given the command of the army of Italy, when Bonaparte was in Egypt, he had first of all to accept the hand of Mdlle. de Sémonville, whose father was a devoted adherent of the Government.

Few details exist concerning the courtship of Napoleon, which was probably conducted as he conducted a campaign. We know that he became a frequent visitor in the rue Chantereine, and that he conceived for Josephine a passion ardent as his nature, and which, strange to say, lasted in a kind of intermittent manner, in spite of irregularities on both sides and another and more brilliant union, until she expired at the Malmaison. Between the 13th Vendémiaire and the date of his marriage, Bonaparte in fact had little time for paying his addresses. He had to reorganise the National Guard, to form a guard for the Directory and the Legislative body, to look after

his own fortune and that of the various members of his family, to whom he was soon able to send considerable sums of money. He managed also to meddle with a number of affairs beyond the sphere of his command, and at the same time to pay his court to the chiefs of the Government and to preserve their goodwill. He had a hundred serious occupations, and it is not therefore surprising to find that Josephine de Beauharnais was somewhat neglected, and felt somewhat slighted by her admirer's seeming indifference. A good many letters appear to have been exchanged between the pair before their formal engagement. We find Madame de Beauharnais writing as follows on the 6th Brumaire, year IV. : 'You no longer come to see a friend who likes you; you have altogether forsaken her: this is not well, for she is tenderly attached to you. Pray come to breakfast to-morrow, Septidi' (7th day of the decade). 'I desire to see you and to talk over matters which concern you. Good night, my friend: I embrace you.' Bonaparte immediately wrote back: 'I cannot conceive the reason of your letter. I beg you to believe that no one more than myself desires your friendship. Had my occupations permitted, I should have come myself with this reply.' This note, hastily scrawled, is dated, not Septidi, but *Vendredi*, after the old style.

This breakfast may have brought matters to a climax. Napoleon had probably soon made up his mind, and perceived the numerous advantages to be reaped from an union with a lady who was connected both with the Royalists and the members of the Directory, and who, in addition to this, was the most fascinating woman of the day. What Josephine's feelings on the subject were she has herself described in a letter

addressed to a friend—a letter teeming with interest. and containing a very just and prophetic appreciation of the consequences of an alliance between two persons not suited for wedlock as far as age was concerned. We have seen that Josephine was considered too old for her first husband. She considered herself too old for Bonaparte, and the result of this disparity of age filled her with a vague dread of the future.

Madame de Beauharnais to Madame . . . .

My dear Friend,—They wish me to marry again ; all my friends advise me to do so. My aunt almost commands me, and my children implore me.[1] Why are you not here to give me your opinion on this important circumstance : to persuade me that I cannot refuse this union which will put an end to the difficulty of my present position? Your friendship, of which I have so much reason to be thankful, would render you perspicacious in my interest, and I should be able to decide without hesitation once you had spoken.

You have seen General Bonaparte at my house. Well, he is the person who desires to serve as a father to the orphans of Alexander de Beauharnais, and as a husband to his widow. Do you love him? you will naturally ask. Not exactly. Do you dislike him? No ; but I find myself in a state of lukewarmness which displeases me and which devotees find more fearful than anything else. Love being a kind of worship, I should feel in a very different state of mind to what I am ; and this is why I desire your advice, which would determine the perpetual irresolutions of my feeble character. To come to a decision has always been a fatigue for my creole *nonchalance*, which finds it much less trouble to accept the will of others.

I admire the courage of the General, the extent of his knowledge about everything of which he speaks ; the vivacity

[1] The aunt was Madame Renaudin, who had arranged the first marriage. The assertion that her children implored her, we fear, was an invention on the part of Josephine, who perhaps wished to find as many excuses as possible for allowing a consent to be wrung from her.

of his mind, which makes him understand the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed; but I admit that I am alarmed at the empire he seems inclined to exercise over all who surround him. There is something singular in his scrutinising look which cannot be explained, but which imposes even on our Directors. You can imagine how he must intimidate a woman! What ought to please me, too, the strength of his passion, of which he speaks with an energy which permits no doubt of its sincerity, is precisely what hinders me from according a consent I am often on the point of giving.

Being no longer in my first youth can I hope to preserve for any length of time this violent tenderness, which, in the general, resembles a fit of madness? If after our marriage he should cease to love me, would he not reproach me for what he had done? Would he not regret some more brilliant marriage which he might have contracted? What should I be able to reply? What should I do? I should shed tears. A fine resource. you exclaim. I know that is of no use, but I have never found any other when my poor heart, so easily hurt, has been wounded. Write to me promptly, and do not fear to scold me if you consider me in the wrong. You know that anything coming from you is welcome.

Barras assures me that if I marry the General he will obtain the command-in-chief of the army of Italy for him. Yesterday Bonaparte, in speaking to me about this favour, which already makes his comrades murmur, although it is not yet accorded, said: 'They think, then, that I need *protection* in order to succeed. They will be too happy some day if I only condescend to accord them mine. My sword is at my side, and I shall make my way with it!'

What think you of this certainty of success? Is it not a proof of a confidence derived from an excess of self-love? A general of brigade protect the chiefs of the Government! I know not how, but sometimes this ridiculous assurance imposes upon me to the extent of making me believe anything this singular man may take into his head to be possible; and with his imagination, who can calculate what he will undertake?

We all regret you here, and we only console ourselves for your long absence by speaking of you at every instant, and in endeavouring to follow you step by step through the beautiful country you are visiting. If I were sure of finding you in Italy I would marry to-morrow, on the condition of following the General.[1] But we should perhaps cross each other on the road; thus I find it more prudent to await your reply before coming to a determination. Hasten with it, and still more with your return.

Madame Tallien begs me to say that she loves you tenderly. She is always lovely and good, and employs the immense credit she enjoys in obtaining favours for the unfortunate, and in adding to what she accords an air of satisfaction which makes it appear as if she were the person obliged. Her friendship for me is ingenuous and tender; I can assure you that mine for her resembles what I feel towards you. This gives you some idea of how I love her.

Hortense becomes more amiable daily; her charming figure is developing, and if I wished it I have a fine opportunity for making spiteful reflections on that detestable 'Time,' which embellishes some at the expense of others. Happily, however, I have something else in my head, and I glide over these sombre ideas to dwell on a future which seems to promise well, since we shall soon be united. Without this marriage, which worries me, I should be very gay in spite of all, but as long as it remains unsettled, I shall torment myself. Once concluded, '*come what may*,' I shall be resigned. I have accustomed myself to suffer, and if I were destined to support some new grief, I think I should be able to bear all, provided that my children, my aunt, and you remain.

All this is far from the passion and enthusiasm of Bonaparte, the intensity of whose feelings alarmed the indolent nature of Josephine. That Eugène and Hortense de Beauharnais were pleased with the prospect

[1] Josephine did not go to Italy with Bonaparte, but she joined him soon afterwards at Milan.

of this marriage is more than doubtful. Prince Eugène says in his Memoirs: 'I shall never forget the pain I experienced when I saw that my mother had decided on forming new bonds.' To Lemercier Josephine said: 'Will you believe it, my friend, they wish me to marry *Vendémiaire*?' There was certainly a strong tinge of Royalist scorn in this phrase.

Madame Campan, on her side, relates how 'Madame de Beauharnais brought me Hortense and her niece Emilie. Six months later she came to St. Germain to tell me she was about to marry a Corsican gentleman, a cadet of the Military School and a general. I was charged to convey this news to her daughter, who was for a long time much afflicted at the idea of her mother changing her name.'

Here the career of Josephine becomes attached to that of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Josephine was by no means the first flame of this remarkable man, who, in spite of his taciturnity and a certain amount of embarrassment in the presence of women, was continually thinking of matrimony. Although he could be seductive enough when he chose, his manner was exceedingly rough and abrupt towards even the ladies of his court. His mother had tried to correct this defect at an early age by sending the future emperor to a girls' school, where his biographers tell us that he took a great fancy to a little girl, with whom he always walked about hand-in-hand, to the great amusement of the boys of Ajaccio. As Napoleon always had his stockings down at heel, they used to sing the following couplet to tease him:—

Napoleone, di mezza calzetta
Fa l'amore à Giacominetta.

Ten years later, and when poor little Giacominetta had been forgotten, we find Napoleon a lieutenant of artillery at Valence, studying strategy, writing a history of Corsica, and paying his addresses to the daughter of an amiable and sensible woman, Madame Colombier. The attachment appears to have been platonic enough. Napoleon afterwards declared, at St. Helena, that they merely eat cherries together, but he is said to have proposed matrimony and to have been refused by Madame Colombier, who expressed the opinion that a wife would probably interfere with his promotion, especially as neither party had money. Mdlle. Colombier afterwards married a M. Bressieux, and was appointed a lady-in-waiting to one of Napoleon's sisters, while her husband received a place under the Government. Hardly off with the old love, Napoleon appears to have been on with a new one, and to have courted a Mdlle. de St. Germain. Strange to say, this young lady had two other suitors, who were both destined to play a certain part in the Imperial drama. One was a Marquis de Montchenu, who many years afterwards filled the post of French delegate at St. Helena. We find the name of the Marquis thus mentioned in the 'Memorial of St. Helena' :—'The Emperor refused to receive the delegates in their official capacity, but he informed the governor that he would be glad to receive them as private individuals; he had no objection to any of them, not even to the French delegate, M. de Montchenu, who was perhaps an excellent man, who had been his subject for ten years, and who having been an *émigré*, probably owed to him, Napoleon, the pleasure of being able to return to France, &c.' These two unfortunate suitors for the hand of Mdlle. de St. Ger-

main may, under the tropics, have talked over their early disappointment at Valence. The other, a successful suitor, was M. de Montalivet, who long served the Emperor Napoleon with honesty, courage, and ability, both in good and evil fortune.

From Valence, Napoleon went to Auxonne, and he had not long changed garrison when he demanded the hand of a young lady called Manesca Pillet. But there were obstacles to this match, and the impassioned lieutenant had once more to renounce his matrimonial schemes. We next find him in Paris, with his pockets empty and his head filled with those dreams of Eastern conquest already alluded to, and which exercised so strong a fascination over his youthful imagination. The lively Duchess d'Abrantes (the wife of Junot), tells us the following story in her Memoirs. 'Bonaparte,' she says, 'one day declared to her mother that he desired to unite the two families. Albert Permon, he observed, has some fortune [this was a mistake], and he can marry Paulette. My sister has nothing, but I am in a position to obtain a good place for her husband. The alliance will make me happy. You know how pretty my sister is. Say yes, and the affair may be considered settled. He then spoke of marrying me to Louis or Jerome, remarking at the same time that Jerome was younger than I. My mother replied—"Dear Napoleon, you are playing the part of a high priest, wishing to marry everyone, even children." Napoleon laughed, but added seriously, kissing my mother's hand, that it was his intention to demand her own hand as soon as she was out of mourning for her husband. Madame Per-

mon laughed at first, but perceiving that Napoleon was in earnest, said, 'Why, you cannot be aware of my age. I am old enough not only to be your mother, but the mother of Joseph!' Upon this Napoleon declared that the age of the woman he married was a matter of indifference to him, and that my mother did not appear over thirty. He added that his friends in Paris wished to give him a good and agreeable woman for a wife, but that his old comrades dissuaded him.'

Nothing came of these plans, if they ever existed. Widow Permon, who at that time was forty years of age, firmly declined to marry the young general of twenty-six; and on his side Albert Permon declined the proffered hand of *la jolie Paulette.* Laurette, too, as the Duchess d'Abrantes was then called, married neither Louis nor Jerome, but Junot, the unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Pauline Bonaparte. The Duchess admits that she knew nothing of the above story until she was married, adding that Junot quite believed it, on account of Madame Permon being descended from the Comneni family, which had long reigned in the East.[1] The Bonapartes came from the Calameros, and an union between the two houses, Napoleon no doubt considered, would enable him to realise those gorgeous dreams of Oriental conquest with which his brain was filled even after the 13th

[1] Madame Permon was a daughter of Constantine Comnenus, of the Comneni family, which had taken refuge in Corsica after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. When she died her coffin was ornamented with the arms of the great Comnenian house. Junot, though he did not wish to be married by a priest, consented to the ceremony being privately performed at the little church of St. Louis-en-Isle.

Vendémiaire, and, as he said himself, until they were dispelled at St. Jean d'Acre. In 1797, the delight of Napoleon when the French obtained possession of the Ionian Islands was unbounded, for this capture opened up new prospects. He had been brought into contact with some of the most influential chiefs of the provinces of the Turkish Empire, and his idea was that Corfu was the stepping-stone to Constantinople. He showed the Directory the Empire of the Sultan falling into ruin, and in presence of this magnificent prey, Italy appeared to him too poor and narrow a theatre for his genius. 'The islands of Corfu, of Zante, and Cephalonia,' he wrote, 'are more interesting for us than all Italy. If we were obliged to choose, it would be better to restore Italy to the Emperor of Austria, or rather of Germany, and to retain possession of the four isles.' Considering that England stood in his way, he added, 'in order really to destroy England we must seize on Egypt.' And during the Italian campaign he had won eighteen battles, occupied Turin, Mantua, Venice, and Milan; had captured 150,000 men, over 1,000 guns, and 170 standards. All this was as nothing compared to the possession of the Ionian Islands and what lay beyond. When he first went to Egypt, he addressed a proclamation to the Cherifs and Ulemas, in which he said, Make known to the people that since the world aws the world, it was written that after having destroyed the enemies of Islamism and trampled down the Cross, I should come from the West to fulfil the task imposed on me. Show the people that in the holy book of the Coran, in more than twenty passages, what has happened was foreseen, and what is to

happen is explained.' He spoke openly of destroying the Pope and of completing the work of Mahomet, and he went to Mount Sinai and signed his name alongside of that of the Prophet in the book kept by the Cenobites. All this agrees with what he told Madame de Rémusat at Boulogne ; and while under the influence of a fit of despair he may have proposed to Madame Permon. That difference in age was no obstacle was afterwards proved, and Madame Permon, who had formerly been a rival of Madame Bonaparte in Corsica, was still a very pretty woman when her husband died.

The proposal made to Désirée Clary, the sister of Joseph's wife, was no doubt more serious. Joseph, as we have seen, got a very large dowry with Julie Clary, and was able to assist the family, then in dire distress. Napoleon, not unnaturally, turned his thoughts upon Eugénie Bernadine Désirée Clary, but the father of that young lady was anything but favourable to the match. He was not over-pleased with Joseph, and the reputation of the Corsican refugees not standing high at that moment, he considered that one Bonaparte in the family was quite sufficient. Some doubts have been thrown on the intentions of Napoleon, but these are dispelled by his own letters, and the following passage which occurs in the Memoirs of King Joseph. After speaking of the marriage of Napoleon with Josephine, he added : 'Thus vanished the hope which my wife and I had entertained of concluding a marriage between her younger sister and Napoleon. Time and distance disposed otherwise.' It must be borne in mind how pressed Napoleon was for money at this epoch, and

how much he despaired of obtaining a military command in any way commensurate with his ambition and the genius he felt he possessed.

All through that year of 1795, which opened so darkly, he was in constant correspondence with his brother Joseph, and the name of Désirée is often to be found in these letters; thus:—

Napoleon to Joseph.

Paris: June 25, 1795.

I intend sending your wife, without delay, the commissions she requires. Désirée asks for my portrait, and I am going to have it done. You will give it to her should she still desire it: if not, you will keep it for yourself and send me your own portrait in return. We have lived so many years together, so closely united, that our hearts are like one, and you know how entirely mine belongs to you. I feel, in tracing these lines, an amount of emotion I have seldom experienced. I am confident that we shall soon meet. I can no longer continue this letter.

The straits into which he had fallen, and the thorough dejection from which he was suffering, had brought out in relief that softer part of Napoleon's nature which he was accustomed to keep under such severe control, and which in the days of his splendour so seldom showed itself.

On July 7 he wrote again:—'I have not received any news from you since you left. In order to reach Genoa one must cross the river Lethe, for Désirée no longer writes to me since she reached that city.'

About three weeks later we find him writing another letter in which he mentions the command which 'that wretch Aubry' had offered him in La Vendée, and his feigned indisposition.

Napoleon to Joseph.

Paris: July 25, 1795.

I have obtained employment as general in the army of the West, but ill-health detains me here. I await your letters with details. I think you have expressly avoided speaking of Désirée. . . . Adieu, my friend; health, gaiety, happiness, and pleasure!

Altogether a more cheery letter, although circumstances had not brightened and prospects were gloomy as ever. Napoleon at this moment was lodging in a small apartment in the rue de la Michodière with Junot and Sebastiani, and in order to live had been obliged to sell the precious collection of military works he had brought up from Marseilles. Then comes another letter.

Napoleon to Joseph.

Paris: August 1, 1795.

Everything is very dear here, but this state of affairs will not continue. I should like to bring Jerome to Paris, but that would cost 1,200 francs (50*l.*) a year. Adieu, my friend; gaiety, no care, courage, and friendship! My compliments to Julie, and something to *la silencieuse* (Désirée). . . . I have received a letter from Désirée which appears very old [had probably been kept back by Joseph]. You never mention her. I am always in the same position, and shall perhaps return to Nice.

Nothing to be done in Paris; his fine military genius running to seed.

A little more than a month later, having applied in vain for permission to go to Constantinople in order to train the Turk, he wrote:—

Napoleon to Joseph.

Paris: September 5, 1795.

The Committee think it will be impossible for me to leave France as long as the war lasts. I am going to be re-appointed to the artillery. Should I remain here it is probable that the folly of marrying will seize on me; it might be well to speak to the brother of Eugénie (or Désirée) on this subject. Let me know the result of your conversation with him.

Just a month after this letter was written came the 13th Vendémiaire, when Napoleon, suddenly remembered by Barras, who had seen him at work at Toulon, saved the Convention and saw his fortunes take a brilliant turn. On the night of October 3, or the 13th Vendémiaire, when his brain must have been elated with success, he wrote off to Joseph :—

At last all is over. My first thought is to give you news of myself. The Royalists, formed into sections, became daily more arrogant. The Convention ordered the disarming of the Lepelletier section which repulsed the troops. They say that Menou, who commanded, was a traitor. He was at once dismissed. The Convention appointed Barras (who had been in the army) to command the troops, and the Committees appointed me second in command. The enemy came to attack us at the Tuileries, and was dispersed. We have disarmed the sections, and all is calm. As usual I was not wounded.

P.S.—Happiness is for me; my love to Julie, and to Désirée.

The Convention, according to Michelet, at that moment preferred Bonaparte to Hoche. It dreaded the popularity and talents of the latter, but what had it to fear from the former, with his frail appearance and his Italian jargon? Désirée, whose fortune

was no longer required, was speedily set aside and nearly forgotten, and we find no mention of her again in the correspondence with Joseph until after Napoleon's marriage with Josephine, and the termination of that splendid Italian campaign which revealed the young general as the first soldier of his age. Brother Joseph had been sent as ambassador to Rome.

Napoleon to Joseph.

Milan: November 12, 1797.

Brigadier-General Duphot will hand you this letter. I recommend him as an excellent man. He will speak to you of the marriage he desires to contract with your sister-in-law. I think this alliance would be advantageous for her; he is a distinguished officer.

This arrangement was accepted, and Désirée was betrothed to General Duphot. However, a few days before the marriage was to have taken place there was an *émeute* in Rome, and the unfortunate young officer was massacred almost under the eyes of the girl to whom he was about to be wedded. Désirée, who returned to France in deep mourning, afterwards married General Bernadotte, and eventually became Queen of Sweden. This marriage, we are told, was celebrated with great simplicity at Joseph's house. The bride is represented as having an agreeable face, as being very rich, and the general opinion was that Bernadotte had made a capital match. In this general opinion was not far wrong. Although Napoleon bore Bernadotte no love, and always distrusted him, he looked upon him as part of the family, and in 1806, at the Jena period, we find him writing a letter to Joseph which shows that he had not for-

gotten Désirée Clary, or rather Desirée Bernadotte. He said :—'I have created Talleyrand Prince of Beneventum, and Bernadotte Prince of Ponte Corvo. These countries are not wealthy, but I will furnish dotations. Talleyrand, by the way, is sufficiently rich, but I will take care of Bernadotte. Occupy these principalities militarily. You must be aware that when I accorded the title of Duke and Prince to Bernadotte, it was through consideration for your wife (or his wife), for I have many generals in the army who have rendered greater services and upon whose attachment I can rely with more confidence.' It is in this characteristic letter that we find the last allusion to Désirée. Madame Ducrest, in her Memoirs, relates how she was at a ball given in honour of the wedding of Stephanie de Beauharnais, and remarked that Madame Bernadotte appeared in a detestable humour and criticised everything and everyone. On asking the reason, she was informed that Madame Bernadotte could not console herself for not having married Napoleon, who had demanded her hand shortly after Joseph's union with her sister.

It is very doubtful whether Désirée Clary entertained any real affection for Napoleon, who, according to Bégin, told her one day that he would perhaps only flash like a meteor across the sky ; 'but I assure you,' he added, 'the recollection of my passage will remain.' Madame de Rémusat, however, says that Désirée Clary, who was of an original turn of mind, was really in love with Napoleon, and that the remnants of this ill-extinguished passion were the cause of her obstinate refusal to leave France. 'She is still living,' wrote Madame de Rémusat in 1820, 'in strict

retirement in Paris.' And in fact she died at a very advanced age in the rue d'Anjou. There is no doubt that she disliked Sweden. Neither Bernadotte nor herself ever enjoyed popularity in that country. They could not speak Swedish. Their tastes were French, and their subjects were not to be induced to relinquish time-honoured customs in order to please their new sovereign. It is no wonder that the daughter of the soap-boiler Clary should have returned to France as soon as she was able to escape from a people and a climate which were both ungenial to her southern nature.

A letter written by Bernadotte to Lucien in 1804, on the subject of the 18th Brumaire, contained the following paragraph :—

'But it is not for me to reproach you with not having imitated the great models of patriotism offered by history, when I myself yielded to the entreaties of Joseph. Why? Because Joseph is the husband of Julie, the sister of Désirée, my wife. And it is on such things that the destinies of a great empire depend.'

Both Lucien and Bernadotte were ardent Republicans, but family ties proved stronger than political convictions at that critical moment. Both might have saved the Republic, and both aided in handing over the supreme power to a military dictator.

According to 'a Lady of the Palace,' Napoleon, shortly before he obtained the command of the army of Italy, caused it to be adroitly insinuated to Madame Tallien that if she would obtain a divorce from her husband he would be doubly happy to offer her his hand and to assure her a magnificent position.

Madame Tallien rejected this offer, and hence the reason why Napoleon afterwards forbade Josephine to receive her old prison friend. One day he said with a laugh to Josephine—'Had Madame Tallien desired it, she might have reigned in your place, and we should have had some fine children. I approve of her remaining faithful to her engagements, but not to have comprehended my present or future value is what offends me.' There may be truth in this story. Madame Tallien, like Josephine, was on intimate terms with Barras, and well capable of furthering the views of the ambitious young general of brigade. She was fair to look upon. She had been a victim of the Jacobins, the indirect cause of the fall of Robespierre and the sudden collapse of the Reign of Terror, and at the moment enjoyed great popularity. She had been divorced once, why should she not plead to be relieved from Tallien? She never professed to care for that over-rated politician, who, after playing a prominent part on the 9th Thermidor, fell into complete obscurity. Not long afterwards Madame Tallien, instead of continuing faithful to her engagements, did obtain a divorce and married the Prince de Chimay, leaving Tallien to be captured by the English, afterwards to fill the humble post of consul at Alicante, and finally to die in isolation and poverty in the centre of Paris.

Barras, as we have seen, had much to do with the match between Napoleon and Josephine; but if we are to believe Mdlle. Montansier, who, after having been stage manageress to Marie Antoinette at Versailles, afterwards played at the Palais Royal, this was not the first alliance he had suggested. Lounging

one night behind the scenes, the chief member of the Directory introduced '*le petit Bonaparte*' to the witty actress, with the idea of arranging a marriage. Mdlle. Montansier, though wealthy, was nearly sixty years of age—twenty years older than Madame Permon—and it was not astonishing therefore that nothing should have been settled at the grand dinner which Barras gave at Legaque's in order to conclude the affair. Bonaparte found the lady had too many wrinkles, and he was not a man to expose himself to ridicule. Mdlle. Montansier was not inconsolable. She soon afterwards married the actor Neuville, and Bonaparte drank her health at her wedding. Left a widow, she married once more, at the mature age of seventy-eight, one Forioso, a famous rope-dancer, and this when '*le petit Bonaparte*' was Emperor.

However, in due time matters with Josephine were finally arranged, and on March 9, 1796, the civil marriage took place before the mayor of the 2nd ward of Paris. On February 23 Napoleon had received the command of the army of Italy, and he was busy preparing for that campaign which was to startle the world and change the face of Europe. He worked day and night with unremitting energy, and could hardly spare time for the ceremony which was to unite him to Josephine. The marriage was fixed to take place between eight and nine in the evening, and Josephine and her friends arrived at the appointed hour. The mayor, too, was present in official scarf, but the bridegroom tarried, keeping the rest of the party in a terrible state of suspense. At last, at ten o'clock, he made his appearance, accompanied by Barras and his aide-de-camp Captain

Lemarrois. Josephine had no bridesmaids, and she had to approach the civil altar and give her hand to the terrible general assisted by Tallien and the lawyer Calmelet. The mayor, tired of waiting, had fallen asleep in his chair, and Napoleon, tapping him impatiently on the shoulder, cried, 'Come, Mister Mayor, wake up and marry us quickly.' There was no time to be lost in going through the necessary formalities. The mayor, startled from his sleep, fumbled through the ceremony in a careless and hasty manner, and evidently without paying any attention to the marriage certificate which he was about to sign, and which contained several errors seriously affecting its validity, and which might have been turned to account at a later period had the necessity arisen. The certificate ran thus :—

City of Paris : 19th Ventose, year IV.

Marriage act of Napolione Buonaparte, general-in-chief of the army of the Interior, age twenty-eight years, born at Ajaccio, Corsica, living in Paris rue d'Antin, son of Charles Bonaparte and Letizia Ramolino.

And of Marie Joseph Rose de Tascher, aged twenty-eight years, born in the isle of Martinique, living in Paris rue Chantereine, daughter of Jean Gaspard de Tascher, captain of dragoons, and Rose Claire Des Vergers Desanois, his wife.

I, Charles Theodore Francis Leclerq, public officer of the civil administration of Paris, after having read in presence of the parties and witnesses, first, the *acte de naissance* of Napolione Buonaparte which states that he was born on the 5th February 1768; second, the *acte de naissance* of Marie Joseph Rose de Tascher which states that she was born on the 23rd June 1767; seeing the notification of the decease of Alexandre François Marie Beauharnais; seeing that notification of the said marriage was duly made public according to law without opposition; and also after

Napolione Buonaparte and Marie Joseph Rose de Tascher declared aloud that they would mutually take each other, I have pronounced aloud that Napolione Buonaparte and Marie Joseph Rose de Tascher are united in marriage. And this in presence of the witnesses hereafter named: Paul Barras, Member of the Directory; Jean Lemarrois; Jean Lambert Tallien; Etienne Jacques Jerome Calmelet, man of law, who have all signed.

The two last witnesses signed on behalf of the bride. Under all the circumstances of the case, the meeting of Napoleon, Josephine, Paul Barras, and Jean Tallien at the town-hall of the 2nd ward was exceedingly interesting, and must have given rise to curious reflections on the part of all four. However, the slightly fraudulent contract was duly signed, sealed, and delivered; Napoleon had his command in Italy and a charming and graceful bride; Tallien kept his wife; and Barras no doubt considered he had done a good stroke of business by getting rid of a general, whose talent and restless activity was beginning to alarm him, on easy terms. If Josephine would no longer adorn his *salon*, he had still *Notre Dame de Thermidor*, the wife of his brother-witness, who was far from being cruel.

In order to comply with the whim of Josephine, who was ashamed of marrying a man much younger than herself, Napoleon consented to the doctoring of the marriage certificate, in which more than one irregularity is to be observed. Napoleon declared that he was twenty-eight years of age, having been born on February 5, 1768, whereas officially he was twenty-seven, and was born on August 15, 1769. It is explained that on this occasion Napoleon made use of the certificate of Joseph's birth. Jal would have us

believe in a simple accident. He says that the General did not hunt up the certificate of his birth himself, but employed one of his aides-de-camp to do this; that the clerk charged to copy the certificate took the wrong one; that the document being in Latin, he did not observe that Napoleon was described as having been born on February 5, 1768; that if this copy were duly read by the mayor in presence of Napoleon, Tallien, Barras, Lemarrois, and Calmelet, and if no one remarked that Napoleon was represented as having been born at Corte in 1768, this was because people never listen to the reading of birth certificates; that if the name Nabulione, and not Joseph, appeared in this act, it was simply because Charles Bonaparte's head was so full of Nabulione that he gave it to his two eldest sons! As for Josephine, she knocked five years off her age, substituting the certificate of her youngest sister's birth for that of her own, and thus, by means of mutual concessions, the six years' difference which existed between the bride and bridegroom was officially disposed of. Upon this subject Napoleon many years afterwards remarked, at St. Helena, that 'poor Josephine exposed herself to great inconvenience, for the marriage might have been annulled.' It is to be remarked also that Josephine is described, not as the widow Beauharnais, but as Marie Rose Joseph de Tascher. Another flaw consisted in representing Napoleon as the son of Charles Bonaparte, instead of the late Charles Bonaparte. Captain Lemarrois, too, was a minor, and could not legally act in the capacity of witness. Napoleon, too, failed to obtain the consent of his mother, or at least no mention of this consent was made.

It is a very singular fact that the three brothers Joseph, Napoleon, and Lucien, on the occasion of their marriages, should all have adopted the same date and place of birth; that Joseph at Toulon, Napoleon in Paris, and Lucien at St. Maximin, should have all declared they were born in 1768 at Ajaccio. The archives of the municipality of St. Maximin (or Marathon) contain this mention:—Lecture est faite I^e *de l'acte de naissance de Brutus Bonaparte en date du* 21 *Mai* 1768, *portant qu'il est né la veille dans la commune d'Ajaccio.*

The declarations of Joseph and of Napoleon (one of which was necessarily false) can be accounted for; but it is difficult to explain that of Lucien, who had certainly no apparent reason for resorting to fraud. It can only be supposed that the constant falsifications committed by the Bonapartes were due to a family failing.

The honeymoon, such as it was, was passed at Josephine's house in the rue Chantereine. It only lasted two days, and during those two days Napoleon was too hard at work studying maps and conferring with the members of the Government and military men to be able to devote any time to courtship. When Josephine knocked at the door, he opened it, gave her a kiss, and sent her away; and yet he was a very passionate lover, as we shall see by his first letters from Italy.

'Our mother,' wrote Lucien, 'was dissatisfied with the marriage of her son the General with the ex-Marquise de Beauharnais, considering her too old, and that she would not bear him children.' It was only on April 2 that Madame Letitia sent the following

letter to her daughter-in-law:—'Madame,—I have received your letter, which has only added to the high opinion I had already formed of you. *My son had informed me of his happy union*, and from that moment you possessed my esteem and *approbation*. . . . Be assured that I shall always show you the tenderness of a mother, and that I love you as much as my son.'

Before setting out to assume command of the army beyond the Alps, Napoleon wrote the following letter to the Government:—

Headquarters, Paris: 21st Ventose, year IV.
(March 11, 1796.)

I have charged the Citizen Barras to inform the Executive Directory of my marriage with the Citoyenne Tascher Beauharnais [instead of the widow Beauharnais]. The confidence reposed in me by the Directory on all occasions, renders it a duty on my part to keep it aware of all my actions. It is a new bond which attaches me to the country, and a fresh pledge of my firm resolution only to find salvation in the Republic.

Salutations and respect.

The general-in-chief of the army of Italy,
BUONAPARTE.

This letter announcing his marriage is the last signed 'Buonaparte.' He henceforward was Bonaparte, at least until he assumed Napoleon as the family name.

Times had changed since the days of the Committee of Public Safety, which took none of the finer feelings into consideration, as was shown in the case of Hoche. One gathers the following facts from the archives of the War Office. Hoche was in command

of the armies of the Moselle and the Rhine when he married at Thionville a Mdlle. Dechaux. The Committee found that he should not have married when about to take the field, and he was in consequence replaced by Jourdan. Warned indirectly of this decision, Hoche immediately wrote to one of the members of the Committee: 'I desire that my resignation, which I am about to tender, may be accepted, as it is offered, without ill-temper. An ardent friend of the Revolution, I thought it would change manners. Alas! intrigue is always intrigue,' &c. Hoche, a few days afterwards, was arrested, sent to Paris, and thrown into prison.

Immediately after writing to the Directory, Napoleon started for the army with Junot and Chauvet, leaving his bride behind him, with the promise that she should shortly rejoin him in Italy. At Châtillon-on-Seine he stopped for a few hours at the house of Marmont's father, and from thence sent Josephine a power of attorney to enable her to draw some money which was due to him. This was his first letter to his bride, and contained no expressions of tenderness. Madame de Rémusat says that she saw the letters which Bonaparte wrote to his wife during his first campaign in Italy; that they were singular in every respect; that it was almost impossible to read the handwriting; that the spelling was far from correct, and the style strange and confused; but that they were pervaded with so much passion, sentiments so strong, expressions so animated and at the same time so poetical, a love so apart from ordinary love, that any woman would have been delighted to receive them. They formed a striking contrast, she added,

with the sober and elegant epistles written by M. de Beauharnais. In all but the jealousy which every now and again bursts out, and which was probably caused by events which occurred previous to marriage, this is an excellent description of those letters, which none but Josephine and a couple of secretaries could unravel.

The first of these love-letters was dated Chanceaux, March 14, after three days' absence :—

I sent you a power of attorney from Châtillon. Each instant increases the distance between us, and at each instant, my adorable friend, I have less force to support this separation. You are the perpetual object of my thoughts. My imagination exhausts itself in wondering what you are doing. If I see you sad I feel heartbroken, and my pain is increased ; if I see you gay and jovial (folâtre) with your friends, I reproach you for having so soon forgotten our painful separation, and in my mind you are frivolous, and animated with no deep feeling of love. As you perceive, I am not easily satisfied. But it is worse when I think you are suffering in health, and that you have some cause for grief which I cannot divine ; then I regret the suddenness with which I have been separated from my heart. I feel of a truth that your natural kindness does not exist for me. . . . Sickness and the animosity of men only affect me because they may injure you. May my genius, which has always protected me in the midst of the greatest dangers, surround and shield you. Ah ! do not be gay, but rather melancholy, and above all let your mind be free from grief, and your body from illness ; you know what our good friend Ossian says upon this subject. Write a long letter to me, my tender friend, and receive a thousand kisses. B.

In the next Republican month, that of Germinal, Napoleon wrote the following incoherent letter to this strange address :—

A la Citoyenne Bonaparte chez la Citoyenne Beauharnais, rue Chantereine 6, Paris.

Port Maurice: 14th Germinal.

I have received all your letters, but none has caused such an impression as the last. My adorable friend, how can you think of writing to me in such terms? Do you not find my position sufficiently cruel without wishing to increase my regret and to disturb my imagination? What style! What sentiments are those you depict! They are fire, and consume my poor heart. My unique Josephine, far from you there is no pleasure; far from you the world is a desert where I remain isolated, and without experiencing the consolation of being able to unbosom myself. You have deprived me of my soul. You are the only thought of my life. If I am worried with business, if I fear the issue, if people disgust me, if I am ready to curse existence, I place my hand on my heart; your portrait beats there; I look at it. Love is an absolute happiness for me, and everything smiles excepting the time that I am absent from my adored one.

By what art have you been able to captivate my faculties and concentrate in yourself my moral existence? It is an intoxication, my sweet friend, which will only finish with life. To live for Josephine, that is the history of my existence! I act in order to draw near you; I manœuvre to approach you. Madman! I do not perceive that I am increasing the distance between us. How many countries separate us! How long before you will read these lines, feeble expression of the troubled mind over which you reign! Ah! my adorable wife! I know not what fate awaits us, but if I am detained longer from you, life will become insupportable and my courage will evaporate. There was a time when I was proud of my courage, and stared the most fearful misfortunes in the face without blinking and without astonishment. But to-day the idea that my Josephine may be unhappy, or ill, or cruel, the baneful thought that she may love me less, withers my soul, stops my blood, renders me sad and dispirited, and

only leaves me the courage of fury and despair. Formerly I often said to myself that men were powerless against him who could die without regret, but to-day the thought of dying without being loved by you inflicts the torments of hell ; it is the living and striking image of complete annihilation; it seems to me that I am stifling. My sole companion, you, who are destined to make the painful journey of life with me, the day I no longer possess your heart will also be the day when arid nature will lose for me its heat and vegetation. I finish, my sweet friend; my soul is sad, my body is fatigued, my mind is bewildered ; men annoy me ; I ought to detest them, for they keep me away from my heart.

I am at Port Maurice near Oneille. To-morrow I shall be at Albenga. The two armies are closing. We are trying to deceive each other. The victory will be for the most skilful. I am sufficiently satisfied with Beaulieu; he manœuvres well and is a better general than his predecessor. I hope to beat him in excellent style to-morrow. Do not be uneasy. Love me as your eyes. But that is not enough; as yourself, more than yourself—as your mind, as your thoughts, as your life, as everything. Sweet friend, pardon me ; I rave ! To Barras, Susy, Madame Tallien, sincere friendship. To Madame Château-Renaud usual civilities. To Eugène and Hortense true love.

Adieu, adieu ! I retire to my lonely couch. I implore you to let me sleep. I have several times enfolded you in my arms ; happy dream! But it was not you.

B.

Four days after this, Napoleon wrote another letter, in which despair and jealousy are grimly blended with strange similes :—

Albenga: 18th Germinal.

I have received the letter which you say you have interrupted in order to go into the country ; and after that you assume a tone of jealousy while I am here, overwhelmed with work and fatigue. Ah ! my dear friend. . . . It is true that I am wrong. In spring the country is beautiful ; and then

the young lover of nineteen was no doubt there. Naturally you could not waste your time in writing to one who is 300 leagues away, who lives on your souvenir, who reads your letters as one devours, after six hours' hunting, a dish one likes! I am not pleased. Your last letter is as cold as friendship. I do not discover in it the fire of your glances. How strange! I found that your preceding letters oppressed my mind; the revolution which they produced destroyed my repose and affected my health. I desired colder letters, but they have frozen me to death. The fear of not being loved by Josephine, the idea of finding her inconstant . . . but I am forging pain. There is so much that is real; must one manufacture more!!! You cannot have inspired me with a love so boundless without sharing it.

My brother is here [brother Lucien]; he learned my marriage with pleasure, and is anxious to make your acquaintance. I am endeavouring to persuade him to come to Paris. His wife has been confined of a daughter. I send you a box of Genoese bon-bons. You will receive some oranges, perfumes, and orange water. Junot and Murat send their respects.

Shortly afterwards, in the midst of great military successes, while beating Beaulieu at Montenotte and Millesimo; forcing the King of Sardinia to sue for peace after the victory of Mondovi, and to cede Nice and Savoy to France; gaining the battle of Lodi; entering Milan in triumph; blockading Mantua, and forcing the Pope to give up Ancona and close his ports to the English, Napoleon wrote the following despairing letter to Josephine:—

tortone (*sic*) midi, 27th Prairial, an 4 (June 16, 1796).

My life is a perpetual nightmare. A baneful foreboding oppresses my respiration. I no longer live; I have lost more than my life, more than my happiness, more than repose. I am almost without hope. I send you a courier;

he will only remain four hours in Paris, and will bring me back your answer. Write me ten pages; perhaps that will console me a little. You are ill; you love me; you are *enceinte*. I have pained you, and I shall not see you? This idea overcomes me. I have wronged you so much that I know not how to expiate my faults. I accused you of remaining in Paris, and you were ill. Pardon me, for the love with which you have inspired me has deprived me of my reason. I shall never recover; the disease is incurable. My forebodings are so painful that I should be content to see you, to press you for a couple of hours to my heart, and to die together! Who takes care of you? I suppose you have sent for Hortense? I love that amiable child a thousand times more now I think she can console you a little. As for me, no consolation is possible, no repose, no hope until the courier comes back with a long letter explaining the nature of your illness. If it be dangerous I warn you that I shall start at once for Paris; my arrival will conquer your malady. I have always been lucky. Destiny has never resisted my will, and to-day I am smitten in what chiefly affects me. Josephine, how can you remain so long without writing? Your last letter—will you believe it?—was dated the 3rd, and afflicted me. However, I keep it in my pocket. Your portrait and your letters are always before my eyes. I am nothing without you, and I can hardly conceive how I existed without knowing you. Ah, Josephine! had you known my heart, would you have postponed your departure from the 16th to the 29th? Would you have listened to perfidious friends who perhaps desire to keep you away from me? I suspect everyone. I expected you would have arrived at Milan on the 15th.

Josephine, if you love me, if you believe that everything depends on your preservation, take care of yourself; I do not dare to tell you not to undertake a long voyage in this hot weather. But if you can travel, do so by easy stages, and write to me from every place where you sleep.

All my thoughts are concentrated in your alcove, in your heart. Your illness fills my mind all day long, to the ex-

clusion of friendship, glory, country. The rest of the world no more exists for me than if it had been annihilated. I cherish honour because you cherish it, and victory because it pleases you ; without which I should renounce everything to throw myself at your feet. . . . In your letter take care to tell me that you are convinced I love you beyond all the mind can imagine ; that you are persuaded every instant is devoted to you ; that I never allow an hour to pass without thinking of you ; that never did the idea of another woman cross my mind; that you alone can please me and absorb all my faculties, &c.

And the amorous warrior concludes by kissing his wife on her cheek and her lips, and indulging in strong expressions, which may be found in 'La Vie privée de Napoléon,' by Thibeaudeau.

Napoleon often took Carnot into his confidence. He had hardly assumed the command of the army of Italy when he told the War Minister, in one of his despatches, that he was madly in love with Josephine, and when she was delayed in joining him he wrote—'I am in despair, for my wife does not arrive ; she has some lover in Paris who detains her. I curse women in general, but I embrace all my friends from the bottom of my heart.'

It would be difficult to say what the real feelings of Josephine were at this epoch ; but there is no doubt that she desired to enjoy the successes of Bonaparte in Paris, where she was surrounded by a host of admirers and by a society intent upon effacing the gloomy recollections of the Reign of Terror and making up for lost time. Already Madame Bonaparte was treated as a queen, says the poet Arnault, and her friends were never tired of repeating that her place was not in Italy, where the war had only just com-

menced; that she was not made for the excitement of battle and the tumult of the camp; and that her presence would only distract her husband from his military duties. As for the sentiments of Bonaparte, they were clearly expressed in 'torrents of passion,' which Josephine, it is said, 'refused to take *au tragique*.' In letter after letter he called upon her to join him. 'Murat,' says Arnault, 'handed Madame Bonaparte one letter, which she showed me, and which was stamped with the most violent passion. Josephine was highly amused at this sentiment, which was not exempt from jealousy. I can still see her reading a passage in which, endeavouring to stifle an uneasiness which visibly tormented him, her husband said to her: "If it be true, however, fear the *dagger* of Othello!" (*sic*). I can hear her smilingly say, with creole accent, "*Il est drôle, Bonaparte.*"'

Stendhal, who was in Italy at this period, said: 'On seeing this young general pass under the splendid triumphal arch of the *Porta Romana*, it would have been difficult for even the most experienced philosopher to have guessed the two passions which agitated his heart'—his love for Josephine, and his wrath with the Directory, which had notified its intention of dividing the army of Italy into two corps, leaving Bonaparte one and giving the command of the other to Kellermann.

Marmont, too, has left it on record that, 'no matter how busy with his own greatness and the interests confided to him, Bonaparte found time to indulge in feelings of another nature. He never ceased thinking of his wife; he longed for her, and awaited her with impatience. He often spoke to me of his love with

all the warmth and illusion of a very young man. The manner in which she delayed her departure tormented him painfully, and at times he passed from fits of jealousy to superstition, which was engrafted in his nature. One morning, at Tortone, the glass which covered his wife's portrait being broken, he became most fearfully pale, and, greatly pained, said, 'Marmont, my wife is either ill or unfaithful!'

On the 8th Messidor (June 26) the young general, on his road to Turin, and just before drawing up that celebrated proclamation in which he said—'Soldiers, in a fortnight you have gained six victories, captured 21 standards, 50 pieces of artillery, several fortresses, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont; you have made 15,000 prisoners,' &c.—wrote another burning epistle to his wife, in which he said he had a quantity of letters in his pockets which he had written to her, but which were too stupid to be forwarded. And he added:—

You know how to inspire love without loving in return, can you tell me how to cure love? I would give a good price for the remedy. You ought to have started on the 5th Prairial, and I expected you on the 13th. Just as if a pretty woman could abandon her habits, her friends, Madame Tallien, and a dinner with Barras, the representation of a new piece, and Fortuné.[1] You love everyone better than

[1] Fortuné was a small dog which accompanied Josephine to Italy, and was much flattered and caressed by courtiers. Bonaparte disliked the pet, who one day flew at a big dog owned by the cook and was killed. The courtiers shed many tears over this animal in order to please Josephine, and a grenadier who was on guard thought to obtain promotion by weeping, but Bonaparte, seeing him sobbing, and learning the cause, sent him to prison. Fortuné was replaced by a pug dog, and Napoleon is said to have asked the cook to render him another service.

your husband. You only accord him a small portion of that esteem and kindness with which your heart overflows. I lash my sides in order not to love you, but I only love you all the more. In fact, my incomparable little mother, I must reveal my secret; laugh at me, remain in Paris, have lovers, let everyone know it. Well! I shall only love you ten times more. If this be not madness, fever, delirium!! I shall never be cured, &c.

It is curious to compare these epistles, which might well have been the productions of a sub-lieutenant, sighing like a furnace, and kicking his heels about a garrison town, with the active work accomplished at the same period and during lucid intervals. In addition to battles gained without guns, to rivers crossed without bridges, and forced marches made without shoes, Napoleon wrote numerous orders and despatches, showing that he could lay his love and jealousy aside when it suited him, and assume the tone of the military commander and diplomatist. On the 23th Prairial—the day he wrote so wildly to Josephine from *tortoue*—we find in his 'Correspondence' nine other letters, all singularly calm and clear-headed. And on the 8th Messidor, the date of the last letter we have quoted, in addition to his proclamation to the army, Napoleon wrote a long despatch on the conditions upon which he would consent to conclude an armistice with the Pope, a letter to the Neapolitan ambassador at Madrid, instructions concerning the execution of the armistice signed at Brescia, a letter to the Directory relating his exploits and announcing his intentions, a despatch to Miot de Melito, two to Massena, two to General Vaubois, one to General Despinoy, and several pages of minute instructions to General Augereau.

In fact if we turn to the 'Correspondence of Napoleon' we find that the love-sick General, notwithstanding the immense amount of physical labour he had to perform, wrote, during the memorable campaign of 1796, nearly 2,000 despatches, orders of the day, proclamations, &c., in addition to those private letters in which he poured forth such a continuous and turbulent stream of passion, despair, and jealousy.

In perusing Napoleon's first epistles to Josephine it must be remembered that they were not addressed to a youthful bride, but to a woman of the world who had already been married and repudiated, and who had been met by her second husband in the midst of a dissolute society of a dissolute epoch. This somewhat excuses the extravagance of the General's expressions, and accounts for the fact of their not having offended the modesty of his wife, who was more astonished and amused than shocked by this rather immoral exuberance.

In spite of the warmth of his temperament, Napoleon, however, was always able to keep his passions under control, and seldom, if ever, allowed them to interfere with his graver occupations. During his first Italian campaign he behaved with singular continence and self-restraint in the midst of temptations of no ordinary nature and an almost universal laxity of morals. Comte Miot de Melito, who was diplomatically employed in Italy at this period, says he found nothing but indolence in Tuscany, where Napoleon then was ; all love of liberty and courage had disappeared ; the men seemed entirely wrapped up in the details of a monotonous life, and vegetated tranquilly under a beneficent sky. The chief characteristic of the

women, all through Italy, was a mixture of devotion and gallantry; and such was the general relaxation of morals, that the woman who shrouded her infidelities with a decent amount of mystery enjoyed a spotless reputation. The domestic habits of the French were found somewhat ridiculous, and if rumours of dissoluteness and want of modesty on the part of Republicans had preceded the French to Florence, to the great surprise of all, French women were found insupportably prudish, and their husbands were not to be pardoned for appearing in their company in public, contrary to the customs of the country. It was in the midst of such a society as this that the young conqueror of Italy found himself thrown. Alluding to this early portion of his career when a prisoner at St. Helena, he remarked to Las Cases that he was too strong-minded to fall into the snares set to entrap him; that underneath the flowers he perceived the precipice, that his position was one of great delicacy, as he had been placed in command of generals older than himself, and had an immense task to perform, that all his movements were watched with jealousy, and that he behaved with extreme circumspection, being aware that his fortunes depended upon his moderation. In fact, owing to his youth, he felt bound to impose respect by the gravity of his character and the austerity of his morals, and while refraining from checking the vices of those who surrounded him, to bridle his own natural inclinations. In the midst of immorality and corruption of the most venal description Napoleon remained pure, not, as Lanfrey remarks, owing to his superior virtue, but to his superior pride and ambition.

At length, after a great deal of delay, Napoleon having beaten all the best generals of Austria, and having forced Wurmser to capitulate at Mantua, was, much to his delight, joined by Josephine, who was so loth to leave Paris that she had burst into tears on leaving the Luxembourg, and who had availed herself of every possible pretext for remaining there. In fact, it was not until Junot had been sent to the Directory with captured standards, and with orders to escort Josephine to Italy, that she consented to leave France. The love was still all on Bonaparte's side. The Austrians having demanded to treat, Napoleon took up his headquarters at the magnificent château of Montebello, near Milan, where he held a regular court. He was surrounded by deputies from all the cities, by representatives from all the Italian powers, and by a large number of generals not attached to the army he commanded, but who had been drawn to Milan partly through curiosity, partly through admiration for his wonderful exploits. *Savants*, artists, and men of letters had also flocked to this brilliant centre, to the great distrust and apprehension of the Directory. Napoleon had become *de facto* an emperor. 'I am only at the outset of my career,' he said to Comte Miot de Melito and to Melzi. 'Do you think that it is for the grandeur of the lawyers of the Directory, the Carnots and Barras, that I have triumphed in Italy? Do you believe that it is to found a republic? What an idea! a republic of 30,000,000 souls, with our customs, our vices! How would this be possible? It is a chimera with which the French are infatuated, but which will die out like others. They must have glory and their vanity must be satisfied; but as for

liberty they have no notion of it. . . . Let the Directory try and deprive me of my command, and we shall see who is master. The French require a chief who has distinguished himself, and not theories, nor phrases, nor the speeches of ideologues. It is sufficient to give them baubles ; they can be amused and led with these, provided you can adroitly dissimulate the direction in which you wish them to go.' The severest etiquette reigned at the château of Montebello. Napoleon no longer received at his table either his officers or his aides-de-camp, and was exceedingly particular in the choice of his guests. He dined in public, and during his meals the inhabitants of the country were allowed to contemplate him. All the greatest nobles and the most distinguished men of Italy flocked to this new court to solicit the favour of conversing for a few moments with the conqueror. Among other members of his family who had come to witness the splendours of Montebello, were Napoleon's mother, his brothers Joseph and Louis, his sister Pauline, and his uncle Fesch, grand vicar and bishop of Ajaccio, but for the moment amassing a fortune by means of army contracts, previous to becoming cardinal.

It is easy to understand how deeply Josephine was impressed by the luxury and the honours with which she found herself surrounded in Italy, 'when love daily laid at her feet some new conquest,' says Madame de Rémusat ; who adds, however, 'In spite of this prestige, Madame Bonaparte, in the midst of a life of triumphs, of victories, and of licentiousness, at times afforded her conquering husband reasons for uneasiness,' which no doubt exercised an evil influ-

ence on his character. 'Perhaps it would have been well had he been more and better loved.'

A few months ago the following letter from the Comte de Lavalette was published in the 'Revue Historique' as a note appended to 'Les Lettres inédites de Sismondi sur les Cent-Jours':—'Napoleon dearly loved his wife and was tenderly beloved in return; however, Josephine was a creole, and being of an impassioned and ardent temperament, committed numerous infidelities. Napoleon was aware of this, and got into the most violent fits of passion. During the first campaigns in Italy he sent away several of Josephine's lovers from headquarters, and others on his return from Egypt, but he deprived none of them of either life or liberty.' And in his Memoirs the Count has left us the following sketch of this strange pair:—'At Milan, where we stayed for a fortnight, Napoleon was in all the intoxication of his marriage. Madame Bonaparte was charming, and all the cares of command and of governing Italy did not prevent her husband from abandoning himself to the happiness of matrimonial life. Gros, who was afterwards so celebrated, wished to paint the portrait of the youthful hero, and in order to keep him quiet, Madame Bonaparte was obliged to take him on her lap. I was present at two or three of these sittings,' during which the modesty of the painter, in spite of his enthusiasm for the hero, was somewhat shocked. According to Marmont, Bonaparte, once at Milan, was exceedingly happy, for he only lived for his wife; for a long time it was the same; never did love more pure and more exclusive possess the heart of man, and that man of so superior an order. Comte Miot

de Melito, too, writing about a journey in Tuscany, shows how exuberant Napoleon was. He says: 'We left for Milan on the 1st Fructidor; I was in the carriage with Bonaparte, his wife, and Berthier. On the road Bonaparte was very gay and animated, and told us several anecdotes about his youthful days. He said he was just past twenty-eight years of age. He showed himself very attentive to his wife, and frequently took conjugal liberties with her, which greatly embarrassed both Berthier and myself. However, the freedom of his manners was impressed with so much tenderness and affection for this wife, as amiable as good, that we easily excused him.'

After a brief period spent at Milan, Bonaparte once more took the field, and on July 6 he wrote to Josephine, who had remained behind as a kind of regent—'I have beaten the enemy. Kilmaine will send you a copy of my report. I am dead with fatigue. I beg you will start at once for Verona. I require you, for I think I am going to be ill. I send you a thousand kisses. I am in bed.' Five days afterwards Josephine received another missive, dated from Verona, in which Bonaparte said: 'We have taken six hundred prisoners and three pieces of artillery. General Brune had his uniform pierced by seven bullets without being wounded. This is good luck.' Poor General Brune, who was destined to be massacred by his own countrymen in 1815!

After this, perhaps having more leisure, came another series of passionate epistles to incomparable Josephine, filled with such passages as these: 'I love you more and more every day. I beg of you let me see some of your defects! Be less lovely, less grace-

ful, less tender, and above all less good; never be jealous, never weep; your tears deprive me of my reason and burn my blood. Be convinced that it is no longer in my power to have a thought which is not of you. . . . Come and rejoin me, so that before dying we may be able to say, "We were happy so many days." Millions of kisses!' And, 'I passed the night under arms. . . . I am very uneasy to know how you are and what you are doing. I was yesterday at the village of Virgil, on the banks of the lake, by the light of the silvery moon, and not an instant without thinking of Josephine.' In spite of arduous campaigning against a superior force commanded by Wurmser, the correspondence with Josephine grew more and more active. She was not well; she had complained that Bonaparte was in the habit of opening her letters; she pretended to be jealous; he wished her to join him. 'You might be at Brescia on the 7th, where the most tender of lovers awaits you.' 'I regret you think my heart can belong to anyone but you. It is yours by right of conquest, and this conquest will be solid and eternal. I will no longer open your letters, as it displeases you. Come and join me as soon as possible.' Josephine repaired to Brescia, and in all probability saved Bonaparte's life by persuading him not to accept a fête offered by the municipal authorities. Listening to the advice of his wife, he left Brescia at once, and was only three or four leagues from that town when it was surrounded by the Austrians. The municipal authorities had hoped to delay the French General and give Wurmser the time to capture him. For several days the situation was exceedingly critical. Josephine was obliged

to leave her husband, and, pursued by the enemy, to make her way back to Milan. She had been overcome by emotion on bidding adieu to Bonaparte, who exclaimed, 'Wurmser shall pay dearly the tears he has caused you to shed.'

It has been suggested that Napoleon fought all the better for being in love, and that the ardour of his passion inspired him with additional energy and stimulated his genius. In rapid succession he attacked and beat Wurmser, Quasdanovich, and Alvinzy, and inscribed half-a-dozen victories on his banners in as many days. General de Ségur relates that at the moment Josephine was about to cross the Po and place that river between herself and the uhlans of Wurmser, she received a letter from Bonaparte announcing a victory he was going to gain the next day! Wurmser did pay dearly for Josephine's tears. He had to evacuate Italy, leaving behind him 90 pieces of artillery and 25,000 men either killed or prisoners.

Having got back to Brescia after the victory of Castiglione, Bonaparte wrote, saying: 'I have just arrived, my adorable friend, and my first thought is for you. Your health and your image have not been a moment absent from my thoughts. . . . If the most deep and tender love can render you happy, you should be so. . . . I am overwhelmed with business. Adieu, my sweet Josephine!' &c. And shortly afterwards—'How can you forget one who loves you so warmly? Three days without a letter! . . . . Absence is horrible; the nights are long and insipid, the days monotonous.'

At this epoch Josephine wrote to Aunt Renaudin, giving her a description of the magnificent manner in

which she had been received in Italy—fêted by all the princes, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the brother of the Emperor of Austria. 'Well!' she added, 'I prefer being a private individual in France. I do not like the honours of this country, and feel bored to death. It is true that my ill-health renders me sad. . . . I have the most amiable husband possible. I have no time to desire anything. My wishes are his. He is all day long in adoration before me as if I were a divinity; it would be impossible to be a better husband. The Duke of Serbelloni, who takes you this letter, will tell you how I am loved,' &c.

From Modena Bonaparte wrote another epistle filled with tender reproaches: he had been in bed with fever for a whole day, but he had received letters from Josephine, had pressed them to his heart and his lips, and the fever had disappeared. After Arcola he had reason to complain once more. 'What important affairs prevent you from writing? what affection stifles love, the tender and constant love you promised? Who is this "marvel," this new lover who absorbs all your time, and hinders you from thinking of your husband? Take care, Josephine; one fine night your doors will be broken in, and behold me! . . . Of a truth I am anxious on account of having no news. Write me four pages of amiable things. I hope soon to clasp you in my arms.' In another letter: 'When I expect from you a love equal to mine, I am wrong. Why wish that lace should weigh as much as gold? When I sacrifice all my desires, all my thoughts, every instant of my life to you, I obey the ascendancy which your charms, your person, and your character have gained over my unhappy

heart. Am I to blame if nature has not accorded me means of captivating you? . . . I reopen my letter to give you a kiss. Ah, Josephine! Josephine!'

Here we come to an end of the passionate correspondence indulged in by Napoleon, nor was Josephine to accompany her husband upon any more campaigns. The Directory had found no fault with him for marrying and allowing his wife to join him in Italy, but he determined to be no longer fettered by connubial ties when in the field. A couple of years later we find this very severe order of the day directed against the women who followed Bernadotte's division—'All the women, not authorised by a council of administration, are called upon to quit the division in twenty-four hours; in default of which they will be arrested, smeared over with soot, and exposed for two hours in the public market-place.' And as late as December 1809 we find his Majesty writing to Berthier:—

My Cousin,—. . . . Order the Duc de Padoue to send away his wife within six hours. You will let him know that I am highly displeased with him for having set such a bad example to the army. Before writing to him on this subject, you will make sure that his wife has really set out to join him. Give orders for all the women who are with the army to return home at once.

NAPOLEON.

On the 26th Vendémiaire, year IV. (October 17, 1797), the Italian campaign was brought to a close, and in the name of the French Government Bonaparte, and Bonaparte alone, signed the peace of Campo-Formio, which was ratified by the Directory. On the day of the ratification Bonaparte was named General-in-Chief of an army which was to be assembled

on the coast of the Channel, and which received the pompous title of the army of England. The object of the Directory, as Bonaparte was well aware, was to break the bonds which existed between the general and the troops he had so often led to victory, and whose devotion he had gained. Berthier received the command of the army of Italy, and on the 26th Brumaire (November 16, 1797) Napoleon quitted the scene of his triumphs and set out for Paris, whither he had been preceded by his wife. He had tasted supreme power, and declared that he knew no longer how to obey ; but he was a careful as well as a skilful player, and was more than a match for the members of the Directory, who no longer smiled at his frail appearance and his Italian jargon. He was afterwards very proud of the dissimulation he practised at this period of his career, and as a piece of art it deserved success.

Napoleon arrived in Paris on December 5, 1797, and alighted at the little house in the rue Chantereine, which street in his honour received from the municipal council the name of rue de la Victoire, which it still bears. This hotel had been fitted up, by Josephine's orders, in the most luxurious style, and Napoleon was highly irritated on being called upon to pay over 5,000*l.* for furniture and hangings. He was naturally the object of the greatest curiosity on the part of the Parisians, but with consummate tact he avoided all popular demonstrations, and lived a most retired and citizen life. He knew that this was the best means to keep alive his popularity, and to checkmate the Directory by affording it no cause for offence. Elected a member of the Institute, he donned its cos-

tume, thus affecting to place the palm-leaves of the *savant* above the uniform of the soldier. 'The only true conquests,' he said on his reception, 'are those which are made over ignorance.' During this period, as in Italy, his conduct as a husband was irreproachable, and he used to take Josephine and her children into the country on a Sunday, like any other bourgeois.

After living in this manner for several months, Napoleon set out to visit the ocean ports, where preparations were being made with more noise than reality for the invasion of England. M. de Barante quotes a curious letter from Berthier on this subject in his 'History of the Directory.' Berthier, who had been left in command of the army of Italy, wrote to Napoleon, saying: 'In sending me to Rome you named me treasurer of the expedition to England, and I shall try to fill the military chest well.' However, the millions which Berthier seized in Italy and Brune in Switzerland had another destination. Napoleon, aware that France possessed no adequate means for invading England, persuaded the Directory to attack us in Egypt, and the Directory, only too delighted to get rid of Napoleon on any terms, consented. For several reasons the young General was glad to leave France. He was delighted to escape from the constraint in which he was obliged to live; often accused of having caused his rival Hoche to be poisoned, he suspected the Directory of meditating a similar crime, and took infinite precautions to escape a like fate. He declared that Barras was capable of anything. Again, he had a presentiment that everything would go wrong in his absence. Berthier, who was an

admirable chief of the staff, was not fit to command a division, much less an army. He wished, too, to escape from the political difficulties of the moment, being aware that a crisis was at hand, and at the same time he was enchanted to have the means placed at his disposal for carrying out his schemes of Oriental conquest. Josephine wished to accompany Napoleon, and left Paris with him, but she was sent back. Her presence was necessary in the capital. 'My enemies,' said the General, 'are not in Egypt, but in Paris.' Napoleon was to win battles, and Josephine to gain hearts. She was only allowed to go as far as Toulon, and it is strange to note her anxiety to accompany her husband to Egypt, after the hesitation to join him in Italy. To the objections made by Napoleon on the score of climate she said she was a creole, and could stand heat. Curiously enough, had Josephine started for Egypt, she would have sailed in the 'Pomone,' the same vessel which brought her to France from Martinique. Fortunately for her, she allowed herself to be persuaded to go to Plombières and drink the waters, in the hope of becoming a mother, for the 'Pomone' was captured by the English.

As we have already pointed out, one of the attractions which drew Napoleon to Josephine was the influence she exercised over the Royalist party, and her connection with the *émigrés*, with whom Napoleon himself deeply sympathised. At the siege of Toulon, at the risk of his life, he managed to save the Chabrillant family and several other *émigrés*. When Mantua surrendered, he ordered Serrurier to shut his eyes and allow the *émigrés* who had taken part in the defence of that place to pass. In Italy

he extended his protection to the emigrant priests who had been driven from their monasteries, and sent them back to France. At Venice he seized the Comte d'Entraigues, who was acting as a Russian agent, and allowed him to go, although he had treasonable papers in his possession, and was the soul of every plot hatched against the French. On his way to the East Napoleon learned that, in virtue of a law condemning all *émigrés* to death, an old man, eighty years of age, had just been shot at Toulon. In a moment of indignation he wrote to the military commission in Paris: 'I have learned, citizens, with the greatest grief that old men and unfortunate women, great with child or surrounded by youthful children, have been shot on the charge of emigration. Have the soldiers of liberty become public executioners? . . . The soldier who signs a death-warrant against a person incapable of bearing arms is a coward.' This letter, which much delighted the heart of Josephine, and aided her in the task she was about to undertake, was exceedingly popular with the army, and effectually put a stop to the massacres held up to public reprobation. With the Egyptian expedition commenced a new phase in the married existence of Napoleon and Josephine. Up to that period the infidelities had been all on the side of the wife. They were destined to become mutual.

Bonaparte, on arriving in Egypt, was highly delighted to find himself freed from the shackles of European civilisation, and it was not long before he gave way to his natural propensities. His position was different to that he had occupied in Italy. All the officers under him were his juniors, comrades who

had learned to respect his abilities. There were no civil commissioners like Clarke to report all his proceedings to the Directory, nor was dissimulation, at all events as far as morality went, any longer necessary. In addition to this, the warmth of his passion for Josephine had considerably cooled during the stay in Paris, partly owing to the irregularity of her conduct.

In a page of his 'Origin of the Bonapartes,' Michelet says that 'several soldiers and officers took wives in Egypt. General Menou [who commanded in chief after Kleber was assassinated] went even further, and in order to contract a love marriage, abjured, and became a Mussulman. Bonaparte, in his letters to Menou, alluding to Mahomet, called him "our Prophet," and proposed to build a grand mosque. It was thought he was going to establish a seraglio. He had had news of Josephine, who was behaving herself with levity at Paris. Several Turkish women were presented to the General, but he found them too stout, and sent them away. But he caused a greater scandal by taking openly for his mistress a young Frenchwoman, the wife of one of his officers, who was sent away from Egypt.'

The young French lady spoken of by Michelet was a Madame Fourès, the wife of a sub-lieutenant serving with the expeditionary army. She was possessed of several of the most brilliant qualities of her countrywomen, and was as pretty as she was sprightly. According to Bourrienne, Bonaparte, through a feeling of delicacy, resolved to send the husband home, and he was consequently ordered by Berthier to convey some despatches to Paris. However, the vessel on

which M. Fourès embarked was captured by the English, who, on reading the despatches, suspected the real state of the case, and set their prisoner ashore at Alexandria. When Fourès, on his return to head-quarters, found out how he had been duped, he flew into the most violent passion, and ended by insisting on a divorce, which was duly pronounced by Civil Commissioner Sartelou. Bonapartē seems to have been sincerely attached to Pauline Fourès, and their liaison lasted as long as he remained in Egypt. After his departure, the lady being harshly treated by Kleber, managed to return to Paris, in the hope of renewing her intimacy with the General; but this was not to be, the difference with Josephine having been made up. Napoleon, however, behaved with liberality, and purchased a house for her at Belleville. When Fourès, in his turn, arrived from Egypt, he wanted to take his wife back, on the ground that the divorce pronounced by Commissioner Sartelou had not been confirmed in France, and was therefore irregular. He was going to appeal to the tribunals, when Napoleon, to put a stop to the affair, ordered Pauline to remarry, and gave her for husband a M. Rauchouppe, who was desperately in love with her. Madame Rauchouppe, who had very reluctantly consented to this second union, always remained devoted to Napoleon, ruined herself when he was at St. Helena in trying to encompass his deliverance, and only survived the news of his death a few days. Bourrienne says, by the way, that Bonaparte was very anxious Madame Fourès should bear him a child, and throws out the suggestion that, had such been the case, he would at once have divorced Josephine and have married her.

It was Junot who, at the fountains of Messoudiah, first denounced the levities of Josephine to her husband. Bourrienne, who was standing at a short distance, perceived the General's face grow paler and paler; his features were convulsed; his eyes haggard. 'Suddenly quitting Junot he strode up to me,' relates Bourrienne, 'and in incoherent language blustered out, "You are not attached to me. Women! Josephine! Had you been attached, you would have informed me. Junot has acted like a true friend. Six hundred leagues from Josephine! To have deceived me thus! I will exterminate that race of popinjays and dandies! A divorce—a public divorce!"' Bourrienne replied that if Josephine had been guilty of some indiscretions these had no doubt been cruelly exaggerated; that they were most likely calumnies. He blamed Junot for his want of generosity in lightly accusing a woman who could not defend herself, and spoke to Bonaparte of his glory, which might be tarnished by any hasty resolve. Like Othello, Bonaparte declared he would give anything to know that Junot had spoken falsely. A fortnight afterwards he complained bitterly of the 'indiscreet revelations' of Junot, which were never pardoned, and which Napoleon afterwards punished by refusing to make him a marshal. On the occasion in question Murat, who had been taken up by Madame Bonaparte and Madame Tallien, was mentioned as one of Josephine's lovers.

Among the intercepted letters from Egypt published by the English Government in 1798 was one from Napoleon to Joseph, in which the young General said—'Perhaps I shall be back in France in two months. *Je te recommande mes intérêts. J'ai beau-*

coup de chagrin domestique, car le voile est entièrment levé. . . . It is a sad position when one's heart is entirely devoted to the same person. Procure me a country house near Paris or in Burgundy. I hope to pass the winter there, and to shut myself up. I am weary of human nature! I feel the want of solitude. . . . Glory is insipid at twenty-nine years of age. I have exhausted everything, and it only remains for me to become truly egotistical. I hope to keep my house, which I shall never part with. I have only just enough to live upon. . . . Embrace your wife and Jerome.'

The position of Josephine was one of considerable difficulty during the time Bonaparte was in Egypt. Always extravagant, she was soon tormented by creditors, and this caused her to renew her relations with Barras, and to seek the support of Rewbel and the other Directors. She had no idea when her husband would return. He had spoken of remaining in Egypt for six years. She was treated with marked neglect and unkindness by Bonaparte's family. She was fretted, too, by continual rumours with regard to the ill-success of her husband, whose career was supposed to be over. At a dinner given by Barras, Talleyrand, who sat between Madame Bonaparte and Madame Tallien, paid so little attention to Josephine that, knowing the habits of courtiers, she thought the General must be dead; and, deeply hurt and grieved, she left the table in tears. If we are to believe 'a Lady of the Palace,' who was certainly intimately acquainted with the Imperial family, Josephine, who knew what was going on in Egypt, contemplated demanding a divorce, and actually drew out her de-

mand. This may have been done in a momentary fit of anger.

It is, however, beyond doubt that if both Joseph and Lucien served the policy of their brother, that policy was no less zealously and effectually served by Josephine, who managed to win the friendship of the honest Madame Gohier, and also to gain the confidence of her husband, then President of the Directory. Madame Gohier enjoyed a proverbial reputation for virtue, and Josephine considered that the fact of being on intimate terms with this lady would be a victorious answer to the accusations of her enemies when her husband returned.

Josephine, as it happened, was dining with the Gohiers when the startling news arrived that Bonaparte had landed at Fréjus, that he had been received with enthusiasm, and was on the road to Paris. Anxious to have the first word, she immediately set out to meet him, but unfortunately took the wrong road. A couple of days after his return Bonaparte complained to his friend, M. Collot, of the conduct of Josephine, adding that there could be nothing more in common between them. M. Collot implored him to think of his country, whose eyes were then fixed upon him, and not to sacrifice his grandeur by publishing his domestic quarrels, and appearing in the rôle of one of those unfortunate husbands depicted by Molière. He strongly advised Bonaparte to leave matters as they were for the present, saying he would soon find other reasons to justify his resentment. Bonaparte, in reply, declared that his mind was made up; that Josephine should never set foot in the house; that Paris would gossip over the affair for a couple of days, and then

forget it. Josephine should go to Malmaison. To this M. Collot replied, 'Your violence proves the depth of your affection; she will appear, excuse herself, and be pardoned.' 'Never! never!' ejaculated the General; 'I would sooner tear out my heart and fling it into the fire.' And, half-choked with passion, he clutched his breast and suited the action to the word.

M. Collot, on going to breakfast in the rue de la Victoire the next morning, was received by Bonaparte with a somewhat embarrassed air, and the remark, 'She's there.' Josephine had in fact arrived the evening before, but only to find the door of her husband's room closed to her. However, after four hours of tears and entreaties, in which Eugène and Hortense joined, the General capitulated, and a reconciliation was effected. 'You must not imagine that I have pardoned her,' said Bonaparte; 'I wished to doubt her guilt. When she arrived, I drove her away. That donkey Joseph was there. She went downstairs crying.' After this melodramatic scene the little hotel in the rue de la Victoire once more became the centre of attraction for soldiers, for statesmen, and *savants*; and one met there alike the chiefs of the Jacobins and the agents of the Bourbons. One of the articles in the treaty of peace with Josephine was, that she should renounce Madame Tallien and the Directorial lot, with the exception perhaps of Madame Gohier.

It is to be observed that upon several occasions, in their attempts to set Napoleon and Josephine by the ears, the members of the Bonaparte family overshot the mark and incurred the wrath of its chief. On the present occasion, Lucien was sent for at 7 A.M., was received by his terrible brother, who was in bed

with Josephine, and soundly rated. Like Junot, he gained nothing by putting his finger between the bark and the tree, and arousing the jealousy of the General.

Constant, who long served first Josephine and then Napoleon, has left it on record that the most touching harmony reigned for some years in the Imperial household, and that Napoleon was full of affection for Josephine, and always spoke to her in the most endearing terms. 'It is true,' he adds, 'that this did not prevent him from indulging in some infidelities, but without otherwise failing in his conjugal duties. On her side, the Empress adored her husband, continually seeking to please him and divine his intentions. In the commencement she gave him some cause for jealousy. On his return from Egypt he had explanations with her which did not always terminate without cries and without violence. But calm was soon restored, for Napoleon was unable to resist so many attractions and such sweetness of disposition.'

M. Thiers says that Napoleon was greatly incensed against Josephine on his return from Egypt, but that it was impossible for him to remain irritated for any length of time with a woman who had shared the first moments of his growing power, and who, seating herself by his side, had appeared to bring fortune with her. Then Josephine had little difficulty in persuading him that the predictions of a brilliant future applied to her star, and not to his, and he was never able entirely to divest himself of his superstition—for superstitious he was by nature, and this in spite of his powerful and eminently practical mind.

The first visit which Napoleon paid on reaching

Paris was to Gohier, whose goodwill was of paramount importance. Fortunately for the General, Josephine had smoothed the way with the President of the Directory, and his reasons for leaving the army in Egypt without permission were accepted without much difficulty. Josephine, too, had managed to remove all suspicion as to the reported ambition of her husband and his ulterior views, with which she was well acquainted. She had thoroughly persuaded both Gohier and his wife that Bonaparte was a sincere Republican and ardently attached to the Government. According to Bonaparte himself, his conduct at this juncture was exceedingly skilful, but it must be admitted that his schemes were powerfully aided, not only by Joseph and Lucien, but by his wife; and even the fact of Désirée Clary having married Bernadotte, who was War Minister at this epoch, was of no little assistance; not that Bernadotte was devoted to Bonaparte, but he allowed himself to be influenced by Joseph, and perhaps by his wife.

During the Consulate Josephine proved of the greatest assistance to her husband by attracting to the court persons repelled by the roughness of Bonaparte. She exhibited consummate skill in gaining partisans and keeping them staunch to their colours. It afforded her infinite pleasure to protect the old noblesse, to which she was allied by birth and sentiment. The affairs of the *émigrés* were left almost entirely in her hands, and all the legal acts by which confiscated estates were restored to their original owners were made under her supervision. She was the connecting-link between the Consular Government and the old nobility, and Bonaparte himself acknow-

ledged that without Josephine he could never have had any natural relations with the Royalists. These relations at this period became so intimate that the Faubourg St. Germain was convinced Bonaparte was quite ready to play the part of Monk, and that negotiations on this subject had been opened with Louis XVIII. Napoleon, however, only wished to win over the Royalists to his person, and had no idea of restoring that crown which he said he had found on the ground and had picked up with the point of his sword. Even Josephine's entreaties in favour of the Bourbons proved of no avail, and only awakened his playful sarcasms. During the intrigues which preceded the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, Josephine rendered the most invaluable services by allaying the suspicions of some and gaining the support of others. General de Ségur assures us that 'she was entrusted with all the secrets'; that 'nothing was hidden from her'; that 'her gentleness, her ready and well-tempered wit, were of infinite utility, justifying the renewed confidence of Bonaparte.' In other words, Josephine atoned for her matrimonial delinquencies by her political astuteness.

The period which elapsed between the beginning of the Consulate and the Empire was exceedingly chequered for Josephine. In 1802 there were two rival actresses in Paris, the one of undoubted talent and the other of rare beauty; Mdlles. Duchenois and Georges. The latter attracted the attention of Napoleon by her beauty, and Josephine soon learned that she frequently spent the evening in a private apartment with the First Consul. In confiding her sorrows to Madame de Rémusat, Josephine shed, we are told,

more tears than the temporary occasion deserved. She went further. She brought accusations against her husband, accusations which were considered infamous libels when related by Lewis Goldsmith. She appears to have told Madame de Rémusat that Bonaparte had no moral principles, that he only dissembled his vicious inclinations for fear they should damage his position, that if left to himself he would indulge in the most shameful passions, that he had no respect for anyone, that he fancied he had a perfect right to satisfy all his caprices; and, added Josephine, 'his family take advantage of his weaknesses to accustom him by degrees to renounce his conjugal existence, and to separate him from his wife.' It seems that Mdlle. Georges was the only person who ever really amused Napoleon and made him laugh, no doubt with her anecdotes of what passed behind the scenes of the Théâtre Français.[1] This and other liaisons were doubly painful to Josephine, because

[1] Mdlle. Georges only died a few years before the close of the second Empire, from which she received a pension. Alphonse Karr, in *Le Livre de Bord*, relates that in 1848 he sought an interview with his friend Senard, then Minister of the Interior. He found about thirty applicants in the antechamber, most of them in dress-coats and white ties. 'A woman entered,' he adds; 'the gait, the visage, the lines of which alone were visible under a thick veil, the slight bow she made on entering, everything was distinguished and noble. It was easy at the same time to see she was no longer young. As if astonished, she stopped, glanced round the room, and seeing no seat vacant, went and stood in the embrasure of the window; all the gentlemen were so occupied with themselves that no one paid the slightest attention to this lady standing in the middle of men sitting down. I went up to one whose face displeased me. Sir, I said, placing my hand on his chair, allow me to take this for a lady standing near the window, whom no doubt you did not see.' Alphonse Karr presented the chair; the lady raised her veil, and he recognised Georges Weimer—'that celebrated

while they lasted she was treated with extreme harshness, and, as Madame de Rémusat informs us, 'with a violence the excesses of which I dare not relate in detail, and which lasted until his new caprice suddenly vanished and all his tenderness for his wife reawakened.' In fact, poor Josephine was always being plunged into the most dire distress, and then being consoled. A few kind words and caresses from Bonaparte, and her tears were quickly dried, but only to flow again on some new occasion. On his side, Napoleon was indignant at the jealousy of his wife, and rudely declared that, seeing her own conduct, she had no right to complain of his; he considered that Josephine exhibited an improper amount of sensibility in presuming to interfere with his temporary liaisons, which he endeavoured to persuade her were necessary to distract him from the cares of state. 'She is always afraid,' he said, 'that I shall fall seriously in love, though she must be aware that love is not made for me. For what is love but a passion which leads one to abandon the universe for the object loved. And assuredly I am not of a character to indulge in such exclusiveness.' So totally was the Italian period obliterated from his mind. It is to be remarked upon this sub-

queen of the theatre—queen by her splendid beauty; that last royalty momentarily and successively recognised by several emperors. Georges Weimer had only flashes of talent; but her beauty, which she preserved to a very advanced age, assured her a triumphal position for more than half-a-century on the stage. She was then poor, and those famous diamonds with which it used to be announced she would appear—Mdlle. Georges will perform with all her diamonds—when they were not in pawn, had long been sold. At the time when Mdlle. Georges was announced to play with all her diamonds, it was announced that Père Lacordaire would preach in his Dominican costume.'

ject, that Bonaparte would never allow any of his numerous conquests to obtain too great a hold over him. He always broke the chain before it became too strong. Upon one occasion, after a liaison which had lasted longer than usual, he brutally said to Josephine on the terrace of St. Cloud, 'You must send Madame . . . . away; I have had enough of her.' According to Bonaparte, and he repeated this at St. Helena, immorality is the greatest vice of a sovereign, for it gives a bad example to his people. But by immorality he meant a scandalous publicity given to liaisons which should remain secret. He himself had never a titled mistress; no Duchess of Portsmouth; no La Valière, de Montespan, or de Maintenon, like Louis XIV.; no Parabère, like the Regent; no three sisters de Mailly, Pompadour, or Dubarry, like Louis XV. He never went campaigning with 'three queens.' The weaknesses of Napoleon were only known to a limited circle.

One liaison in which Napoleon indulged during the Consular period is worthy of remark, in proof of the control he exercised over his passions where they were likely to interfere with more material interests. When in Italy, after Marengo, the celebrated singer Grassini attracted the attention of the conqueror. He sent for her, and she reminded him that she had made her *début* at the moment of his first exploits as general of the army of Italy. 'I was then,' she said, 'in the height of my beauty and my talent. I charmed all eyes and inflamed all hearts. The youthful General alone remained cold, and yet I only thought of him. How strange! When I was worth something, and had all Italy at my feet, and would have dis-

dained everything for a look from you, I could not obtain it; and now, when I am no longer worthy of your notice, you regard me with a favourable eye.' The liaison with Madame Grassini seems to have lasted for a year. Napoleon gave her money to go to Paris, and she was engaged to sing at the court concerts, much to the annoyance of Josephine. The last one hears of this lady in the memoirs of the period is in 1814, when, according to Bourrienne, the Duke of Wellington sought her good graces, 'in order, no doubt, to acquire some resemblance to General Bonaparte'!

During the Consulate Josephine lived in great splendour. When the concordat was proclaimed at Notre Dame, with all the pomp and circumstance due to such an occasion, in 1802, from sixty to eighty ladies walked in her train. At the Tuileries she played the part of a queen. Talleyrand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and not yet Lord Chamberlain, gave her his hand and led her round the diplomatic circle, naming the various ambassadors. We are told that her appearance was always hailed with a flattering murmur of admiration; that the ladies of the court rose when she entered and when she quitted the room, and that foreign ministers after an audience with the consuls always paid their respects to Madame Bonaparte. This imitation of the manners and customs of the ancient régime was highly displeasing to the Republicans, but the First Consul was too much flattered by the grace and dignity displayed by Josephine in these state receptions to renounce them. To all outward appearance the greatest harmony existed between Bonaparte and his wife.

But for several years the threat of a divorce hung over her head and embittered her existence. She was aware that the civil contract which united her to Bonaparte contained several flaws, and might easily be invalidated. On several occasions, and especially on the conclusion of the concordat, she had entreated Bonaparte to strengthen the tie by marrying her according to the rites of the church ; but he had always evaded this on the ground that few persons were aware that they had only been married by the mayor, and that to send for a priest would occasion a scandal. Better let matters remain as they were. The Comte d'Haussonville, in his 'History of the First Empire and the Catholic Church,' alludes to the curious fact of 'this strange catechumen, acclaimed as the anointed of the Lord,' never having been religiously married to Josephine, and yet forcing his generals to attend mass and to have their children baptised. This persistency on the part of Bonaparte not to lead Josephine to the altar was a constant source of alarm. She had borne her husband no children, in spite of her visit to Plombières, and she knew that he was anxious for an heir. In fact, the succession began to torment him in the year VIII., or a couple o years before he became Consul for life. The question of a divorce was mooted at that early period, and several princesses were spoken of as eligible parties. In reply to Volney, who said something about an Infanta of Spain, Bonaparte observed that if he were in a position to marry again, he would not seek a wife in a house which was falling into ruin. Rather remarkable words, considering what afterwards occurred. Lucien Bonaparte, when ambassador at Madrid, negotiated

such an alliance with the Prince of the Peace, and Napoleon, though well aware of all the inconvenience which would attend an union with the House of Bourbon, took the matter into serious consideration, as we shall see hereafter.

Josephine was perfectly well aware that Bonaparte's brothers and sisters were always urging upon him the necessity of repudiating her. The year before the proclamation of the Empire, Joseph made a desperate effort to persuade Bonaparte to consent to a divorce. At the close of a long and animated conversation he exclaimed to his brother—'You hesitate? Well, what will happen? Let a natural cause bring about the death of this woman, and for all France, for Europe, and for myself, who know you well, you will be a poisoner. Who will believe that you did not do what it was in your interest to do? Better be beforehand with such shameful suspicions. You are not married. You have never consented to have your union with this woman consecrated. Leave her for political reasons, and do not allow it to be believed that you have got rid of her by a crime.' It is clear that Joseph had no great idea of the morality of his brother, and regarded him as a Borgia. Bonaparte, on his side, if he did not suspect Joseph, thought Lucien quite capable of poisoning him. According to the gossip of Paris at this period, the following was to be the course of events. 'Bonaparte will be Emperor; the dignity will be hereditary; the two other consuls, Cambacérès and Lebrun, will be suppressed; Madame Bonaparte will be repudiated; the Margrave of Baden, who acted as a sergeant of Bonaparte in the Enghien affair, will give him a princess of

his family for wife. In this way Citizen Bonaparte will become the brother-in-law of the Emperor of Russia. He will have a child; it will be a boy; and soon time will have spread a veil over the origin of these things.'

The sterility of Josephine was often employed as an argument in favour of a divorce, not only by the personal enemies of Madame Bonaparte, but by serious politicians, who desired to see the existing order of things firmly established, and the return of the Bourbons rendered impossible. At St. Helena, Napoleon, who in his exile always spoke in terms of the greatest respect and affection for Josephine, said—'A son was necessary, and would have rendered me happy, not only as a political result, but as a domestic enjoyment. As political result, I should still be on the throne, because the French would have attached themselves to the King of Rome, and I should have never put my foot into that *abîme* covered with flowers [the Austrian alliance] which lost me. This pledge, again, would have kept Josephine quiet, and would have put an end to that jealousy which left me no repose. Josephine foresaw the future, and was alarmed at her sterility. She felt that a marriage is not complete without children. . . . When she renounced all hope, she often hinted at a great political fraud, and at last she dared to propose it openly.' This would lead one to suppose that no idea of a similar fraud ever occurred to Napoleon; and yet Madame de Rémusat writes that, previous to the coronation, 'the Emperor, having for the moment given up all idea of a divorce, but always anxious to have a son and heir, asked his wife if she would consent to accept one who did not be-

long to her. She was far from refusing to lend herself to any of Napoleon's fantasies, and Corvisart was sent for and consulted on the subject. 'If I can make sure of the birth of a male child, a son of my own, I desire that, witness of the false accouchement of the Empress, you shall do everything necessary to give this fraud an appearance of reality.' Corvisart refused to accept the proposition, but promised to keep the secret. 'And it was only long after the second marriage that he confided this anecdote to me, while attesting the legitimate birth of the King of Rome, on the subject of which the most unjust rumours had been circulated.'

Every time Napoleon and Josephine had a squabble, the threat of divorcing her was reiterated. It was so whenever her jealousy rendered her bolder than usual, and broke out in reproaches; when she had to complain of the impudence of some new favourite; when her reckless extravagance excited the wrath of her husband; or when Napoleon took it into his head that he was born to become Emperor of the West, or of the Gauls, and to found a dynasty. The divorce question was raised when the Royalists attempted to blow Bonaparte up in the rue Sainte Nicaise, and years afterwards when Staaps attempted his life at Vienna. Napoleon could not bear the idea of his work perishing with him, and in the Austrian capital he became more than ever convinced, says M. de Lescure, 'of the fragility of life in presence of German exaltation, British cupidity, Italian revenge, and Spanish ferocity.' The question of a divorce was also brought prominently forward upon other occasions, more especially in 1806, when the eldest

son of King Louis and the Queen Hortense was suddenly carried off by an attack of croup. To this child Napoleon would have been satisfied to leave his crown, and his decease was regarded as a death-warrant by Josephine. In addition to this, no matter how much Madame Bonaparte may have felt flattered by new honours and titles, she always apprehended that they would necessitate her repudiation. She strenuously opposed the elevation of her husband to the Imperial throne, and employed all those feminine arts of which she was mistress to dissuade him from accepting or seizing on it. She said, '*Je te prie, Bonaparte, ne te fais pas roi, c'est ce vilain Lucien qui te pousse; ne l'écoute pas.*'

Napoleon was campaigning in Russia when the news reached him of the death of the eldest son of his brother Louis; news which he appears to have received with a certain amount of indifference. It was then said that his Majesty had cast a favourable eye on the daughter of his faithful ally the King of Saxony; but that princess was thirty years of age, and ill-favoured, and an alliance with the court of Dresden offered no serious advantages. On his return to France, Bonaparte reassured Josephine upon this point. The fact is, that the conferences of Tilsit, and the enthusiasm manifested by the Czar on the occasion of their meeting, had encouraged the idea of a more brilliant alliance than one with a third-rate monarchy, or with the decrepit house of the Spanish Bourbons.

Josephine had vainly hoped that with her coronation Napoleon would renounce his ideas of a divorce, but in this she was mistaken. What had encouraged

these hopes? In the first place, shortly before the coronation, a second son was born to King Louis and the Queen Hortense. In the same year, after a scene of singular violence, Bonaparte as usual had found it impossible to resist the tears and submission of Josephine. She had discovered her husband locked up in a private apartment at St. Cloud with a Madame .... had insisted on the door being opened, and had overwhelmed the guilty pair with reproaches. Madame .... immediately ordered her horses and left the château. As for Napoleon, he broke several pieces of furniture in his fury, swore roundly that he would no longer submit to the jealous surveillance of his wife, that he was determined to shake off her yoke, that she must prepare to quit St. Cloud, and that he must have a wife capable of bearing him children. Eugène de Beauharnais, sent for to arrange the departure of Josephine, refused all compensation for himself, and declared he would follow his mother even to Martinique (whither Hortense had accompanied her on a previous occasion). The Queen Hortense, asked to intercede, replied that her mother had no doubt been imprudent and would lose her crown, but that at least she would find repose. 'Believe me,' she added sadly, alluding to her own unfortunate lot, 'there are women still more unhappy.' When this storm had blown over, and a tender reconciliation had been effected, poor Josephine was thrown into a fresh state of agitation by Napoleon calmly showing her that a divorce had become a necessity. 'I have not sufficient courage,' he added, 'to arrive at a supreme resolution, and if you show too much affliction, if you simply obey me, I feel that I shall never

be strong enough to leave you; but I admit that I greatly desire you should know how to resign yourself in the interest of my policy, and that you should render as easy as possible this painful separation.' After hesitating whether she should at once retire to Malmaison and write to her husband that he was free, she adopted another course, and simply declared herself ready to obey orders and descend from the throne.

Once more Josephine triumphed; her perfect docility touched the heart of Napoleon, who at the same time was rendered both suspicious and angry at the undue exultation openly manifested by the various members of his family. Not only did Napoleon once more take Josephine into favour, but he related to her all the attempts which had been made by Joseph and his other brothers and sisters to induce him to repudiate her.

At this moment the world learned with astonishment that, contrary to all custom, the Pope had consented to leave Rome and to go to Paris, half in terror, half lured to the French capital in the hope of obtaining immense temporal, and perhaps a few spiritual, advantages. By consenting to place the crown on his head, he thought he might be able to persuade Napoleon to renounce the Gallican Church and the four famous propositions of Bossuet which formed the basis of her liberties. The Pontiff was probably not aware how deeply this matter interested the Emperor, and how carefully it had been studied. When a sub-lieutenant at Valence, said Napoleon at Erfurt, 'I passed my nights meditating and reading the history of the Sorbonne and everything that had been written

on the quarrels between the Gallican Church and Rome. I might have passed my examination as a doctor of theology. Religious questions always had a great attraction for me. They harmonised with my mind and ideas.' Noticing this matter, Michelet remarks that his Majesty 'drew from the study of the history of the Gallican Church those principles of royal tyranny which subjected even the altar to the throne, and which led this excellent Catholic to imprison the Pope.' However, Pius VII. fondly hoped that he might induce this terrible restorer of the Catholic religion not only to hand back to their rightful owner the legations in Italy, and Avignon and Carpentras in France, but to renounce the four propositions. Bonaparte had privately informed Cardinal Caprara of his plans concerning the coronation and the Pope before the proclamation of the Empire—plans carefully concealed from the Pontiff under torrents of friendly assurances—but once the demand was regularly and officially made, the Holy See was treated with no more courtesy than if its kingdom had been of this world, and was informed that no evasive or dilatory answer would be accepted. The concordat had been signed with France, and France and Rome had thus been bound together. Since the signing of the concordat, the Holy See had upon several occasions been deceived and humiliated, and now that a reluctant consent was wrung from the Pontiff to repair to France to crown the new Charlemagne, the Church was taunted with having adopted the old device, '*Omnia serviliter pro dominatione.*' The Catholics throughout Europe were indignant that Pius VII. should have consented to crown an upstart

whose hands were still red with the blood of the Duc d'Enghien, especially as, according to Consalvi, the Pontiff had wept 'over the assassination of that great and innocent victim.' In the stipulations exacted by the Pontiff before leaving Rome no allusion was made to this sanguinary episode, but Pius VII. protested that he would not permit Madame de Talleyrand to be presented to him—the wife of the celebrated diplomatist whom he consented to designate as 'his dear son M. de Talleyrand.' To be sure, when Talleyrand married Madame Grand, that lady's husband was still alive, though he had consented to a divorce on receiving an appointment at the Cape of Good Hope. The Pontiff had to draw the line somewhere, and he drew it so as to exclude Madame de Talleyrand, though the conduct of many other persons he condescended to receive was equally, if not more reprehensible. At the last moment a serious difficulty arose, and the negotiations between the Tuileries and the Court of Rome were on the point of being broken off. 'Napoleon's letter of invitation had been handed to the Pontiff by General Cafferelli instead of by two bishops.' No such dereliction of etiquette had taken place since the Girondist minister Roland had appeared at the court of Louis XVI. with ribbons instead of with buckles in his shoes. But the Pope, who had bravely swallowed more than one camel, did not long strain at this gnat. He overlooked the sanguinary tragedy enacted in the ditch of Vincennes, and the insults heaped upon him by Napoleon in Egypt, and he left Rome on November 2, 1804. On the 4th Frimaire, year XIII. (November 25, 1804), the Pope reached Fontainebleau,

and on the evening after his arrival Josephine executed a plan which she is said to have previously conceived. Trembling with fright and emotion, she threw herself at the feet of the Pontiff, and, much to his astonishment, confessed that she had never been married according to the rites of the church. Pius VII. was full of tenderness and commiseration for the weeping woman. Canonically speaking, he said, the situation of the Emperor did not concern him; it was an affair between himself and his conscience; as far as he was concerned he must continue to ignore everything; but having learned what he now knew from the Empress, he could not crown her unless she got married by a priest. Napoleon, we are told, was highly irritated when he learned what had passed, but there was no help for it, and he was forced to legitimise his union. The consequence was, that the day before the coronation Napoleon and Josephine were joined together in holy wedlock in a room in the Tuileries, where an altar had been privately erected. Cardinal Fesch officiated, and Duroc and Berthier were present as witnesses. As in the town-hall of the eighth ward, Josephine had no bridesmaids. This marriage was kept a profound secret. Consalvi did not dare even to speak of it in his despatches, and M. Thiers was the first historian to mention it. Such is the account given of this matter by the Comte d'Haussonville, to which we shall return presently.

The manner in which Napoleon revenged himself on the Pontiff was highly characteristic. At the coronation, which took place at Notre Dame, he kept his Holiness waiting an hour, and when Pius VII. was preparing to place the emblem of royalty on his

head, he seized the diadem and crowned himself, and then crowned Josephine. The Pope was so annoyed at this, that he threatened, should the episode be related in the 'Moniteur,' to declare that faith had been broken with him. The 'Moniteur' was consequently silent. Josephine had therefore just grounds to suppose that the threatened danger might be finally averted, and that Napoleon, having another nephew, having wedded her at the altar, and having crowned her at Notre Dame, would relinquish his ambitious projects of seeking an Imperial alliance. In 1806, too, came the Senatus Consultum which determined the civil status of the Imperial family and other matters. We are chiefly concerned to know that this instrument laid down that the princes and princesses of the Imperial family could not marry without the consent of the Emperor, and that children born of marriages contracted in spite of him would only enjoy the advantages attached by custom in certain countries to marriages called morganatic. Also, that divorce was interdicted in the Imperial family, although the Emperor might authorise a separation.

On the occasion of the coronation Madame de Rémusat says: 'Before starting for Notre Dame we were ushered into the apartment of the Empress. Our toilettes were very brilliant, but they paled before those of the Imperial family. The Empress especially glittered with diamonds; her hair was done in a thousand little curls, as in the time of Louis XIV., and she did not appear more than twenty-five years of age (instead of forty-one). She was dressed in a court dress and mantle of white satin, embroidered with silver and gold. She had a bandeau of diamonds,

a necklace, earrings, and a girdle of great value, and all this she wore with her usual grace. Her sisters-in-law also shone with an infinite number of precious stones, and the Emperor, examining us one after the other, smiled at this luxury, the creation of his will. . . . The whole ceremony was most imposing and grand. The moment when the Empress was crowned excited a movement of general admiration, not on account of the act itself, but owing to the grace with which she walked to the altar, and the elegant and simple manner in which she kneeled down.'

Before the ceremony, the sisters-in-law of the Empress had expressed their indignation on being called upon to hold up Josephine's train, and during the ceremony itself, an altercation arising out of this repugnance took place, and Josephine was almost choked. On the whole, this solemnity passed off with success. It had several times been rehearsed under the direction of David. Another great painter, Isabey, was charged to hand down to posterity the scene in Notre Dame, and to introduce into his work the figure of Madame Mère, who had preferred remaining in Rome with her favourite Lucien to playing a part in a costly pageant. Chenier, the brother of that talented and unfortunate poet who was guillotined during the Revolution, who tapped his forehead on the scaffold, bitterly exclaiming, 'And yet there was something there,' was charged to celebrate the coronation by a tragedy! He chose Cyrus for his subject, and so flattering were the allusions addressed to the Emperor that his play was hissed off the stage, for Marie Joseph Chenier had been an ardent Republican, and had formerly belonged to the section of Brutus. To us it seems

strange that the dramatic author should have selected Cyrus as his hero, considering that the father of that monarch was of ignoble family, and that in the end he was utterly defeated by the Queen Thomyris, who cut off his head and flung it into a vessel full of human blood. Many years after this a French poet, indignant at the sanguinary career of Napoleon, and pointing to his statue at the top of the column of Vendome, declared he would not be obliged to stoop in order to drink the blood he had shed.

The preparations for the coronation had given rise to two episodes worthy of remark, which showed with what remarkable tenacity Joseph and the other members of the family clung to what they considered their vested rights, and how they resented anything affecting the dignity of their newly-acquired rank. They also possessed other points of interest. On the eve of the Pope's arrival the Emperor summoned a council in order to settle all the ceremonials to be observed—a council composed of his two brothers, the Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès, the Arch-Treasurer Lebrun, the Minister of the Interior Champagny, the Grand Chamberlain Talleyrand, the Master of the Ceremonies Ségur, the Grand Marshal Duroc, and the Master of the Horse Caulaincourt. A great many articles were discussed and adopted without difficulty, but the council did not terminate as peacefully as it began. The Emperor, returning to the question of the costumes, insinuated, contrary to what had been agreed to a month previously, that he alone should wear a long mantle. Cambacérès protested with great warmth against this change; a description of the costumes had already been published, and the

tailors had nearly completed them. Napoleon asked Joseph what he thought of the suppression, and he replied that the long mantle lined with ermine had always been an attribute of sovereignty. He was glad to be relieved of it himself, as it would have been repugnant to his feelings to have asked any of his aides-de-camp to hold up his train. He then declared with considerable animation that, as he and the other princes were only to be treated as grand dignitaries, and as their wives were not to be considered as princesses, the train of the Empress should be borne by ladies in waiting. The Emperor refuted the objections raised by his brother, and mentioned what had passed on previous occasions, and especially at the coronation of Marie de Medicis. Joseph, however, who had studied the whole matter, made a considerable display of erudition; he proved that Marie de Medicis had only been accompanied by the Queen Marguerite and by Madame the sister of Henri IV., and that her train had been borne by a distant relative; that the Queen Marguerite, who had behaved with great generosity in consenting to be present at the coronation of the woman who had replaced her on the throne, and who, more fortunate than herself, had given heirs to the king, had not been asked to hold up the train of Marie de Medicis, who, as a mother, had a right to special honours. The Emperor was highly irritated, and, jumping up from his chair, indulged in such a vehement flood of abuse that Joseph tendered his resignation, and offered to retire into Germany. Some days after this violent scene, Napoleon sent for Joseph, and told him that since their quarrel he had not had a moment's repose. He had

even lost his sleep. No one else could upset him to such a degree; he was exceedingly fond of him, owing to his excellent character. 'I know you to be incapable of committing a crime,' he added, 'and no matter what advantages you might reap by my death, you would not purchase them by an assassination.' After giving Joseph this touching mark of confidence, which was hardly reciprocated, Napoleon told his brother that he had three courses before him; he might resign, and retire altogether from public affairs; he might continue to enjoy the rank of a French prince, and indulge in opposition to his system; or he might join him frankly. In the first case the Emperor added that he would give him one or two million francs, and he might purchase a property in Italy. 'You have nothing to fear from me,' he continued; 'I am no tyrant for my family; I will never commit a crime, since I have not committed one in order to get rid of my wife, although I have long felt the necessity of a divorce, at least until my tour in Normandy and Belgium, where I became aware of all the baseness of the French, and that a divorce was not necessary to obtain their servility.'

The second episode shows that if Napoleon did not consider Joseph capable of committing a crime, this confidence was not extended to some of the other persons who were to play a part in the pageant. In the 'ceremonial' drawn up by M. de Ségur, art. 46 of title iv. contained the following words:—'Their Majesties will receive the Holy Communion.' At the last moment this regulation was altered by hand to 'Should their Majesties receive the Holy Communion.' In the programme published in the 'Moniteur' on

the 9th Frimaire, both phrases were omitted, and there was no question whatsoever of the Communion, which in fact was struck out of the ceremony. The reason assigned for this change was that Napoleon had no means of assuring himself that the bread and wine were not poisoned, and that he could not trust the Italian prelates.

Perhaps when Napoleon entertained suspicion that he might possibly be poisoned at his coronation, he was thinking of the strange forebodings of Henry IV. and the fate of that monarch. There was more than one point of resemblance between the situation of that of 1609 and that of 1804. For instance, Marie de Medicis, like Josephine, considered that if she were crowned, her position would be secure and she would no longer have to fear a rival. M. Guizot has left a graphic description of the closing scene of *le Vert Galant.* 'In February,' he says, 'Charlotte de Montmorency, the third daughter of the Constable, sixteen years of age, was presented at court. There was nothing so lovely under heaven. She was engaged to be married to François de Bassompierre, one of the first gentlemen of the King's chamber. One morning his Majesty sent for Bassompierre, and said he had been thinking all night of marrying him to Mdlle. d'Aumale. 'I asked him,' said Bassompierre, 'if he wished to give me two wives.' After a deep sigh the King observed, 'Bassompierre, I wish to speak to you as a friend. I have not only fallen in love, but have gone mad about Mdlle. de Montmorency. Now, if you marry her and she loves you, I shall hate you; if she loved me you would hate me. It will be better therefore that this affair should not trouble our friend-

ship, for I have a great affection for you. I have therefore determined to marry her to my nephew the Prince de Condé, so as to have her in the family. This will be the consolation of that old age upon which I am entering. I will give my nephew, who is young, and who loves sport a hundred thousand times better than ladies, 100,000 francs a year to amuse himself with. The only favour I desire from her is her affection, without having any further pretension.'

Bassompierre consented; the marriage between Condé and Charlotte de Montmorency was duly celebrated, but Henri IV., though fifty-six years of age, was little inclined to keep his engagement. 'So dominated was the King by his new passion,' says Guizot, 'that the Princess de Condé, who had at first exclaimed, *Jésus mon Dieu, il est fou!* began to imagine she would soon become Queen of France. Marie de Medicis was greatly alarmed, and by way of precaution demanded to be crowned before Henri IV. set out for the war which he was going to wage with Austria. The Prince de Condé became jealous, and took his wife to Picardy, and then to Brussels, where he left her. Henri IV., first to go and see her, then to persuade her to return, resorted to all kinds of passionate and childish measures, which greatly damaged his personal character and that of his government. Sully was impatient and restless. Marie de Medicis strongly insisted on being crowned. The perspective of this coronation greatly displeased the King, who said to Sully—'My friend, I don't know how it is, but my heart tells me a misfortune will happen to me. I shall die in this city; they will kill me.' This being the case, Sully tried to persuade

him to put off the coronation, but he refused. On the contrary, he announced the coronation for May 13, at St. Denis. On the 14th he went to the Arsenal to visit Sully, who was ill, and was assassinated.

In 1804 the Legion of Honour was instituted, and on July 14 (anniversary of the fall of the Bastille) the Emperor repaired to the Invalides with great pomp, and after hearing mass distributed crosses. The Empress, who took part in this ceremony, appeared young and lovely, though surrounded by young and pretty women. The elegance of her gait, we are told, the charm of her smile, and the sweetness of her expression, produced such an impression that numbers of persons present declared she completely effaced the cortége which surrounded her.

However, neither her double marriage, her coronation, art. 7 of the Senatus Consultum, her grace, her amiability, her beauty, or her tears, could save Josephine from the inevitable. Napoleon loved her as much as he was capable of loving. On his return to France after Marengo, he declared that the music of Josephine's voice had appeared sweeter to him than the popular applause by which he was greeted. He was ready to sacrifice for her anything but his ambition. He must be the founder of a dynasty, and leave behind him a long line of successors.

During the coronation period, and while the Pope was still at Fontainebleau, Napoleon indulged in a characteristic liaison in which several of the principal personages of the court played a part. When Pius VII. retired of an evening, Josephine remarked that Napoleon, contrary to custom, not only remained talking with the ladies, but appeared in the best pos-

sible humour. To the keen eye of a jealous wife this was an unmistakable symptom. Josephine was sure that her faithless spouse had formed some new attachment, and at first she suspected, and wrongly, the wife of Marshal Ney. The real culprit turned out to be an exceedingly pretty young woman, with fair hair, bright blue eyes, who danced well, had small feet, and a heart which was not over susceptible, named Madame Duchâtel. Eugène de Beauharnais, having fallen in love with this lady before she had been noticed by his stepfather, Josephine had treated her with great consideration, had praised her person and her toilette, and had petted her, thus attracting in the first instance the attention of Napoleon. The Murats, who were always on the watch to encourage the liaisons of the Emperor in order to separate him from his wife, wormed themselves into the confidence of Madame Duchâtel and set her against the Empress. Murat, with his usual complacency, pretended himself to be in love with the lady, so as to blind Josephine as to the real state of the case, and to be able to play the go-between without arousing suspicion. The Empress was not long in detecting the truth. The deference of Duroc and other courtiers for the rising star soon made her acquainted with her rival. In return for her reproaches she was treated by Napoleon with the greatest harshness; he insisted on the right of indulging in what Madame de Rémusat terms his *sauvage galanterie.* But it appears that Josephine was not afflicted on her own account alone. Her heart was so sensitive that it shared some of the grief of Eugène, who had been thrown over by the fair beauty, and it was with terror she learned that her husband,

so as to have the field clear, had suddenly ordered Eugène to join the army of Italy with his regiment, and this in the depth of a most inclement winter. He was to march in four-and-twenty hours. Prince Eugène obeyed at once, and implored his mother not to remonstrate. The Emperor acknowledged to Josephine that he was deeply in love, but told her to hold her tongue and leave him alone ; that his passion would not last unless he was irritated. Josephine therefore determined to submit with resignation, and renounced the idea she had formed of refusing to receive Madame Duchâtel. And these things passed while the Pope was the guest of his Most Christian Majesty, and so shortly after the religious ceremony. In the spring the court removed for a time to Malmaison, where, leaving the Empress, Napoleon used to stroll about the grounds with Madame Duchâtel and Madame Savary. However, one day, either suddenly touched by the despair of Josephine or alarmed by the power gained over him by Madame Duchâtel, which aroused his suspicions, he determined to shake off the yoke. He made a clean breast to his wife, declared that they had wished to govern him, repeated all the malicious things Madame Duchâtel had said about her, and otherwise behaved in a manner which showed how utterly destitute he was of the most simple rudiments of honour and delicacy. Madame Duchâtel was now treated with the same brutality as Josephine had been treated shortly before, and Josephine was asked to aid in getting rid of her rival. She consented to play this rôle, for she objected to any scandal, and, as was to be expected, she acquitted herself of her task in the kindest pos-

sible manner, and with a generosity beyond all praise. Eugène de Beauharnais, too, had his reward, as we shall relate hereafter, and a year afterwards was ordered to enter into the holy state of matrimony.

Josephine was not destined to remain long in possession of the fickle heart of her husband, who was next smitten with the charms of Madame Denuelle, or rather Madame Revel, who was afterwards known as Madame St. Laurent, and whose romantic history will be found in another portion of this work. Here again Murat acted as pimp to his Imperial brother-in-law. It appears in fact to have been part of the duty of both Murat and Duroc to provide for the fleeting caprices of their master. On the occasion of the Polish campaign Murat, who had preceded the Emperor to Warsaw, was instructed to select a pretty young woman for his Majesty, and to choose her in preference from the ranks of the nobility. It must be admitted, to the credit of Murat, that in this case he performed his not very elevated functions with great tact and success, and the result was a liaison as pure as such liaisons can be when they include a double adultery—a liaison which reminds one of that between Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, or that between Warren Hastings and the Baroness Imhoff. Murat persuaded a young and lively Polish lady, the Comtesse Walewska, to forsake an elderly husband, and to repair to a château in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, where Napoleon was to take up his head-quarters. On arriving at this château, the Emperor set to work on military affairs, and it was only at an advanced hour in the night that he presented himself to the Countess, and immediately plunged into a con-

versation on the political situation of Poland, questioning her on the opinions and the interests of her countrymen, as if eliciting information from a prisoner brought into his camp. However, a deep and mutual attachment followed, which lasted through several campaigns. A note recently published in the 'Revue Historique' mentions that the Comtesse Walewska was with Napoleon in 1809 at Vienna, and that she was much astonished at his curiosity and the interest he took in all the gossip of the city, questioning Constant, while being undressed, even concerning the squabbles of valets. The result of this liaison was a son, Alexander Florian Joseph Colonna Walewski, who was born at the château of Walewice, in Poland, on August 5, 1810. The Poles, constantly deluded by Napoleon, could never renounce the idea that in the end the French Emperor would enable them to recover their independence, and on the birth of his natural son they hoped he would settle the crown (coveted by Jerome and Murat) on his head. We may note here that Count Walewski filled several high posts with honour under the second Empire, and that he succeeded M. de Morny, the illegitimate son of the mother of Napoleon III., as President of the Corps Législatif.

Mdlle. Avrillon, in her Memoirs, says that Madame Walewska went to see Napoleon at Elba, but that the Emperor persuaded her to leave the island at once, fearing the report of her presence should reach the ears of Marie Louise. She adds that the Empress, who never ceased to love Napoleon, after the divorce, treated Madame Walewska, before everyone, with the greatest kindness, rendering justice to the excellent

qualities of a lady who had never caused her pain, petting her child, overwhelming him with toys, and though greatly struck by his resemblance to the Emperor, covering him with caresses. However, after the second fall of Napoleon the Comtesse Walewska remarried—as the Countess Guiccioli married the eccentric Marquis de Boissy.

To return to the year 1806, there can be no doubt that the Empress at the commencement of the Polish campaign felt once more all the pangs of jealousy. She had been permitted to follow her husband as far as Mayence, where she learned what had happened at Warsaw. She made urgent and frequent appeals for permission to join the army, but Napoleon would not hear of this, and attempted to soothe the apprehensions of his Imperial spouse by such letters as the following:—

Posen: December 3, 1806.

I have received your letter of the 27th, by which I perceive that your little head is troubled. This reminds me of the line, *Désir de femme est un feu qui dévore.* However, you must calm yourself. I told you I had entered Poland, and as soon as I settle down into winter quarters you will be able to come. . . . The warmth of your letter shows me that nothing will stop you pretty women; what you desire must be accorded; but I declare myself the slave of men. My master has no heart, and that master is the nature of things.

NAPOLEON.

Pultusk: December 31, 1806.

I laughed heartily on receiving your last letter. You have an idea of the beauties of Poland which they do not deserve. Your letter reached me in an old barn, where I had mud, wind, and straw for my bed. I shall be at

Warsaw to-morrow. I shrug my shoulders at the stupidity of Madame L. . . . As for myself, I despise ingratitude as an ugly blemish of the heart. I know that instead of consoling you, people have caused you pain.

NAPOLEON.

Warsaw : January 23, 1807.

I have received your letter of January 15. It is impossible for me to allow women to travel under existing circumstances. The roads are bad, unsafe, and muddy. Return to Paris; be gay and happy. Perhaps I shall soon be there. I laughed at what you say about having married in order to be with your husband. I thought, in my ignorance, that the wife was made for the husband, and the husband for his country, his family, and glory. One has always something to learn from you pretty women. Adieu, my dear friend, believe me that it costs me much to tell you not to come. Say to yourself—this is a proof how precious he considers me !

NAPOLEON.

The Empress, seeing it was of little use waiting at Mayence, returned to Paris, where she received the following assurances :—

Fürkenstein : May 10, 1807.

I know nothing about the ladies with whom you say I correspond. I only love my good, pouting, capricious little Josephine, who knows how to pick a quarrel with such good grace, and who is always amiable when she is not jealous ; then she becomes the very devil. But let us return to these ladies. For me to take any notice of them they would have to be rosebuds. Do those of whom you speak enter into this category? . . . Do not allow any persons to get round you whom I do not know, and who would not dare to present themselves if I were in Paris.

NAPOLEON.

After the Eylau campaign, and when Russia and

Prussia had both been brought to treat with the conqueror, the Emperor wrote :—

Tilsit : July 8, 1807.

The Queen of Prussia is really charming; she is full of coquetry for me, but you must not be jealous, for I am like oil-cloth, off which everything runs. It would cost me too much to play the gallant.

NAPOLEON.

And in fact nothing could have been more harsh and ungenerous than the manner in which the Emperor treated 'this Armida setting fire to her palace,' and her unfortunate country, which had not finished paying off its war indemnity when the war between France and Germany broke out in 1870.

Having settled his affairs with the Northern Powers, Napoleon started homewards, probably leaving the Countess Walewska behind him. He then wrote to the Empress :—

Dresden : July 18, 1807.

My Friend,—I arrived yesterday at Dresden in good health, although I remained a hundred hours in my carriage without leaving it. I am staying with the King of Saxony, with whom I am perfectly satisfied. I am more than half-way home, and one of these fine nights I shall tumble down upon you at St. Cloud, like a jealous fellow. I give you due notice. Adieu, my friend ; I shall be delighted to see you once more.

NAPOLEON.

Although Napoleon treated the marriage tie very lightly himself, he kept a close watch on Josephine, who could not stir a step without his knowledge. The following report, intercepted by the allies at this epoch, will show the kind of surveillance to which her

Majesty was subjected. It was addressed to Napoleon by the Minister of Police, and ran thus:—

The Empress had the pleasure of receiving a letter from the Emperor to-day, dated the 24th, from Harthau. A private cabinet letter confirmed the news that his Majesty has not ceased to enjoy good health. This despatch was very agreeable to the Empress, and most tranquillising. The cabinet letter gave favourable news of the health of the Vice-Constable [Berthier]. The Empress, who had heard the Princess of Neufchâtel [Berthier's wife] complain that she had no news of the Prince, immediately wrote to him on the subject. A great number of persons of all conditions had asked for news of the Vice-Constable with an anxiety very flattering for him. A cabinet council was held to-day at the usual hour, and afterwards the Emperor rode in the Bois de Boulogne. The weather remained fine till five o'clock, when the air became chilly. Her Majesty enjoys good health. Sleep has returned, and she no longer complains of being out of sorts.

The Emperor may be said to have returned to France with his mind fully made up to demand a divorce. In the first place, he had lost his nephew, the eldest son of his brother Louis, on whom he had centred his hopes and affections; and in addition he was highly elated with his recent victories, and flattered at the friendly manner in which he had been treated by the Czar. The rumour in Paris was, that when at Dresden he had demanded the hand of the daughter of the King of Saxony. But that princess was in no sense of the word a rosebud; she was neither young nor pretty, nor would the alliance have been considered acceptable by the Emperor, whose ambition increased with his military success. He found no difficulty in reassuring Josephine on the

subject of this lady, but he shortly afterwards spoke to her about the possibility of a divorce, telling her once more that if a divorce became necessary it would be for her to aid him to accomplish the sacrifice. He would count upon her friendship to save him from the odium of a rupture. Would she have the courage to assume the initiative in this matter? All that Josephine would promise was to obey orders. This promise she had made before. She firmly refused any further concession. 'Sire,' she said, 'you are the master, and can decide on my fate. When you order me to leave the Tuileries I shall instantly obey. I am your wife, I was crowned by you in presence of the Pope. If you divorce me, all France will know that it was you who drove me away, and will bear witness to my obedience and my grief.' Napoleon appears to have been more overcome by emotion than offended at Josephine's reply—a reply to which she adhered, being well aware that on giving the Emperor the slightest encouragement her doom would be sealed. She reminded Napoleon, too, that when he married her he had felt honoured by the alliance, and that it would be an odious act to repudiate her in the height of his glory when she had consented to share his lowly fortune. She declared to Madame de Rémusat that she would never yield, but would behave like a victim, adding, 'who knows if he will be able to resist the necessity of getting rid of me if I stand in his way?' Remarkable words, when compared with the reflection made by his brother Joseph on a previous occasion, and when taken in connection with some dark suspicions of foul dealing which will always hang over the memory of Napoleon.

For example, Hoche was one of Josephine's admirers; at one time he was a serious military rival for Bonaparte. He died suddenly and mysteriously before he was thirty years of age, and Josephine is said to have been convinced that he was poisoned, though she would never mention the name of the person suspected of the crime. Pichegru was found strangled in his prison-cell, and the official assertion that he committed suicide will be always open to doubt. Other victims of Imperial wrath were more openly but not less efficaciously dealt with. It may seem strange that Josephine should have clung to a man who was continually humiliating her in presence of the court, if not in public; who so often treated her with harshness, violence, and ingratitude, and whom she considered capable, and even guilty, of the blackest crimes. Years afterwards, in the solitude of the château of Navarre, she explained this by saying that when Napoleon took the trouble he was the most seductive of men, and that it was impossible to resist him. He exercised over the pliant character of Josephine an amount of fascination which it would be difficult to exaggerate, and could at any moment make her forgive and forget.

Shortly after the return of Napoleon to France, the court removed to Fontainebleau, where the usual intrigues recommenced. It was known that the Emperor was more bent than ever on a divorce, and the Bonapartes did all they could to encourage him in this idea. His Majesty at this moment formed a liaison with a Madame Gazzani, remarked in Italy by Talleyrand, who had persuaded Napoleon to attach her to the Empress in the quality of reader. Madame

Gazzani is said to have outshone all the most lovely women of the court. The Emperor made no secret of his liaison, and Josephine, convinced that resistance was useless, submitted quietly to her destiny. According to Mdlle. Avrillon, this new mistress 'had at first to undergo all kinds of humiliations at the court on account of her birth. Her real crime, however, was her beauty, which eclipsed that of all the other ladies of the court. But such was her amiability that she succeeded in winning over several duchesses. She was so respectful, too, towards the Empress, that her Majesty treated her with great kindness, and entrusted her with the guardianship of her diamonds in order that she might have a post at court.' It is not said if the ex-Bishop of Autun, who on this occasion usurped the functions of the Grand Admiral Murat, received any reward. The husband of the lady, however, was appointed to the lucrative post of receiver-general.

It was during this sojourn at Fontainebleau that the unfortunate Josephine was once more thrown into an agony of despair. One evening, as she was about to retire to rest, she received a large official letter, signed by the Minister of Police. In this letter Fouché plainly told her that the moment had arrived for a divorce, that the policy of France was compromised for want of an heir to the throne, and that public opinion demanded a settlement ensuring the succession. Fouché, therefore, called upon the Empress to immolate herself for the welfare of her country. This strange letter, which was couched in most respectful language, concluded by declaring that the Emperor had no knowledge of the step taken by his minister

of police, and Josephine was implored to keep the matter secret. Having consulted Talleyrand and other friends, the Empress was advised to lay the whole affair at once before her husband, who denied all knowledge of the letter, expressed himself highly irritated with Fouché, and offered to dismiss him. It is difficult to suppose that Fouché, bold as he was, took this step on his own authority; but at the same time he may have felt convinced that he was only anticipating the wishes of his master. It is certain that in spite of violent menaces he remained at his post and continued to enjoy the Imperial favour. The part played by Talleyrand is somewhat obscure. He was not overburdened with sensibility. Like Fouché he had been a partisan of the Beauharnais party, but he had become convinced that a divorce was necessary, and that it had been determined on. The supposition therefore is, that he was merely opposed to the time and means, and was jealous of the initiative assumed by Fouché. In addition to this, Talleyrand was no partisan of a Russian alliance, which at that moment appeared imminent, owing to the sudden and mutual admiration of Napoleon and Alexander.

Prince Metternich said in one of his despatches that the two most prominent men in France, Talleyrand and Fouché, found themselves united by a common interest; that both desired to see the existing order of things established on a firm basis, and a provision made for the direct succession; that Fouché had spoken to the Empress on this subject, and had been backed up by Talleyrand; but that 'Josephine defeated all the manœuvres of her adversaries, being aided by the superstition of the Emperor.' In the

'Memorial of St. Helena' the following curious remarks are to be found touching this episode: 'It was Fouché who first touched the fatal chord, and without orders advised Josephine to demand the dissolution of her marriage for the welfare of France. The moment, however, had not arrived, and this step, which caused a great deal of sorrow and trouble in the household, highly irritated Napoleon. If he did not at once dismiss Fouché on the demand of Josephine, *it was because he had secretly resolved on the divorce himself.*'

When Fouché and Talleyrand thus urged the necessity of establishing the actual order of things on a firmer basis, neither the regicide who had been educated as a monk, and had been created Duc d'Otrante, nor the renegade bishop who had become Prince of Beneventum, could have had any idea that a few years later they would betray Napoleon, concerning the duration of whose dynasty they were so anxious, and would thus pave the way to a fresh spell of office and new honours under Louis XVIII.

Josephine, however, aided by her tears, her charms, and other circumstances of a political nature, defeated the machinations of the Minister of Police and the Grand Chamberlain. One of the other circumstances was the war with Spain, from which Josephine had vainly endeavoured to dissuade Napoleon, and which had also been opposed by 'the two most prominent men in France.' It is distressing to find *la bonne Joséphine*, as she was called by the people, after having been courted and flattered, and after having performed innumerable graceful actions, almost entirely deserted. With the exception of Cardinal Fesch, all the Bonapartes were against her, and all the ministers,

with the exception of M. de Montalivet, the most upright and faithful of Napoleon's advisers. In a country which prides itself on its gallantry, a woman who had given a thousand proofs of her amiability, who was remarkably generous and forgiving towards her enemies, and who was ever ready to serve her friends, found herself friendless and alone.

At this moment the Emperor paid a flying visit to Italy, whither he went to endeavour to arrange a matrimonial alliance with the Spanish branch of the House of Bourbon. We shall treat this curious episode in the Imperial career when we come to Lucien Bonaparte. Suffice it to mention here that his plans broke down. On his return to Paris, on January 1, 1808, Napoleon had several conversations with Talleyrand on the subject of a divorce, expressing the most conflicting opinions. He was evidently reluctant to part with Josephine, and at the same time was lured on by his insatiable ambition and the prospect of being able to marry one of the sisters of the Czar.

Lord Holland says he was informed by a lady who knew Josephine well, that the Emperor told his wife in her cabinet that his family, his ministers, his council, and in fact, everyone, had represented to him the necessity of a divorce and a new marriage; and that while she was leaning on her arm, with tears in her eyes, he walked backwards and forwards in a hurried manner, frequently repeating, 'What say you? Shall it be? What say you?' Josephine—and it is impossible not to admire the skill of her answer—'What will you have me say? Your brothers and your ministers all are against me, and I have only you to defend me!' The tears, the submission of Josephine, and

her covert allusion to Napoleon allowing himself to be influenced by anything but his own strong will, had their effect. 'Ah! you have only me to defend you,' he exclaimed. 'Well, you will win the day.' However, great was the indecision of his Majesty.

One day, on leaving the cabinet of the Emperor, Talleyrand announced that his Majesty had at last made up his mind, and that it would be useless any longer to oppose a divorce. The same evening there was a reception at the Tuileries, at which all the princes, ambassadors, and ministers were present, but neither Napoleon nor Josephine made their appearance. It appeared afterwards that the Emperor, feeling unwell, had sent for the Empress, who found him suffering from cramps in the stomach, and persuaded him to go to bed. He had consented on the condition of Josephine remaining with him; and it was not without a feeling of irritation that Talleyrand learned that the couple about to be divorced had retired to bed at 8 P.M., and had given strict orders not to be disturbed. Napoleon seems to have declared to his wife that he could never leave her, and that he was surrounded by persons who were continually tormenting him and making him unhappy. But all his tears and protestations had little effect upon Josephine, who was aware of the short duration of these fits of tenderness, and who was perfectly certain that she was destined to become the victim of his ambition. At this critical instant Napoleon, thanks to his overweening confidence and obstinacy, found himself involved in that terrible Spanish difficulty which in the end proved so disastrous to his fortunes, and which at its commencement monopolised his entire attention. Engaged in

this affair, he had no longer any time to think of a divorce, and on April 2 he was on his road to Bayonne, accompanied by Josephine. On reaching the Spanish frontier he took up his quarters at the old royal residence of Marrac, where he entered into those tortuous negotiations with the feeble King of Spain, his good-for-nothing son Ferdinand, and the Prince of the Peace—negotiations which shocked the diplomatic morality of Talleyrand by their baseness, treachery, and inutility.

The divorce was temporarily abandoned for the carrying out of a scheme of partition agreed upon between Napoleon and Alexander, which the former had revealed to his brother Joseph at Venice during his hurried visit to Italy. That scheme is thus set forth in the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit:—'Art. 1. Russia shall take possession of European Turkey, and shall extend her conquests in Asia as far as she deems advisable. 2. The dynasties of the Bourbons in Spain, and the House of Braganza in Portugal, shall cease to reign. 3. The temporal power of the Pope shall no longer exist; Rome and its dependencies shall be united to the kingdom of Italy. 4. Russia engages with her marine to aid in the capture of Gibraltar. 5. The French shall take possession of certain cities on the African coast, such as Tunis, Algiers, &c. 6. Malta shall belong to France, and peace shall not be declared until England has given up that island. 7. The French shall occupy Egypt. 8. The navigation of the Mediterranean shall only be permitted to French, Russian, Spanish, and Italian ships; all other nations shall be excluded. 9. Denmark, on consenting to hand over her navy to

France, shall be indemnified in North Germany. 10. No power shall be able to launch more than a certain number of vessels, or to maintain more than a certain number of ships of war.' Lanfrey, in admitting that the British Government was perfectly justified in seizing on the Danish fleet, says that England was aware of the secret stipulations of the treaty of Tilsit, but refused to state by whom they had been revealed. Some persons thought the precious communication had been made by Sir Robert Wilson, who had served two years with the Russian army; others believed it was Alexander himself who betrayed his friend, being at heart in favour of the English alliance. There is little ground, however, for believing in this piece of treachery, since, when Lord Leveson Gower was instructed to demand from the Czar communication of the secret articles, his Majesty preferred going to war.

It was a very magnificent programme which induced Napoleon to lay aside for awhile his domestic schemes, and to resume the half-broken thread of his existence with Josephine. At the château of Marrac he indulged in another liaison, and, as usual, with a lady attached to the person of the Empress. This liaison is chiefly remarkable in consequence of the various versions to which it gave rise. According to Mdlle. Lenormand, Josephine found Napoleon at the feet of Mdlle. Guillebeau, who had resisted him, and who said on seeing her: 'Madam, come and remind your husband that he ought to set an example of virtue to his people.' It is added that 'some time afterwards, on hearing Mdlle. Guillebeau was married, Napoleon declared he would send her

husband to such a distance from France that she would be forced to groan and implore him to consent to his return; but he would remain inflexible until she had flung herself at his feet, as he had flung himself at hers. To see her and to love her was but the work of an instant.' The version given by Mdlle. Avrillon is more prosaic. She says that Mdlle. Guillebeau was young, pretty, and played the harp extremely well; that Napoleon remarked her, and sent Roustan one evening to say he intended to pay her a visit. Upon this the lady gave herself airs, and looked down upon the 'ladies of the palace.' 'But,' adds Mdlle. Avrillon, 'some allowance must be made for a young person who, after being humiliated and treated with contempt, receives the homage of the master of the world.' Napoleon, we are then told, soon grew weary of his new conquest. Mdlle. Guillebeau threw herself at the feet of the Empress, implored her pardon, was sent back to her family, and under the Restoration accorded her favours to the Duc de Berri.

Madame Ducrest, in her Memoirs, alludes also to this liaison, and says that Napoleon sent Mdlle. Guillebeau back to Paris for having been saucy to the Duchess de Bassano and the Comtesse de Montmorency, and that she was accompanied by MM. de Beaumont and Monaco. For some reason which has not been revealed to us, she was deprived of the services of a lady's-maid. At St. Helena, Napoleon, alluding to the version given of this affair by Lewis Goldsmith, who said the Emperor grossly ill-treated this young Irishwoman, remarked that, 'On the road to Bayonne, at the fête given by the city of Bordeaux,

I saw by Josephine's side a most charming girl with whom I was greatly struck. The impression she created upon me was remarked. All this had been arranged beforehand ; God knows for what purpose. She was a new reader of the Empress Josephine. This young person, therefore, followed her to the château of Marrac, and she would not have failed to make considerable progress. She already occupied a considerable place in my mind when the person charged with *the secrets of the post office* destroyed the charm by sending me a letter directed to the young person. This letter was from her mother, an Irish-woman, who traced out the rôle she should play, advised her to play her part with skill, and insisted, above all, that she should manage to obtain, at no matter what price, living traces in her own interest, and so as to prolong her favour. This letter destroyed all illusions by the filthiness of the intrigue and the turpitude of the details ; by the style, the hand which had traced it, and especially because it emanated from a foreigner ; and the pretty little Irish girl, as Lewis Goldsmith says, was suddenly put into a postchaise and sent to Paris. And now a libeller makes this out a crime, when it was rather an act of virtue and continence on my part, of which I could perhaps boast with greater reason than Scipio ; but this is the way in which history is written.' This tamperer with private correspondence, when he compared himself to the virtuous Roman general, was no doubt thinking of the lovely princess who fell into Scipio's hands at Carthage, and who was sent back inviolate to her parents and bearing rich presents to the person to whom she was betrothed. There is

something too grotesque in this French Scipio's idea of virtue, and then, like nearly everything he said at St. Helena for the benefit of posterity, his version of the liaison at Marrac was evidently false.

An event of considerable importance, as it afterwards turned out, occurred at this period. On April 20, 1808, the Queen Hortense was confined of her third son at the Tuileries, a child now known in history as Napoleon III. Before the death of the eldest son of Louis and Hortense it was generally believed, and no doubt rightly so, that it was Napoleon's intention to leave him his throne. We have seen in his letter to Joseph how he spoke of 'a little prince who will some day be a great prince.' The Queen Hortense and Josephine afterwards thought for a time that Napoleon might transfer his affection to Charles Napoleon, but in this they were mistaken, and the birth of Charles Louis Napoleon in no way influenced the situation. The Emperor, in the midst of his grand schemes of conquest and alliance, had little idea that his crown would descend, not to any direct heir male of his body, but to the child born while he was squabbling over Spanish affairs with Escoiquiz at Bayonne, the third child of Charles Bonaparte's third son.

After having kidnapped the King and Queen of Spain and their children, and having given the Spanish throne to Joseph, Napoleon found himself at war with the Spanish people, concerning whom he had formed a very erroneous estimate. Before he had time to carry his arms very far, such threatening rumours reached him from Austria that he was obliged to hurry away from the Peninsula, whither he

had summoned his best generals and his best troops, to avenge the disaster of that gallant officer, gentleman, and poet, Dupont, who had been forced to capitulate with 20,000 men at Baylen. The moment seemed favourably chosen by Austria for disputing the rights which Napoleon had assumed in Germany. Prussia was burning to avenge her defeat at Jena; the Pope had just excommunicated the despoiler of the Holy See; Russia, in spite of Tilsit and Erfurt treaties, was anything but friendly, in consequence of disturbances fomented in Galicia. The Tugendbund was rapidly spreading. The Tyrol was in a blaze; and Tyrolean sharp-shooters were no doubt regretting that they had manned the tops of the tyrant's vessels at Trafalgar, and had struck down Nelson on his quarter-deck. The French army, weakened by the despatch of reinforcements to Spain, only numbered 130,000 men, who were disseminated between Hamburg and Naples. In addition to this, Napoleon was far away, charging Spanish batteries with Polish lancers, and England was preparing a great expedition. The Archduke Charles had 500,000 men under his orders, and had he displayed any activity he might have decided the campaign, before Napoleon arrived, by taking advantage of the gap of thirty leagues which separated Davoust from Massena. Napoleon, on arriving, soon placed matters on a different footing, and repaired the errors of his lieutenants. Josephine had accompanied him to Strasburg, and we find in Prince Metternich's memoirs, that 'at Luneville the report was that the French had lost a great and decisive battle. At Strasburg I found this news confirmed; it related to the battle of

Aspern (or Essling). At this epoch the Empress Josephine resided at Strasburg. I had hardly alighted from my carriage when I received an invitation to pass the evening with her. I found her very uneasy with regard to the consequences of the event in question. She informed me of all she knew, and I was fully convinced of the importance of the defeat. The details were so precise and so positive that Josephine had no doubt that on reaching Vienna I should find negotiations opened. The Empress even admitted that on the road I might meet Napoleon returning to France.' The check which the French Emperor experienced at Essling was soon repaired, thanks to the timidity of the Archduke Charles, who was afraid to take advantage of his success, and whose great military talents seemed paralysed in presence of his formidable antagonist. Had the Archduke followed up his success at Essling, or had he not thrown away Wagram by allowing too many Frenchmen to cross the Danube, contrary to the exhortation of the Emperor Joseph, we should have heard nothing of the matrimonial alliance with the house of Hapsburg. The patriotic anxiety of Josephine at Strasburg was soon to be replaced by that chronic uneasiness which had so long been the bane of her existence. The victory of Wagram sealed her doom.

It has been remarked that so great was the respect in which the Archduke held the military genius of Napoleon, that he would have been loth to destroy his idol. There is no doubt exaggeration in this judgment, the probability being that the Archduke was simply afraid of the Emperor's superior talent, and lost all confidence when opposed to him.

It is interesting to find that in his earlier campaigns Napoleon entertained a similar feeling towards the Austrian general. In a letter to the Directory, dated 5th Germinal, year V. (March 25, 1797), he said: 'Up to the present Prince Charles has manœuvred worse than Beaulieu or Wurmser; he has committed faults at every step, and very gross ones. They will cost him dear, and would have cost him much more if his reputation had not imposed upon me to a certain extent and made me suppose that certain mistakes I perceived had been dictated by views which in reality did not exist.—BONAPARTE.' In 1809 Napoleon had no longer a high opinion of the Archduke, and immediately took advantage of his errors.

Several reasons now induced Napoleon to turn his attention once more to a second marriage. He was fully aware of the danger from which he had narrowly escaped? Not long after the conclusion of the peace of Vienna he said to Prince Metternich: '"If in the month of September you had recommenced hostilities and had beaten me, I was *lost.*" Seeing he had said too much, he corrected himself, and substituted for "lost," *in great embarrassment.*' Lanfrey, writing on this subject, says: 'The serious want of success at Essling offered to the enemies of Napoleon a unique occasion for dealing a dangerous if not mortal blow at his domination. Without having been precisely vanquished, he had been obliged to fall back, to modify his plan of campaign, and for the moment to renounce those offensive operations so favourable to his genius and so dear to his pride. If he had not experienced all the humiliation of defeat, he had been foiled in his combinations, his prestige

had suffered, and the situation was compromised. He had lost a portion of that marvellous force called public opinion, which he cherished as a talisman, and for the moment he was unable to move. The two days of Essling had shown him upon what a slender thread depended so much glory and power, such magnificent designs, and such wonderful fortune. All this had almost vanished in an attempt to cross a river. Another effort, and the hero of so many exploits would have been driven into the Danube.' And Duruy says that 'the battle of Essling produced an alarm which lasted a long time after Wagram and the treaty of Vienna.' A great impression, too, seems to have been made on the mind of Napoleon by the attempt of Staaps on his life—this attempt not only induced him to hasten the signature of peace, to reduce the war indemnity imposed upon Austria, and to hurry away mysteriously from Vienna, but it confirmed him in his conviction that it was high time to raise up heirs to his glory.

V.

THE DIVORCE.

NAPOLEON, as we have seen, had long brooded over the idea of forming an alliance with one of the royal houses of Europe, but wars and other matters had hindered him from realising his intentions. It is said that during the drawing up of the Code the secret desire to contract a second marriage at some future period led him to frame a law of divorce which accorded great facilities for severing the conjugal tie, and that Josephine followed the discussions in the Council of State with painful anxiety. To obtain a divorce mutual consent became sufficient. In 1808 the Pope, like the Emperor Francis, had been led to believe that the downfall of Napoleon was at hand, and that the moment was favourable for hurling an excommunication at the head of the conqueror he had crowned, and for taking up his spiritual weapons. Several articles of the French civil code were declared incompatible with the canons of the Roman Church, and Catholics were forbidden to observe them. In secret instructions, or Encyclica, sent to the bishops, particular stress was laid on the articles relating to marriage and divorce, which were denounced as contrary to the dogmas of the Evangile. These Encyclica came rather late—four years after the Pope's visit to France, and seven years after the

signature of the concordat and the adoption of the *Code Napoléon*. It is to be remarked, too, that Cardinal Consalvi, on the conclusion of the concordat, had raised no objections on the subject of divorce which was mentioned in the preamble of the religious convention signed by the Secretary of State in the name of the Pope. The circular, however, had its importance, and its effects were soon seen.

At Erfurt Napoleon appears to have confided his secret wishes to Alexander, and to have sounded him on the possibility of a marriage with the Grand Duchess Catherine, one of the Czar's sisters. Alexander, while showing himself favourably disposed, gave Napoleon to understand that in all probability it would be difficult to vanquish the resistance of his mother, and in fact the Empress is said to have declared that she would sooner see her daughter at the bottom of the Neva than the wife of Napoleon. The matter was dropped for the time; but for fear it should be pressed again, the Empress hastily married the Grand Duchess Catherine to the Duke of Oldenburg; not a very brilliant match. It is true that the Czar had another sister, the Grand Duchess Anne. M. Lanfrey, in his account of this affair, says that the overtures were first made to Alexander by Talleyrand, who acted, as usual, with exquisite tact. The Czar, he adds, expressed the most flattering regret, and was profuse in his thanks for the honour intended towards the Imperial House of Russia, and hoped that, although he was unable for the moment to obtain the consent of his mother, one day this union, which he ardently desired, would be arranged to their mutual satisfaction. But Napoleon obtained

nothing more. It is amusing to find that Talleyrand was more successful on his own account, for he managed to obtain the hand of the Duchess of Courland, a relative of the Czar, for his nephew. 'And this,' remarks Lanfrey, 'was the clearest result of French diplomacy at Erfurt!'

One curious result of this match was that a branch of the Talleyrands became Prussian subjects, and that in the Franco-German war of 1870 a Talleyrand served in the Prussian Guard. As for the great diplomatist who failed to obtain the hand of the Grand Duchess Catherine for Napoleon, it is interesting to find him under the Restoration, when the negotiations for a marriage between the Czar's daughter and the Duc de Berri fell through, insinuating that Alexander did not belong to a sufficiently good house!

Before Napoleon returned to France from his Austrian campaign, he wrote to Josephine (October 21, 1809), that he looked forward to the pleasure of embracing her once more with impatience. However, on his arrival, she was struck both with the coldness of his manner and the triumphant airs of her enemies. A few days afterwards she perceived with consternation that the secret communication existing between her apartment and that of the Emperor had been closed. On November 15 the court returned to Paris, and on the 30th occurred a scene which is thus described in the Memoirs of Constant, who appears to have been listening at the door. The Emperor and Empress had dined together, but had hardly eaten anything or uttered a word. The dinner concluded, the Imperial pair were

left to themselves. 'After a few minutes,' writes Constant, 'I heard screams, and rushed forward. The Emperor opened the door. The Empress was lying on the floor, crying as if her heart would break. "No," she exclaimed, "you will not do it! You would not kill me!"' Then follows a description of the difficulty which the Emperor and M. de Bausset had in conveying the Empress to her own apartment, down a narrow winding staircase, and placing her on her bed. M. de Bausset has left it on record that during the descent, charged with the bust, while the Emperor held Josephine's legs, he was much hampered by his sword, and very nearly allowed his precious burden to slip from his arms. A good deal troubled in mind, he took a firmer hold of what he considered the inanimate body of the Empress, and was much relieved when Josephine whispered to him, 'Don't squeeze me so tight.' From that moment the Prefect of the Palace considered that he was engaged in a comedy instead of a tragedy. 'The Emperor,' continues Constant, 'was deeply affected, and declared he had done violence to his heart in the interest of France and the Imperial dynasty, and that a divorce had become a deplorable necessity. The Queen Hortense and Corvisart were sent for, and the Empress passed a very bad night. As for the Emperor, he found it impossible to sleep, and got up several times to make inquiries after Josephine. His grief was intense.'

Previous to this scene the divorce had been decided upon in council. According to Talleyrand, official matters were being discussed when the Emperor suddenly cut them short, and abruptly said

there were three points on which they should deliberate immediately, and decide without any unnecessary loss of time. 1. Whether it was essential to the interests of the State that he should divorce Josephine for the purpose of ensuring succession. 2 Whether, on so doing, he should marry a princess allied to some ancient dynasty in Europe. 3. Whether a Russian or an Austrian would be the most eligible match. The council naturally decided in accordance to what were known to be his Majesty's wishes.

At this moment all the royalties dependent on their Imperial master had been bidden to France to celebrate Napoleon's recent victories in Austria and the anniversary of the coronation. The parliamentary session, too, was about to open. Awaiting the signature of the act of divorce, it was deemed necessary for Josephine to take part in the various ceremonies and fêtes which had been commanded, and constantly to appear in public. 'This she did, her cheeks rouged to hide the pallor caused by a month of anguish.' On December 22 their Majesties repaired to Notre Dame, where, in spite of a certain excommunication which had been fulminated but not promulgated, a *Te Deum* was sung. But the Empress on this occasion did not, as at the coronation, stand by the Emperor's side. On leaving Notre Dame the Imperial cortège took the road to the Corps Législatif, where the session was opened with unaccustomed splendour, the presence of the Emperor inspiring an amount of enthusiasm which appeared to gratify Josephine. About 5 P.M. the Imperial party returned to the Tuileries, where a grand reception was held in the Gallery of Diana, and afterwards came a banquet.

The Emperor wore his grand coronation costume and his plumed hat, which he never for an instant removed. Although he eat more than usual, he was evidently ill at ease, and glanced continually about him in such a manner that the grand chamberlain, M. de Talleyrand, repeatedly bent down to receive orders which were never given. The Empress was seated facing the Emperor, dressed in her richest attire and covered with diamonds, but with face exhibiting greater traces of suffering than in the morning. To the right of the Emperor was seated the King of Saxony, in white uniform turned up with red, and richly embroidered with silver. He had a pigtail of prodigious length. To his right sat Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, who, a few months before, had trembled for the safety of his throne, fancying that the Walcheren expedition was intended for the Baltic. This ex-sailor was now at the banquet in the Tuileries, clothed in a tunic of white satin, fastened by a belt a foot broad, studded with pearls and diamonds. He wore a magnificent lace collar which left his neck bare, and a black velvet hat surmounted with white feathers completed his grotesque costume. Next to Jerome sat the King of Wurtemburg, so corpulent that he could not approach the table. 'God,' said Talleyrand, 'had created his Majesty to show to what an extent the human skin could be stretched.' Then came Murat, King of Naples, dressed as usual in a most extravagant manner—Napoleon said there was always something of Franconi about him—covered with crosses and decorations. To the right of the Empress sat *Madame Mère*, then came the Queen of Westphalia, the

Princess Borghese, radiant with delight, and the Queen of Holland, the picture of despair. The next day there was a magnificent fête at the Hôtel de Ville, where the Empress, who appeared for the last time in public, displayed her usual grace and affability. A few days after these rejoicings Eugène de Beauharnais arrived from Italy, and on learning from the Emperor's lips the decision he had come to, expressed a desire to follow the fortunes of his mother. 'What!' exclaimed the Emperor, 'you would quit me, Eugène? Are you not aware of the imperious reasons which force me to take this step? And if I have a son, the dearest object of my wishes, who will replace me when I am absent? Who will act as a father to him should I die? [Having little confidence in his own family.] Who will educate him? Who will make a man of him?' The Emperor appeared much affected, and tenderly embraced Eugène, who consented to remain viceroy of Italy, and to obey all Napoleon's behests.

At last the fatal day for the unfortunate Josephine arrived—December 16—when the Imperial family assembled in full dress to hear the act of separation pronounced. The Empress entered the hall leaning on the arm of her daughter, the Queen Hortense, and wearing a simple white robe without any ornament, as became a victim. Eugène de Beauharnais stood with folded arms beside the Emperor, but trembling with emotion. The Comte Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely read the act of separation, which was listened to in deep silence. It duly set forth that the policy of the monarchy and the interests and requirements of the people demanded that the

Emperor should leave children behind him, heirs of his love for the nation, and to the throne upon which Providence had placed him. For several years past he had given up all hope of having children by his marriage with his dearly-beloved spouse, and it was this which induced him to sacrifice the most tender affections of his heart, and in dissolving his marriage only to listen to the welfare of the State. The Empress, who, pale as death and with tears coursing down her cheeks, was seated in the centre of the hall, with one elbow leaning on the table, and with Hortense standing behind her chair, endeavoured to read her adhesion to the act, but her voice was choked with emotion, and the document had to be read for her. She, however, signed the act with a firm hand, and then retired. Prince Eugène, who left the hall at the same time as his mother and sister, had hardly passed the door when he swooned away. During the whole ceremony the Emperor neither pronounced a word nor made a gesture. He stood motionless as a statue, with his eyes fixed. And Constant relates that all day long he remained silent and gloomy, and—'At night-time he was hardly in bed, and while I was waiting to receive his last orders, the door suddenly opened, and the Empress, with dishevelled hair and distorted features, suddenly entered. I was terrified at the sight.' Then followed a scene of tears and caresses—Napoleon imploring Josephine to exhibit more courage, and promising to remain her friend. In the midst of sobs and tender expressions, Constant was ordered to leave the room. The next day the Empress quitted the Tuileries for Malmaison, and thus was the civil marriage undone by

mutual consent, and this in spite of the decree of March 30, 1806, prohibiting divorce in the Imperial family. The Senate naturally gave its consent to this decision. How could it refuse when addressed by Eugène de Beauharnais in the following terms?—'Senators, you have just heard the Senatus Consultum, and I conceive it to be my duty under present circumstances to state the feelings with which my family are animated. My mother, my sister, and myself owe everything to the Emperor. He has been a father to us, and he will always find in us devoted children and obedient subjects. It is necessary for the welfare of France that the founder of the fourth dynasty should surround himself with direct descendants. When my mother was crowned in presence of the people by the hands of her august husband, she contracted the obligation of sacrificing all her affections to the interests of France. She has fulfilled her duty with courage, nobleness, and dignity. The tears which this resolution has cost the Emperor suffice for the glory of my mother.'

It would be difficult to imagine two beings more dissimilar in almost every respect than Napoleon and Josephine. The former was peculiarly harsh and ill-bred, and carried the asperity and the manners of the camp into the drawing-room. His two wives and all his mistresses had to complain of his brutality. His conduct to women, which was always tinged with coarse familiarity, seemed to justify the exclamation of Burke when Marie Antoinette was executed—'The age of chivalry is gone.' Napoleon, according to Madame de Rémusat, could not say a graceful thing to a lady even when he tried. He insulted the

best of women, and even the wife of his brother Joseph, with his indelicate remarks ; and his presence inspired universal terror at court. Though always aiming at effect and studying attitudes, he was exceedingly ungainly, and could never acquire the imposing air and the dignity of an Emperor, in spite of the lessons of Talma. Josephine, on the contrary, was all grace and urbanity ; a rude or a harsh word never passed her lips ; she seemed to have been born to the purple, and her ease and elegance excited universal admiration long after the attractions of youth had disappeared ; it was easy to recognise the goddess by her gait. Josephine made everyone at home, and sent unsuccessful suitors away charmed with her affability. Napoleon was tormented with a multiplicity of schemes which, after troubling his brain all day, disturbed his rest at night and made him start from his sleep. His ideas crowded so thickly on each other that he was incapable of writing them down. He was a sort of Wandering Jew, tortured with the demon of unrest. He never felt tired of work, and would study logarithms as a recreation. Josephine, on the other hand, had all the indolence of the creole joined to that of the fine lady. She could not even bear the trouble of coming to a decision, and she squandered whole days in a semi-state of lethargy and idleness ; body and mind were soon fatigued. The climate of the Caribbean Sea must inspire languor, and the sun of the Mediterranean set the blood on fire. Napoleon was a tyrant in love as in war, while Josephine was a captive of the tender passion. Napoleon gave way to brutal excesses, never fearing to face the charms of a pretty woman, as

Charles XII. feared to face these of Aurora von Königsmark, but never allowing his reason to be enthralled. Josephine yielded, owing to a voluptuous temperament and weakness of character. The former allowed no obstacle, save policy, to oppose the gratification of his sensual appetites; while the latter was too feeble and *nonchalante* to resist her inclinations. It was 'the rage of the vulture' and 'the love of the turtle,' now melting to sorrow, now maddening to crime. Napoleon was quick to wrath, abrupt, violent, and imperious; Josephine was all tears, supplications, and seduction. He was a Corsican; he hated with all the perseverance and implacability of his race, and never really pardoned an injury. She was incapable of resentment or revenge. Emerson says that 'Napoleon was singularly destitute of generous sentiments.' He loved to humiliate all those around him. It was quite the contrary with Josephine, who never abused her position, who was as amiable in prosperity as in adversity, and whose noble qualities shone through her womanly frailties. Josephine was never found guilty of a mean or dishonest action. Of Napoleon it has been said, that having penetrated through the circle of power and splendour, you found out at last that you were dealing, not with a gentleman, but with an impostor and a rogue. In one point alone could this strange pair be said to resemble each other—they were both superstitious. Napoleon believed in external warnings, such as the breaking of a glass, which made him turn pale, and in dreams. It is said that one of the reasons of his enmity towards Lucien was, that he frequently dreamed that his brother, at the head of a band of *sansculottes*, was dragging

him from the Tuileries. As for Josephine, she was as fond of consulting fortune-tellers as Catherine de Medicis was of consulting astrologers, and she had perhaps more faith in the Sybil of the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Pythoness of the Faubourg St. Antoine than in the Pope himself. According to Capefigue, Napoleon was a statue of bronze, and Josephine a bauble in porcelain. The elder Pitt compared the coalition between Fox and Newcastle to the junction of the Rhône and the Saône—the one gentle, feeble, languid, and yet of no great depth; the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent—'but different as they are, they meet at last.' Napoleon more than once spoke of the blood circulating through his veins with the rapidity of the Rhône; and Josephine might well be compared to the other river.

Before disposing of Josephine and breaking the civil tie, Napoleon had written to Caulaincourt at St. Petersburg on the subject of the Princess Anne. He pretended that Alexander himself, at Erfurt, had proposed a matrimonial alliance, and he wished to know if he could count on the Czar's sister. Alexander was to be asked to give this matter a couple of days' reflection, and then to reply frankly, not as if to the French ambassador, but as to a person deeply interested in the welfare of two families. On December 28, 1809, Caulaincourt broached this question, much to the surprise of Alexander, who at that moment was entirely occupied with his apprehensions respecting the re-establishment of Poland and the execution of the treaty of Tilsit. The draft of a convention had just been drawn up, upon the following bases:—1st, Reciprocal engagement never to permit the re-

establishment of Poland ; 2nd, The suppression of the names of Poland and Poles in all public and private acts ; 3rd, The suppression of the ancient orders of Poland and the autonomy of the Duchy of Warsaw. The terms of this convention were being discussed when the matrimonial demand arrived, and Alexander learned the price which Napoleon intended to exact for abandoning Poland. The embarrassment of the Czar was considerable. As he told Prince Adam Czartoryski, at the moment Napoleon proposed to efface from history the very name of Poland, and caused equivalent declarations to be made by M. de Montalivet in the Corps Législatif, he was busy assuring the Poles that these were mere stratagems to deceive their common enemy. What with the encouragement given to Poland and the vexations due to the continental blockade, the Czar was in no humour to treat on the matter in question. However, he dissimulated his anger, and declared he would see with pleasure an union which would strengthen the alliance between the two countries. But, he added, he could not himself decide this question, as by a special ukase of the Emperor Paul, his father, the Empress-dowager had been entrusted with the exclusive right of disposing of her daughters. He would try and obtain her consent.

After what had happened in the case of the Grand Duchess Catherine, the Czar could have little doubt with regard to the decision of his mother. Alexander, on his side, however, wished at nearly any price to get his convention concerning Poland signed, and Caulaincourt received from Champagny authorisation to sign all that was demanded on the subject of the

Poles, reserving the ratification for Napoleon! On January 4, 1810, Alexander having expressed confidence in his ability to remove the opposition of his mother, Caulaincourt without hesitation signed the convention, being persuaded that this important concession would at once decide matters. On his side the Czar dragged on negotiations with his mother, in the hope that Napoleon would ratify the treaty before obtaining a definite answer. On January 10, 1810, Caulaincourt received orders to demand a positive reply within ten days. What was the reason of this strange ultimatum? The demand had only been made on December 28; the couriers took from fifteen to twenty days accomplishing the distance between Paris and St. Petersburg. The ultimatum, therefore, could not have been due to any impatience on the part of Napoleon, or to any undue delay or reluctance on the part of the Czar, for when it was written Napoleon had no knowledge of Caulaincourt's first despatch, and no time had been lost. Most of the documents concerning the second marriage of Napoleon have disappeared from the Foreign Office archives, but it is tolerably clear that the ultimatum, which would naturally wound the pride of the Court of St. Petersburg and cut short all further negotiations on the subject of a marriage, was due to a change of policy. The perspective of another alliance, more flattering in a dynastic point of view to the pride of Napoleon, had presented itself, and had been at once seized upon, while a despatch received from Caulaincourt, giving an unfavourable account of the health of the Czar's sister, finally decided Napoleon, or was seized upon as an excuse.

Even before the divorce of Josephine was determined on, the question of the relative advantages of a Russian or Austrian alliance had divided the court into two parties. Talleyrand and some influential advisers were in favour of Austria, while Cambacérès and others were in favour of Russia. Cambacérès, when asked for his reasons, said he was sure that Napoleon, a couple of years after his marriage, would declare war against the power with which he did not ally himself; that the idea of war with Russia and a march to St. Petersburg filled him with alarm; whereas Napoleon was well acquainted with the road to Vienna. Napoleon wavered for a time, and one day asked Count Daru for his advice, whether a Russian or an Austrian match would be preferable. Daru, with remarkable freedom, replied 'neither.' He pointed out that the nation was attached to the *bonne Joséphine*, and regretted the Empress; that it would certainly be displeased if convinced she had been repudiated simply in favour of a more brilliant alliance; that the people would feel flattered should the Emperor marry a Frenchwoman; that his throne did not resemble other thrones, and that it would be an act of real greatness not to imitate other monarchs. Napoleon answered simply that Daru's reasons were childish, and that it was well Talleyrand was not there to listen to them.

However this may be, there was not only a court party in favour of a French marriage, but Napoleon himself seriously thought the matter over. His brothers and sisters, who had so constantly urged the repudiation of Josephine, were by no means pleased with the prospect of being eclipsed by an Imperial

princess, who would probably treat them with haughtiness, and who would at all events be independent. According to the Duchess d'Abrantes, efforts were made to induce Napoleon to marry Mdlle. Massena; and Michelet relates how the Emperor's sisters took him more than once to St. Denis, where the daughters of officers were educated, to see a marvellous young beauty; but all to no use. What do we find in the 'Memorial of St. Helena'? 'Later on,' writes Las Cases, 'the Emperor returned to what he desired, and what he ought to have done, on re-marrying. It would have been eminently national, he said, to have married a Frenchwoman. France was great enough, and its monarchs sufficiently powerful, to neglect all foreign considerations. Besides, blood alliances between sovereigns do not hold good against political interests. It is to admit a foreigner into State secrets which she may betray,' &c. On another occasion the Emperor said: 'If Austria and Russia had raised difficulties, my intention was to marry a Frenchwoman; I should have selected a wife from one of the great families of the monarchy; in fact, that was my first idea, my real inclination; my ministers were only able to hinder me on political grounds.' There are no official documents in support of this inclination, which his Majesty at the time treated as childish.

Josephine, too, appears to have been at first opposed to the Austrian match, as is proved by the following letter, which she wrote to Napoleon on hearing that the divorce had been determined upon: 'My presentiments are realised. You have pronounced the word which separates us; the rest is merely a formality. This, then, is the result of, I will not say

so many sacrifices, for they were sweet to me, but of a friendship without limits on my side, and the most solemn oaths on yours. . . . You speak of the necessity of giving an heir to your Empire and of contracting an alliance! With whom do you form this alliance? With the natural enemy of France; with that insidious House of Austria which hates our country by system and necessity,' &c. It is true that Josephine was led to modify this opinion afterwards, most probably upon religious grounds.

There was a report in Paris about this time that the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise of Austria had been agreed to in a secret article of the treaty of Vienna, but this does not seem to have been the case. Prince Metternich says that not a word was spoken about this marriage before peace was signed, nor directly afterwards. Several French historians have given the following account of the march of events, and among them M. Thiers, Comte d'Haussonville, and M. Lanfrey.

The evening before the Empress Josephine left the Tuileries she presided at a soirée with her usual grace and affability. On the steps of the palace M. de Floret, secretary to the Austrian embassy, expressed to M. de Sémonville his regret that the divorce should terminate in a Russian marriage, while Austria, in his opinion, would be enchanted to give the Emperor an archduchess. M. de Sémonville[1] feigned surprise, and

[1] Talleyrand bore M. de Sémonville rather a grudge for the part he played in this affair, and avenged himself in his usual epigrammatic manner. Some years afterwards, while discussing the utility of a House of Peers, a friend remarked—'At all events, you find consciences there.' —'Yes,' replied the veteran diplomatist, there are a great many consciences; for example, de Sémonville has at least two.'

pretended not to see anything in the words of M. de Floret beyond a polite expression of regret. The Austrian attaché, however, reiterated his assurances, and declared he was in earnest. M. de Sémonville at once reported the matter to the Duc de Bassano, who repeated the conversation to Napoleon. The Emperor said he had just received similar information respecting the disposition of the Court of Vienna from M. de Narbonne, who was at that time governor-general of Trieste, but who was on a short visit to the Austrian capital. M. de Narbonne, who owed his favour to Josephine, was, by the way, one of the most ardent promoters of the divorce. The Emperor directed the Duc de Bassano to open negotiations as secretly as possible with the Austrian ambassador Prince Schwarzenberg, and, without committing himself, to try and obtain some distinct promise. M. de Laborde, who had served in Austria during the emigration, was selected to act as intermediary in this delicate negotiation. He found the prince much grieved at the idea of the Russian marriage, which, in his opinion, would be a new misfortune for Austria. However, this account hardly tallies with the following letter, written by Prince Metternich to Prince Schwarzenberg:—

Vienna: December 25, 1809.

You desire to receive some instructions with regard to the intentions of his Majesty relative to a question which may shortly arise. Should the divorce of Napoleon take place, it is quite possible that you may be sounded with regard to an Austrian alliance.

After due circumlocution, and allusions to the readiness of the Emperor to accept a painful sacrifice in

the interest of his country, Schwarzenberg was instructed not to refuse overtures, but told at the same time that his master would never force his dear daughter to marry a man she disliked, and that he would never consent to a marriage not in conformity with the Catholic religion.

I should acquaint you [added Prince Metternich] that before his departure M. de Laborde sounded me as to the possibility of a family alliance. He started the idea of a marriage between the Imperial Prince and the daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, or between the Archduchess Marie Louise and the Emperor. I left him little hope with regard to the first, and explained myself with respect to the second proposition in the sense of the instructions given above.

From this letter it appears that negotiations for an Austrian alliance were commenced before it was known in Vienna that the divorce had been pronounced, and some time before the date fixed by the French historians. Prince Metternich, in his Autobiography, gives this version of the affair:—

Before, as after, the conclusion of the peace of Vienna [October 14, 1809], not a word was exchanged between Napoleon and the Austrian cabinet relative to the projected marriage of the French Emperor. We were aware of the negotiations which Napoleon had opened with the Court of Russia, with the view of an union with a grand duchess, and we also knew that he was resolved to break his marriage with the Empress Josephine, which was irregular. We had so little idea of any intentions with regard to an Austrian archduchess, that when M. de Laborde mentioned them we believed ourselves the sport of a dream. But we were forced to regard the matter as serious when, at a masked ball, Napoleon, in person, begged my wife, who had remained in Paris, to acquaint me with his intentions. This is what happened. At a masked ball given by the Arch-

chancellor Cambacérès, and to which my wife had been invited in the most pressing manner, a mask took hold of the arm of Madame de Metternich, who immediately recognised Napoleon. He led my wife into a cabinet at the extremity of the apartments, and after a few insignificant words, asked her if she believed the Archduchess Marie Louise would accept his hand, and that the Emperor, her father, would consent to the union. My wife, much surprised, declared it impossible for her to reply to these questions. Napoleon then asked her, if she were in the place of the Archduchess, whether she would accord him her hand. She assured him that she would certainly refuse him. 'You are spiteful,' said the Emperor; 'write to your husband, and ask him what he thinks of the matter.' My wife declined, pointing out Prince Schwarzenberg as the proper person to act as intermediary. The ambassador was at the ball, and she did not fail to tell him what had passed between the Emperor and herself. The next morning Schwarzenberg received the visit of Prince Eugène, who made the same overtures 'in the name of the Emperor, and with the consent of the Empress Josephine, his mother.' The ambassador declared he could only accept this communication *ad referendum.*

Prince Metternich then relates how he communicated the demand to his sovereign, who referred him to his daughter, who, in the interest of her country, accepted. A courier was despatched with this news to Paris, but there was one condition—the sacrifice was not to be sullied by anything resembling a bargain; it was to be unconditional. 'This,' says Prince Metternich, 'is the truth concerning the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Marie Louise' —a marriage which drew from Lord Castlereagh the bitter comment, that it was sometimes necessary to sacrifice a virgin to the Minotaur.

Some further light is thrown upon this event in a

letter which Madame de Metternich wrote to her husband on January 3, 1810. In this communication she described a visit to Malmaison, where she found Eugène and Hortense, who both declared themselves Austrian, and said they had strongly advised Napoleon to marry an archduchess. Madame de Metternich was still more surprised when the divorced Empress entered and said that the only thing which would console her for the sacrifice she had made would be to see the Emperor marry an archduchess. 'I spoke to him about it yesterday,' she said, 'but he is not decided.' [The ultimatum had not yet been addressed to St. Petersburg.] 'You must persuade your Emperor that nothing will save his country from ruin if he does not consent, and that this is the only way to avoid a schism in the Church. The Empress concluded by saying that Napoleon was going to breakfast with her, and that she would let Madame de Metternich know something positive in the course of the day.

In replying to this letter on January 27, Prince Metternich said that the Empress Josephine had recently exhibited a strength of character calculated to increase those sentiments of veneration with which she had long inspired France and the rest of Europe. He also expressed his conviction that in the event of a demand being made on the part of Napoleon, it would be favourably received.

On the same day a long despatch was addressed to Prince Schwarzenberg, alluding to what had passed at Malmaison, and to the overtures which had been openly made to Russia. Prince Metternich said he was puzzled to decide which negotiations were serious, those openly addressed to St. Petersburg or

those secretly addressed to Vienna. With any other negotiator but Napoleon he would not have hesitated to put faith in the latter.

On February 14 Prince Metternich wrote another despatch, in which he said that, from precise information he had received, a demand was imminent, and that this demand would be rejected neither by the Emperor of Austria nor by his daughter. Alluding then to 'the enterprises of Napoleon against the head of the Church,' Prince Metternich said: 'The insinuations made by the Empress Josephine to Madame de Metternich, and those since made to your Highness, tend directly to connect the cause of the Church with that of the marriage.' The Prince was delighted at the prospect of his master restoring peace to the Church, and obtaining complete repose for his conscience by the sacrifice of his daughter, who was to bestow her hand on the eldest son of the Church, then labouring under an excommunication. And yet the alliance was not to be sullied by any bargain, but to be unconditional.

In a despatch dated February 19, Prince Metternich described the benefits which Austria anticipated deriving from the alliance. 'His Majesty,' he wrote, 'limits himself to the hope of gaining, by the immense sacrifice he has made, some years of tranquillity, and of being able to heal the wounds caused by struggles incessantly renewed. We do not suppose that Napoleon, on marrying an Austrian princess, will abandon his system of conquest, but we hope to take advantage of the repose we shall necessarily enjoy, and also to modify the views of the French Emperor.'

The Russians, on their side, appear to have had

but little faith in this or other family alliances. Napoleon complained that Romanzow, the Russian minister, with his chimeras, believed a family alliance rather a source of discord than anything else, and that domestic broils would soon bring about a coolness between the courts of Vienna and Paris. 'He does not know,' added his Majesty, 'that the Emperor Napoleon will never quarrel with his wife, even if she were infinitely less distinguished than she is in all respects. A family alliance is much, but not everything.' Prince Metternich also alluded thus to the Russian opinion in one of his despatches: 'When the daughter and descendant of so many emperors, that princess who will live eternally in the souvenir of posterity, made the greatest of sacrifices in the interest of her country, Romanzow only saw in it a subject of disunion.'

Napoleon's own account is to this effect. As soon as the Emperor of Austria learned that there was a question of Napoleon marrying again, he expressed his astonishment that his house had not been thought of, and he mentioned the matter to M. de Narbonne. Instructions on this subject had been sent to Prince Schwarzenberg. On February 10, 1810, the Emperor summoned a council, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs communicated the despatches he had received from St. Petersburg. From these it appeared that Alexander was inclined to give Napoleon his sister, but demanded that she should be allowed the free exercise of the Greek religion. The Russian, Saxon, and Austrian alliances were discussed, and the majority being in favour of Austria, Prince Eugène was authorised to make the

necessary overtures. He saw Prince Schwarzenberg in the morning; the contract was signed during the day; and a courier at once conveyed the news to the Emperor of Austria, who was agreeably surprised. Alexander thought that negotiations had been carried on at the same time with Vienna and St. Petersburg; but in this he was deceived. The council was a good deal divided in this matter; for instance, the Arch-treasurer Lebrun, who had formerly been one of the three consuls, and a senator called Garnier, warmly advocated the Saxon alliance as the least likely to lead to complications; while the Russian alliance found strenuous supporters in Murat and Cambacérès. However, when the council assembled, Napoleon had made up his mind, and the majority voted in compliance with his wishes.

All parties appear to have misrepresented facts; the Court of the Tuileries being unwilling to acknowledge that it had solicited the Austrian alliance, and the Court of Vienna being equally unwilling to admit that it had taken the initiative or had consented too readily to the proposals of Napoleon. There can be no doubt but that the French Emperor, as soon as he became aware of the possibility of marrying an archduchess, threw the Czar overboard, and evinced the greatest anxiety to obtain the hand of Marie Louise. He afterwards confided to Prince Metternich, he was terribly afraid up to the last moment that his offers would be rejected. As for the Court of Vienna, the French alliance had become indispensable to Austria. The Emperor Francis had learned with dismay that Napoleon was negotiating for the hand of the Grand Duchess Anne.

Galicia had already been offered to the French Emperor by the Court of Vienna in order to sow discord between Napoleon and Alexander, who always dreaded the designs of the conqueror with regard to Poland. Austria argued that, once in possession of Galicia, Napoleon would re-establish the throne of Poland, for which there were several candidates; that she would no longer have to dread an alliance which menaced her very existence, which would open to Russia the road to Constantinople, and secure her the possession of the lower Danube. In a conversation with the Austrian ambassador, Napoleon, alluding to the Turkish frontier, said: 'This is a great affair for the Russians and for you; I do not think the Porte will lose much, for their principalities have long been more Russian than Turk; but it is this aggrandisement of Russia which will one day form a basis for the union of France and Austria. The Danube is of immense interest for you. Look at the map: those countries should belong to you rather than to Russia. Possessed by the latter, they will be for you an eternal subject of jealousy.' In offering Galicia to Napoleon, Austria was merely repeating the trick which the French Emperor had played Prussia when he forced her to accept Hanover in order to embroil her with England. It was with a feeling akin to despair that the Court of Vienna learned the negotiations which had been opened by Caulaincourt for the hand of the Grand Duchess Anne, and for the desertion of Poland. The Emperor of Austria, as we have seen, hoped by the sacrifice of his daughter to obtain some little respite, and the announcement of the proposed union, and

the news that the negotiations had been happily carried out, were hailed with joy both at Paris and Vienna. 'All Vienna,' wrote Prince Metternich to his wife, 'is busy with the marriage, and it would be difficult to describe the impression caused upon public opinion, and its extreme popularity. In the promotions that will take place I shall get the Fleece, and I richly deserve it. The fêtes here will be splendid. I recently sent the programme to Schwarzenberg. The new Empress will please Paris by her goodness, her gentleness, and her simplicity. Her face is rather plain than pretty; she has a very fine figure, and when got up and dressed, &c., she will look exceedingly well. I have begged her as soon as she arrives to take a dancing-master.'

At Paris we are assured that all those wise citizens who were anxious concerning the future were transported with delight. And it is related that Napoleon said to the Minister of Marine: 'The people are then enchanted with my marriage?' 'Yes, sire, greatly!' 'I suppose they think I shall go to sleep?' 'To tell you the truth, sire, we count upon this,' &c.

The French ultimatum was presented to Alexander on January 10, and on February 6 despatches were received from Caulaincourt, saying the Czar had been unable to make up his mind, and, in fact, that he had virtually declined the alliance. The pride of the Czar had naturally been offended by the ultimatum. In addition to this must be taken into consideration the scruples of his mother. She had already lost two daughters by marrying them too young; the Grand Duchess Anne was only sixteen years old, and was still a child. The Empress in-

sisted that her daughter should not change her religion, and, according to the Greek rite, she could not marry a man who had divorced his first wife. Again, her hand had been promised to the Duke of Coburg.[1] Although Napoleon both anticipated and desired this reply, which was equivalent to a refusal, he none the less determined to revenge the insult, and he consequently refused to ratify the convention signed by Caulaincourt. With regard to the assurance that Napoleon had not carried on a double negotiation, the Czar simply remarked to the French ambassador that it would have been impossible for the marriage contract to have been signed on February 7 if negotiations had not been commenced with Vienna long before that date. The Czar also gave Caulaincourt to understand that when Napoleon, who held the Pope a captive at Savona, talked of fearing to wound the religious susceptibilities of the French, the argument was not serious. He added: 'I shall not trouble the peace of Europe, nor attack anyone; but if they come in search of me I shall defend myself.'

Austria was saved, and Prince Metternich, after a visit to Napoleon, was able to announce to his sovereign: 'Peace will not be disturbed in 1811, but the French Emperor will open a campaign against Russia

[1] Born the year the Hereditary Stadtholder was forced by the French to fly to England with his family, the Grand Duchess Anne afterwards married William XII., King of Holland, better known to us as the Prince of Orange. The Prince served with us during the Peninsular War, and greatly distinguished himself at Waterloo. He was nearly being married to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, but she preferred bestowing her hand on Prince Leopold, who afterwards became King of the Belgians.

in 1812.' Prince Metternich was right, and so was Cambacérès.

Some of the discrepancies in the above versions of the marriage preliminaries must be set down to the fact that a great distinction was drawn between informal negotiations and a regular official demand. Thus Napoleon was justified to a certain extent in declaring that he did not carry on double negotiations, because he only officially demanded the hand of Marie Louise after the reception of Caulaincourt's despatch rendering all hope of the Russian alliance illusory.

England, on her side, appears to have been deceived by both the Russian and Austrian cabinets, who had kept their negotiations on this matter perfectly dark. 'Both those Imperial cabinets,' says Lord Holland, 'by secret communication at the time, and by subsequent representations, contrived to deceive Lord Liverpool and his colleagues, for his lordship assured me that as to the Archduchess—

> Ne'er was woman in that humour woo'd,
> And ne'er was woman in that humour won.'

The French Emperor had no sooner decided on the Austrian marriage than he set to work to obtain the dissolution of that religious tie which is supposed to have bound him to Josephine. When he had first consulted Cambacérès on the subject of a divorce, the Archchancellor, after offering some timid legal objections, said: 'I see great obstacles to a divorce and the marriage which is to follow it, as the union which now exists has been sanctioned both by the civil law and the Church. You have had the Empress crowned;

during fifteen years you have confirmed her in her rights as a legitimate wife; there is no incompatibility of temper; her conduct has been irreproachable, and she is dear to you.' After the divorce had been decided upon in council, the Emperor asked Cambacérès if it would be necessary to apply to the Pope for the dissolution of the religious tie. Much to the delight of his Majesty, the Archchancellor said that this matter only concerned the officiality of Paris, which was an ecclesiastical tribunal of three degrees—the diocesan, the metropolitan, and the primatial officiality. According to the subtle Cambacérès, the intervention of the Pope would have been necessary to dissolve a regular marriage, but it was useless simply to pronounce the nullity of a marriage in which no rules had been observed. Napoleon knew that he would have to set matters right with the Church before marrying Marie Louise. Great stress had been laid by the Court of Vienna on this matter, but, unfortunately, Pius VII. could not be counted on to dissolve the religious tie. On a previous occasion he had obstinately refused to annul Jerome's marriage with Miss Patterson, and he was at this moment a close prisoner at Savona, and consequently not in a very conciliatory humour.

Napoleon had assembled an ecclesiastical committee in Paris, presided over by his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, in order to settle the outstanding difficulties between himself and the Pope, and on February 17 he addressed a very characteristic letter to his captive, which shows the relative position of Emperor and Pontiff. It ran thus :—

Most Holy Father,—I send you the bishops of . . . .

to inform you of my desire to see concord re-established between your Holiness and myself. I do not wish your Holiness to entertain any doubt with regard to my principles or my intentions. Your Holiness forgot the principles of justice and charity when you fulminated your bull of excommunication; it was to bless and strengthen thrones that Jesus Christ laid down his life. But this excommunication must have been obtained from your Holiness by surprise and by wicked men. I appeal to the Church and to your Holiness, who is now better informed. I despise this excommunication, and only consider it as the work of evil-doers and the enemies of religion. It is based, too, upon false assertions. Not only have I not neglected to execute the concordat, but, far from that, I have ameliorated more and more the situation of the Catholic religion, and every day I bless the God of our fathers for having selected me to restore His worship and His altars, and to cause Him to be honoured in France, Italy, Germany, and Poland. Your Holiness also bases your excommunication on temporal reasons; and here I must acquaint you with all I think on this subject. In re-establishing worship in France I desired to restore to my people true religion and the salutary influence of its spiritual chief, and not to re-establish the intolerable pretensions of Gregory VII. I intended to give my people a chief pastor, and not to subject them to a foreign sovereign. My throne is from God, and I am only accountable to Him. I recognise the spiritual power of your Holiness, but I will not, and cannot, recognise any temporal influence. The triple tiara is a monstrous production of pride and ambition, entirely contrary to the humility of the Vicar of Christ. The irrascible passions of the persons who surround your Holiness would have done great harm if God had not granted me calmness and the true knowledge of the sublime principles of our religion. Neither France nor Italy will ever recognise the influence of a foreign sovereign, but they will always recognise the salutary authority of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Chief Pastor, having charge of souls, like St. Peter and the first Pontiffs

I execrate the principles of Julius, of Boniface, and Gregory, which caused half the Christian world to separate itself from the Catholic religion, and they are now rendering account to God for all the souls which were damned in consequence of their mad ambition. It is for your Holiness to choose ; France and I have chosen. We desire the religion of St. Peter, of St. Paul, and of St. Bernard, founded on the principles of the Gallican Church. We recognise the principles and utility of the unity and influence of the chair of St. Peter, the rock upon which Jesus Christ permitted His Church to be built ; but we are determined not to submit to a sovereign who governs territory, men, and temporal matters. If your Holiness desires to preserve this temporal influence and to meddle with the affairs of the world, if you consider yourself the king of kings, we will oppose you with the Scriptures, and will look upon you as the enemy of religion ; we shall appeal to a general council. If, on the contrary, your Holiness only desires the inheritance of Jesus Christ and of St. Peter; if you are satisfied with the care of souls; if you are animated with the true spirit of the evangiles; if you preach union and the principles of morality and charity, we are ready to be reconciled to you. If, like Jesus Christ, your Holiness considers that your kingdom is not of this world ; if you have no other thoughts but those concerning another life, we will recognise your spiritual authority, and support it with all the force of our sceptre, for we shall look upon it as the firmest support of our throne and the prosperity of our people.

We do not address your Holiness in dubious or insidious language. Religion is clear ; Jesus Christ and his apostles preached it on the house-tops, so that it might be known to all. Do you desire to be Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the successor of St. Peter? We will receive you in triumph, and fold you in our arms. But if you are dominated by the pride and ostentation of the world, think you our throne ought to serve you as a footstool, and that we shall place our crown under the dust of your feet? We shall only consider you as the work of the demon; as spoiled by pride

and worldly interest, and as the enemy of religion, our throne, and our people. Your influence is powerful and your empire is great, when you remain within the limits traced by Jesus Christ; but your power becomes ridiculous and despicable when you wish to march with the potentates of the earth, surrounded by pride, menaces, and force. You are nothing when your empire is of this world; you are everything when your empire is not of this world. But now Rome irrevocably forms part of my empire. You have enough to do when confining yourself to spiritual affairs and the care of souls. My mission is to govern the West; do not meddle with me; and if your Holiness had been occupied with nothing else but the salvation of souls, the Church of Germany would not be in its present state of disorganisation. For a long time the Roman Pontiffs have interfered with matters which do not concern them, neglecting the true interests of the Church. I recognise you for my spiritual chief, but I am your emperor.

The storm between the Pope and the Emperor had long been brewing. This strange pair, who, in spite of their quarrels, entertained a sort of mutual affection for each other—an affection which on the part of Pius VII. survived the seizure at the Vatican, the ill-treatment at Savona, and the subsequent captivity at Fontainebleau—had been on indifferent terms ever since the refusal of the Pontiff to dissolve the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte. But the excommunication, long drawn up and long withheld, was only posted up at St. Peter's, Sainte Marie Majeure, and St. John of Lateran, when the decree of Schönbrunn, uniting the Papal States to France, was placarded in Rome on June 10, 1809, and the tricolour had been hoisted over St. Angelo. On the urgent advice of Cardinal Pacca, the Pope, despoiled of his temporalities, hurled his anathema at Napo-

leon and denounced him to the Catholic world. The French Emperor revenged himself by resorting to violence, and the Pontiff retaliated by offering a passive resistance and refusing to invest the bishops nominated by his persecutor. The archives of the Vatican, contained in a hundred waggons, were brought to Paris, as well as the tiara, the fisherman's ring, and the other emblems of pontifical power; all the cardinals in France and Italy were summoned to the French capital, and a committee of prelates was appointed with the view of superseding the Pontiff if he remained obstinate. It has been remarked by more than one French historian, and the fact is curious enough, that not a single French functionary resigned office in consequence of this excommunication. None of the Royalists or prelates in the service of the Emperor quitted their posts. Champagny, Duc de Cadore, who had succeeded Talleyrand as Foreign Minister, and who was considered a good Catholic, gravely asserted that Napoleon had the right to take from the Church what Charlemagne had given her. There were no ostensible signs of resentment at the moment, but a painful impression was created which smouldered beneath the surface, and soon broke out in a blaze.

Napoleon hoped that Pius VII. would yield, that he would consent to accept the spiritual and leave him the temporal domain; that he would consent to reside in France and accept a revenue of 80,000*l.* a year, with palaces, and that he would swear never to attack the propositions of the Gallican Church. Such was the state of affairs when the Emperor Francis and Metternich said that the marriage was intimately

connected with the affairs of the Church, and when Josephine, in the hope of preventing a schism, urged on Madame de Metternich the necessity of that Austrian alliance which she had at first opposed. Napoleon imagined that by means of promises and violence he would be able to overcome the resistance of the Pontiff. Cardinals Fesch, Caprara, and Maury, by his Majesty's directions, wrote to the Pope, imploring him to restore peace to the Church; while Cardinals Spina and Caselli visited the captive, and vainly endeavoured to shake his resolution. He refused to institute Napoleon's bishops, on the ground that he was a prisoner; and there were twenty-seven bishoprics vacant. The Emperor met this refusal by reducing the number of bishops in his two new departments of Rome and Trasimene from thirty to four; if he could not create he could destroy. All the convents were suppressed, the mortmain property was seized, and the ecclesiastical and private property of those bishops who refused to adhere to the propositions of the Gallican Church was confiscated.

The Austrian marriage was to allay everything—to prevent a schism on one hand, and the resort to extreme pontifical measures on the other. Napoleon had been strongly advised to declare himself head of the Church, in imitation of Henry VIII. and Peter the Great; and Pius VII. had been counselled to lay France under interdict. Neither party went thus far, but the quarrel between the Emperor and the Pope filled the Catholic world with alarm. It may seem absurd to suppose that Pius VII. could treat Napoleon as Innocent III. treated Philip Augustus; but, as Comte Miot de Melito remarked, 'no prince was more

suited by his energy, his character, and his talents than Napoleon, to force the Pope to accept the yoke he wished to impose upon him; and yet he found in Pius VII. a most formidable adversary, whom he could not vanquish. From his quarrels with the Pontiff dates the decadence of his Empire. The priests whom he had re-established in France did not hesitate a moment between him and the Pope; and even in his own family, the relative whom he had raised to the dignity of cardinal took part against him.'

Napoleon was apprehensive lest his quarrels with the Church and the difficulties in the way of annulling his religious marriage, should induce the Court of Vienna, even at the last moment, to decline the French alliance It is related that Marie Louise at this juncture wrote to Josephine to know if there had been a religious ceremony, and that Josephine had referred her to the 'Moniteur,' which of course contained no account of an event intended to be kept secret. Prince Metternich, in his Autobiography, says that a question which naturally excited public interest was the divorce between Josephine and Napoleon. But that question did not exist for the Church, nor consequently for the Emperor Francis. Napoleon had contracted a civil marriage on the formal condition that it might be dissolved. That union, therefore, had no value in the eyes of the Church. Had it been otherwise, there could never have been a question of an alliance. The dissolution of the first marriage was a simple formality demanded by French law. In an account of the coronation which took place in 1804 Prince Metternich says:—

Shortly after he left the ministry, Consalvi related to me the following fact concerning the nullity of the marriage between the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine. The Emperor had invited the Pope to come to Paris to crown him, and him alone. There was no question of the coronation of the Empress in the long negotiations which took place in order to vanquish the repugnance of his Holiness to undertake the journey to France; this matter was only mentioned during his stay in Paris, on the eve of the coronation. His Holiness repeatedly insisted that he should be informed of all the details of the ceremony and the fête, but frivolous pretexts, which annoyed the Pope, were invented to avoid this, and at last he declared he would not officiate unless made acquainted, several days in advance, of the part he was to play, and the terms of the oath to be taken. Satisfaction was then promised; but, under one pretence or another, the communication he desired was made only on the eve of the day fixed, and announced to the whole nation in the public papers, for the celebration of the coronation.

The Holy Father perceived, to his extreme surprise, that it was a question of crowning the Empress at the same time as the Emperor. The Pope was undecided how to act; on the one hand he had no proof of the validity of the marriage of the Emperor, contracted when this sacrament was only considered as a civil contract; on the other hand, how could he hesitate to celebrate the coronation which had been publicly announced for the next day?

A refusal on his part would have compelled him to play a humiliating part, since Napoleon might have had himself crowned by the Archbishop of Paris or by the Cardinal Fesch, and thus have condemned the Pope to a 'nullity,' which would be felt all the more seeing the importance given to his journey. Besides, the discontent of Napoleon would cause the failure of the real object which induced the Holy Father to leave Rome. He would have run the risk of deriving no benefit from a step which he knew would annoy the Catholic powers and the Christian world. He

had received repeated assurances that the organic articles which the French Government, unknown to the Pope, had appended to the concordat, would be reformed, and that arrangements would be made favourable to the French clergy. These considerations, important for the Holy Pontiff, induced him to brave the blame he knew he would incur by his voyage.

The Holy Father, however, carried away by the sentiment of his duty, was disposed to declare that he would not appear at the august ceremony, and that he would sacrifice all his interests unless he received immediate proofs of the validity of the marriage between Josephine and Napoleon. Upon this two or three bishops, whom Cardinal Consalvi named to me, presented their respects to the Holy Father, removed his doubts, and gave him details of the marriage between Josephine and Napoleon, and the sacramental tie which united them. The Holy Father, deceived, crowned them on the morrow, and it was only several days after the ceremony that he learned his credulity had been taken advantage of. He was tempted to make a scandal, but the reflection that he would be blamed for having consecrated and crowned the Empress without being first of all sure respecting the tie which united her to Napoleon, and for having, so to speak, sanctioned a concubinage, restrained him. He felt that the dissimulation practised upon him would be no excuse, and that he would be taxed with weakness. He therefore made up his mind to be silent, but he never ceased to remonstrate and to conjure Napoleon to repair a wrong which, as Pope, he could never forgive. This circumstance was known only to three cardinals, who were horror-struck at the perfidy of the bishops, but they also taxed the Pope with too much credulity on this occasion.

On reading this extraordinary statement one is inclined to doubt if any religious ceremony ever united Josephine and Napoleon. However, the Em-

peror determined to have this real or supposed marriage annulled, and precedents were sought for in order that he might be guided by tradition.

'In all ages,' writes Comte d'Haussonville in his 'History of the First Empire and the Catholic Church,' 'it had been admitted in Catholic countries that matrimonial affairs between sovereigns belonged exclusively to the Popes, and this right had not only been recognised by the French Church, but had been practically submitted to by several of the Capets. Louis XII. had his marriage with Jeanne of France dissolved by Alexander VI., and Henri IV. had been separated canonically from Marguerite de Valois by Clement VIII.' On the other hand, it was pointed out that Louis VI., Louis VII., and Charlemagne had dispensed with the authorisation of the Pope! There were, therefore, precedents for and against appealing to the head of the Church for relief. Louis XII. pleaded non-consent, like Napoleon. He had been forced to marry the daughter of Louis XI., who was ugly and humpbacked, and who bore him no children. After negotiations with Alexander VI., which, as Guizot says, did credit neither to king nor pope, the marriage was annulled as the price of favours bestowed upon Cæsar Borgia, the Pontiff's son. Louis then married Anne of Brittany, who was young, pretty, strong-minded, but lame; and on her death took as third wife the Princess Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII., who was betrothed to the Archduke Charles of Austria, known afterwards as Charles V., and was in love with Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. As for Henri IV., when he applied for a divorce, he had been separated from his wife *de facto*

for fifteen years, and was childless. He pleaded that his marriage was not valid, and that the queen's conduct was irregular. The Pope, however, refused to annul the marriage without the consent of Marguerite de Valois, and this consent was only obtained after the death of the king's mistress, the fair Gabrielle. The *vert galant* then married Marie de Medicis, who had several times lent him money at a high rate of interest, whom he thoroughly disliked, and who bore him a son, afterwards Louis XIII.

Charlemagne, who was constantly taken as a model by Napoleon, is said to have repudiated at least five wives. As for Louis VIII., it was Queen Eleanor who demanded and obtained a dissolution of her marriage, in order to give her hand to Henry Plantagenet, who afterwards reigned in England as Henry II.

There were other curious examples of royal divorces to rake up—as for instance that of Henry I., who repudiated two wives, who then sent to Russia for a third, and married Anne, the daughter of the Czar, who on the death of Henry married the Comte de Valois, who repudiated her. There was Philip I., who after twenty years of marriage set aside his own wife in order to marry the wife of the Comte d'Anjou. No bishop would consent to celebrate this union, and with difficulty a priest was found to perform the ceremony. Excommunication after excommunication was hurled in vain against the adulterous monarch, and France was laid under interdict. After this conflict had endured twelve years, the Bishop of Chartres interceded in favour of the King of France, and Pascal II. agreed to withdraw his censures on Philip and Ber-

trade promising to separate. A show of submission was made, but, according to the Abbé Sugur, not only did the liaison continue, but Bertrade, *who had a wonderful power over husbands*, reconciled Philip and the Comte d'Anjou, made them sit at table together and put them to sleep in the same room.

Philip Augustus, too, had his matrimonial difficulty. He first married Ingeburg of Denmark, and a year afterwards got a French council to annul his union. Ingeburg appealed to the Pope, who reversed the decision of the Council of Compiègne; but this did not hinder Philip from marrying Agnes de Meranie. A long conflict ensued between the Courts of France and of Rome, and although Philip swore that he would sooner turn Mussulman than desert Agnes, and that Saladin was a fortunate man to have no Pope, he yielded after a struggle of four years.

Although Napoleon had not only the Pope but the whole Sacred College and the pontifical insignia under his thumb, it is easy to conceive how delighted he was on learning that his marriage could be annulled by appealing, not to the Pontiff, but to a second Council of Compiègne, in the shape of the officiality of Paris; and Cambacérès was at once instructed to put himself in communication with that tribunal. An ample narrative of this affair has been left us by M. Rudemarre, the 'promoteur,' or inquisitor, who drew up the report of the case in these terms:—

Napoleon Buonaparte and Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie[1] received the nuptial benediction, in the room of the Empress, at the Tuileries, from the hands of Cardinal Fesch, grand almoner, on December 1, 1804. The

[1] Buonaparte, with a 'u,' and not the widow Beauharnais.

reasons advanced for annulling the marriage are—the absence of the priest of the parish; the absence of witnesses; and the absence of consent on the part of the Emperor. On December 29, 1809, the two 'officials' of Paris, M. Legeas and M. Boilesve, and the two promoteurs, M. Corpet and M. Rudemarre, were invited to present themselves before the Archchancellor and the Minister of Public Worship.

'By an article of the Senatus Consultum of the 16th of this month,' said Cambacérès, 'I am instructed to prosecute before the proper authorities the wishes of the Emperor, who can no longer hope to have a child by the Empress Josephine. However, he cannot, on founding a new dynasty, renounce the hope of leaving an heir, to assure the tranquillity, glory, and integrity of the empire he has founded. It is his intention to marry again; he desires to marry a Catholic; but first of all his marriage with the Empress Josephine ought to be annulled, and my intention is to submit this matter to the examination and decision of the officiality.'

'This cause,' they said, 'is one of those reserved, if not by law, at least by custom, for the Sovereign Pontiff.'

'I am not authorised to appeal to Rome,' replied the Archchancellor.

'There is no necessity,' I answered, 'to appeal to Rome for the decision of the Pope, since he is at Savona.'

'I am not instructed to treat with the Pope,' he continued, 'and under present circumstances this would be impossible.'

'Monsignor, there are a number of cardinals at present in Paris to whom this affair can be submitted.'

'They have no jurisdiction here.'

'But, monsignor, there is a committee of cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, assembled here to deal with the affairs of the Church.'

'They do not constitute a tribunal; whereas the officiality is established to try such cases.'

'Yes, Prince, between private individuals, but *the eminent dignity of the persons in question* does not permit the officiality to regard itself as a competent tribunal.'

'Why not? Is his Majesty not free to present himself, if he pleases, before a tribunal established for his subjects, and composed of his subjects? Who can contest him this right?'

'He can do so; but it is so contrary to custom that we cannot take upon ourselves to act as judges unless the committee decides on our competence. Disposed as we are to do everything to prove our devotion to his Majesty, we cannot refrain from taking all possible precautions to shelter our responsibility and to assure the repose of our conscience. In dealing with this affair we become a spectacle to the world, to men, and to angels.'

'But,' added the Prince, 'we do not wish this affair to be made public and to get into the English papers. [Whose criticisms were terribly dreaded by the Emperor.] All the documents will be deposited in the Emperor's strong box, and we ask you to observe the most complete silence on the subject. The Minister of Public Worship will forward you the authorisation you demand.'

Thereupon he read the draft of the request which it was his intention to submit to the tribunal, and in this he presented, as reasons of nullity, the absence of a proper priest and of witnesses. On the observation that all Paris was of opinion the marriage had been concluded in due form in 1796, he said that on December 1, 1804, on the eve of the coronation, his Majesty, who foresaw what now happened, never wished to have his union consecrated; that he had refused this when the nuptial benediction was given to the King and Queen of Naples; to the King and Queen of Holland; and to the Duc d'Aremberg and Mdlle. Tascher; that, fatigued with the importunities of Josephine, he had asked Cardinal Fesch to give the nuptial benediction in the chamber of the Empress, without witnesses and without a curé.

I asked for the marriage certificate. 'There is none,' replied the Archchancellor. 'The baptismal act of the Emperor.' 'I have not got it,' was the answer. 'But it is an indispensable document.' 'I cannot procure it for you, but I have seen it, and it appears to me that the word of a prince is sufficient for you.' He added: 'We desire the speedy termination of this affair, and to have the decision of the tribunal as soon as possible.' 'Monsignor,' I replied, 'in the event of our competence being declared, this affair will have to be investigated and judged like those of all his Majesty's subjects.' 'What,' said the Archchancellor, 'you wish to observe forms? That will drag out the proceedings. I have been a jurisconsult, and know what they are worth. They kill the spirit.' 'Sometimes, monsignor, but they greatly aid to make known the truth, and we cannot omit them without the risk of seeing our finding annulled. However, there can be no objection to this second question being submitted to the committee.'

The above account shows the terror inspired by the name of Napoleon, when priests who felt no hesitation in dealing with the affairs of the Almighty, trembled at the notion of having to decide a case in which the Emperor was the plaintiff. Could anything be more weak than the case put forward by Cambacérès, which logically amounted to this: You must annul the marriage of the Emperor for three reasons —absence of the curé, absence of witnesses, and absence of consent; because it is not probable that Josephine will bear a child; and because Napoleon desires an heir to his throne. The declaration that his Majesty intended to marry a Catholic was no doubt a covert threat that if thwarted he might imitate Jerome and marry a Protestant princess; while the promise of secresy elicited from the officiality shows in what estimation these proceedings were held. It was also

supposed, most probably, that the officiality might be induced to render in private a decision which they would not render in public.

With many professions of 'love and fidelity without bounds,' the officiality demanded to know—1st, if it was competent to pronounce on the validity of the marriage of their Majesties; 2nd, if, in the event of their competence being declared, they would be justified in omitting any of the usual formalities. They were at his Majesty's feet, and he might expect everything from their devotion.

The ecclesiastical committee to which these questions were referred, and which dreaded having the case referred to it, decided that the officiality was competent, but this decision was signed neither by Cardinal Fesch nor the Abbé Emery, whose talent was highly appreciated by Napoleon as one born to command. The Cardinal, perhaps, did not like to sign in consequence of being a party in the case, having given, or being supposed to have given, the nuptial benediction whose validity was to be inquired into; the Abbé was absent at the moment of the signature on the plea of ill-health, but probably for other reasons, for he was of a very independent character, and not easily intimidated.

On January 22, 1810, M. Guyeu, on behalf of the Archchancellor, laid the case in due form before the officiality. He stated that the nuptial benediction given on the night of December 2, 1804, had neither been preceded, accompanied, nor followed by the formalities prescribed by canon law. Special stress was laid on the want of consent, and it was urged that if that could be proved, it alone would invalidate the

marriage. The Emperor, he declared, had been forced to give a simulated consent in order to please the Empress. The officiality, having complained of the tortuous and unintelligible language of M. Guyeu, was informed that Duroc, Berthier, Talleyrand, and Cardinal Fesch would give evidence and explain matters. 'The three first witnesses,' pursues M. Rudemarre, 'agreed that the nuptial benediction, *if it took place*, was given without the veritable consent of the Emperor, in the absence of a proper priest, *without witnesses, and without any authentic document to prove its existence.*' It is difficult to understand how such negative evidence could have been accepted. If these witnesses were not present, of what value was their evidence? M. Rudemarre continues to say that

an act which reposes on no documents and which has no witnesses, does not exist in the eyes of the law, and such being the case there is no necessity to pronounce on the validity or invalidity of the marriage, with or without proper consent; since what passes between two persons secretly, without leaving any legal trace, has only God for judge. If, therefore, we are only to take into consideration the declarations of the witnesses named above, we need inquire no further into the first and second points submitted to us, it being impossible to pass judgment on an act which has no legal existence. But the evidence of Cardinal Fesch does not permit us to consider the case in this light. Here we have a witness, and even the minister who pronounced the benediction. His declaration is a *monument* which incontestably establishes the fact of the marriage. He even delivered a certificate of the same to the Empress. The whole question, therefore, which we have to examine is, first, if the ceremony was performed according to prescribed formalities; second, if the alleged defects are sufficient to afford grounds for annulling the marriage. As far as the

first point is concerned, the laws of the Church and the State direct that the celebration must take place before the priest of the parish, in presence of two witnesses according to the Council of Trent, and of four witnesses according to the Ordinance of Blois. In the present case it is attested that neither the proper priest nor the proper witnesses were present. The nuptial benediction was pronounced by the grand almoner in the absence of the curé of the parish. It is also true that these two blemishes cannot be covered by the dispensation accorded by the chief of the Universal Church, Cardinal Fesch having only demanded dispensations sometimes indispensable for the performance of his duties as grand almoner, and not having particularised and specially named the extraordinary and curial functions he was about to exercise.

Here we must explain that, according to Cardinal Fesch himself, he went to the Pope before performing the religious ceremony, and asked for a dispensation from his Holiness for an act which might be required from him. And this dispensation, we are assured, was at once accorded. It is, however, impossible to imagine that the Cardinal did not explain himself categorically, and that the Pope was not perfectly aware of the exact nature of the dispensation he was according, if the demand was ever made and the dispensation ever given. The Abbé Lyonnet, in his 'Life of Cardinal Fesch,' says that 'the Pope having been informed that a civil marriage only had been performed, insisted on a religious ceremony. The rage of Napoleon was terrible, but at last he consented to a private marriage. The Pope said he was far from desiring a scandal, and agreed there should be no publicity. "Let Cardinal Fesch," he added, "certify he has celebrated the marriage, and that will

be sufficient. Rome does not insist on forms. The *consent* of two souls constitutes marriage."' According to the Abbé, Marshal Duroc and Portalis, the Minister of Public Worship, acted as witnesses, and nothing was known of the marriage outside. He adds that when the Cardinal afterwards saw the Pope, the latter said, 'My dear son, is the marriage celebrated?' And on the Cardinal replying, 'Yes, most Holy Father,' Pius VII. remarked, 'Then we shall no longer oppose the coronation of the august Empress.' If there be any truth in the Abbé Lyonnet's narration, it entirely destroys the idea of the Pope not knowing what the dispensation was for. Capefigue, in his 'Europe under Napoleon,' tells a slightly different tale. He says that the papal legate, having demanded the certificate of Napoleon's religious marriage, and being told there was none, informed the Pope, who said he had made all kinds of civil and temporal concessions, but could not accord what was contrary to the doctrines of the Church. He therefore demanded that the marriage should be celebrated legitimately, *or at least that he should be assured the nuptial benediction had been given to Napoleon and Josephine.* Capefigue says that he received the above information from Comte Portalis, who had it from his father, who was one of the witnesses of the private wedding. It will be remarked that the name of Portalis, the Minister of the Interior of 1804, is never mentioned in the proceedings before the officiality. It is true that in 1809 he had long been dead, and there was little use in dragging his name into the case when it was wished to prove there were no witnesses. But to continue with the report of M. Rudemarre :—

As for the second point, relative to the want of consent, that question is surrounded with difficulties and obscurity. It is true that the Emperor only yielded to the celebration with repugnance, and owing to the entreaties of the Empress. It is also true that he did not wish to bind himself by an indissoluble tie; but it is hard to establish that there was a want of consent sufficient to invalidate the union. The question to be considered is whether the formal intention of the Emperor not to be irrevocably bound—intention contrary to the nature of the conjugal tie—is an invincible obstacle to the validity of that tie; or if the consent given by the mere fact of the celebration is sufficiently binding, in spite of all intention to the contrary.

Being unable to solve this problem, M. Rudemarre went on to remark that a single informality was not of itself enough to invalidate a marriage, and that it could not be turned to account by the person who knowingly acquiesced in it. The tribunals, he added, were therefore accustomed under such circumstances to decide that a marriage so contracted was not valid, and at the same time to call on the parties concerned to repair the defect by legally renewing their consent. It would have been passing strange had the officiality, basing its decision on this important point, condemned Napoleon to repair the crime which on his own admission he wittingly committed, and to marry Josephine a third time. We shall presently see how the officiality proposed to punish this breach of ecclesiastical law.

Although the officiality had begun by asserting that the Emperor in this affair should be treated like any ordinary suitor, it now discovered that the only way to escape from a dangerous dilemma was to declare that for State reasons it might be

imprudent to insist on a rehabilitation. It then decided that the marriage, having been contracted without the presence of the curé and witnesses, was null. Their Majesties were therefore declared free to form other unions, were forbidden to hold any further communion, and were condemned for the misdemeanor they had committed towards the Church by indulging in a false marriage to give a certain sum to the poor of Paris, the amount being left to their own discretion.

From the diocesan officiality the case was taken up to the metropolitan officiality, which reformed the latter part of the sentence. It pronounced the marriage null, like the lower court, but based its decision on the non-consent of the Emperor, and it struck its pen through the fine, which, following the precepts of canon law, had been imposed by the diocesan officiality, but which the metropolitan officiality considered degrading. M. Rudemarre had made some show of independence in rejecting the plea of non-consent, which he found absurd 'on the part of a man before whom we all trembled, and which had never been invoked except in the case of a minor, the victim of surprise or of violence.' Now, as Comte d'Haussonville remarks, this matter of non-consent was of vital importance to the Emperor from the day he resolved to ally himself with the House of Austria, so strongly attached to the Catholic religion and so punctilious in the matter of orthodoxy. It was this which determined Napoleon to have his marriage annulled according to all the formalities in vigour in the Catholic Church. He was perfectly aware that the

two first points invoked by the Archchancellor had no great value; and also that the Roman Church had always regarded want of consent as a cause of nullity; but this plea in his case 'shocked not only every feeling of delicacy, but the maxims of the most simple uprightness and common honesty.' The Comte d'Haussonville adds—'It is difficult to suppose, setting aside all religious feeling respecting the sanctity of marriage, that such a man should have consented to represent himself, on the eve of his coronation, as deceiving at the same time his uncle, who married him; his wife, whom he apparently associated with his joy and his glory; and the venerable Pontiff who, in spite of his age and his infirmities, had called down upon him the blessings of the Most High.' To complete this comedy it only required that Napoleon should have urged in proof of non-consent, that he had been forced to marry Josephine by the Pope.

It may be remarked here, in connection with Prince Metternich's 'political testament,' that all the episodes above related must have been thoroughly well known to the prelates assembled in Paris. Cambacérès said 'the affair was to be kept a profound secret, and all the papers concerning the dissolution were to be locked up in the Imperial strong box.' But it is absurd to suppose that there could have been much secresy about a matter which was laid first of all before the diocesan officiality, then referred to the ecclesiastical committee, then returned to the diocesan officiality, and afterwards sent for appeal to the metropolitan officiality. What subsequently happened at the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise

shows that all the cardinals were well acquainted with what had passed.

Naturally one finds in the 'Memorial of St. Helena' a garbled account of what occurred. Las Cases declares that he received the following details from the Prince Primate [Baron Dalberg]:—'Madame de Beauharnais was married to General Bonaparte by a nonjuring priest, and neglected, by pure accident, to obtain the necessary authorisation of the curé of the parish. The neglect of this formality preyed on the mind of Cardinal Fesch, who, through scruple or otherwise, managed at the moment of the coronation to persuade husband and wife to be married by him with closed doors as far as necessary. At the time of the divorce the civil separation was pronounced by the Senate. As for the religious separation there was an objection to applying to the Pope, nor was there any necessity for so doing. Cardinal Fesch having reperformed the marriage without witnesses, the officiality annulled it on that ground. After this judgment, the Empress Josephine sent for Cardinal Fesch to Malmaison, and asked him if he would dare to write and sign an attestation to the effect that she had been married, and well married? "Without any doubt," replied Cardinal Fesch, "and I shall maintain this everywhere, and I will at once sign the certificate,"[1] which he did. "But," said I to the Prince Primate, "what was the judgment of the officiality of Paris?" "That of the truth," replied the Prince. "What then

[1] Napoleon is said to have tried hard to get hold of this certificate, but Josephine entrusted it to her son Eugène, who took it with him to Italy. At least this is one of the stories told concerning the mysterious document in question.

was the meaning of the declaration of Cardinal Fesch? Was it false?" "Not in his opinion," was the answer; "because he had adopted the ultramontane doctrines, by which cardinals pretend that they have the right of marrying people without witnesses, but this is not the case in France, and renders a marriage null."' The probability is that this tissue of misrepresentations was dictated by Napoleon himself. At St. Helena the plea of want of consent no doubt appeared too preposterous. It had merely been put forward to meet the religious susceptibilities of the Court of Vienna and to save the reputation of Cardinal Fesch, who was to officiate at the second marriage. In 1810 it was considered undesirable that the cardinal should be accused of performing a marriage ceremony not in accordance with canon law. At St. Helena another excuse was given. Cardinal Fesch was represented as having committed the lenient error of marrying Josephine and Napoleon according to the prescriptions of the Council of Trent, which only require two witnesses, instead of those of Blois, which require four.

It will be seen by the report of Inquisitor Rudemarre that Napoleon was anxious to be tried like a private individual, and that a private individual would have been called upon to make good his religious marriage. But we have never seen any objections raised to his Majesty's violation of the *Code Napoléon* with regard to the civil marriage. The code lays down that when a divorce by mutual consent is demanded the wife must not be forty-five years old. Now Josephine was forty-six. The code also lays down that the married couple must present their demand to the judge in presence of two notaries;

the business of the judge being to try and effect a reconciliation. Should a first attempt fail the pair must present themselves a year afterwards, when, if they persist in their demand, the case is finally decided; but neither party can remarry until three years have elapsed. Civil law was therefore as lightly treated as canon law by Napoleon.

After a careful consideration of all the evidence produced with regard to the religious marriage between Napoleon and Josephine, it is impossible not to entertain considerable doubt as to whether the ceremony in question was ever performed; and whether the officiality of Paris was not called upon for the sake of appearances to dissolve a tie which had never existed, but which the public at large thought did exist. Before the coronation the venerable Bishop Roquelaure, addressing Madame Bonaparte, said—'After having been united to the First Consul by the sacred bonds of a holy alliance, you are now surrounded by his glory.' And all France believed in these 'sacred bonds.' Will this mystery ever be cleared up?

M. Thiers asserts that the religious marriage took place, and that it was known only when the divorce was applied for, but he gives no authority for what he states. The Comte d'Haussonville is evidently perplexed, and contents himself with accepting the version given by M. Thiers, and in endeavouring to explain the silence of Pius VII. and Cardinal Consalvi on this subject, by remarking that both the Pontiff and the Legate probably considered themselves bound to secresy by the confession of Josephine. But Cardinal Fesch was not bound in a like manner

nor was Josephine, nor the witnesses of the marriage. It is improbable that all these persons should have held their tongues for several years on so important a matter. Madame de Rémusat, says that Josephine told her all about the marriage directly after it had taken place. Did Josephine at once confide this secret to Madame de Rémusat, and then for ever hold her peace? Could Madame de Rémusat have refrained from confiding it to her friends? The whole story of the marriage certificate is open to considerable doubt. If it was confided to the Prince Eugène, what became of it? No one appears to have seen it, and it has never been published. Why was the officiality directed to keep its deliberations secret, and why did Cambacérès refuse to produce either the certificate of Napoleon's birth or that of his marriage? There must have been something wrong with both these documents, if they existed. The first marriage having been annulled on the ground that it was irregular, how came it that Cardinal Fesch, who declared it to have been regular, consented to officiate at the second marriage? The Abbé Lyonnet quotes a letter written about this time by the cardinal to a gentleman who had asked him to obtain a divorce for his daughter. This letter commences thus:—'The Catholic religion forbids divorce, and the ecclesiastical authority has no right to dissolve a tie which is of a divine nature. Neither the Pope nor the bishops can break a marriage which has been validly contracted. They can only examine and decide if there be sufficient reasons for proving that it never really existed.' And Cardinal Fesch declared that Josephine's marriage was valid. It is said that the Pope declared he

would not crown Josephine unless she were married at the altar. But Pius VII. in fact crowned neither the Emperor nor the Empress. Napoleon placed the crown on his own head, and then placed a diadem on that of Josephine. And all this was arranged beforehand.

It must be remembered that Cardinal Fesch was deeply interested in this affair. As French ambassador at Rome he had conducted all the negotiations respecting the coronation, and, with considerable dexterity, had overcome the objections of the Sacred College and of the Pontiff to the journey to Paris. With consummate tact he had convinced an imposing and hostile majority of cardinals, that it would be in the interests of the Church for Pius VII. to place the crown on the head of Napoleon. It would have been too bad if, on the very eve of the coronation, all this fine diplomacy had come to nought. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to suppose the uncle and the nephew agreeing to impose on the Pontiff in order to appease his qualms of conscience. There is something very suspicious in the Abbé Lyonnet's narrative where he shows us the Pope saying, 'Let Cardinal Fesch certify that he has celebrated the ceremony; that will be sufficient.' This seems as if the Pontiff was willing to be deceived, and suggested this expedient. Then, would it have been a more deadly sin for Cardinal Fesch to tell a falsehood or to marry his nephew to Marie Louise, after having married him to Josephine, holding as he did that the first marriage was valid, and could be dissolved by neither Pope nor bishop?

No two writers have given the same version of

this secret marriage, which was dissolved by the diocesan officiality on two grounds, and by the metropolitan officiality on a third, and editors still living now assure us that pages might be written on both sides of the question, so obscure is the atmosphere with lies and prevarications of every description. Unfortunately, too, some valuable memoirs, which might have thrown some light on the subject, were burned during the Commune—eleven thick volumes in folio, written by M. Bigot de Prémeneau, for many years Minister of Public Worship during the first Empire, and bequeathed by his daughter to the Council of State. These were consumed in the splendid pile where the archives were kept, and which still, ten years after the insurrection, is a blackened ruin.

Opposed to the idea of this marriage having been celebrated, we have the very positive assurances of Prince Metternich; but then Prince Metternich was also an interested party. We have seen him writing that had there been a religious marriage there never could have been a question of an Austrian alliance. Upon this account his version of the matter is clearly open to suspicion. The Pope had declared, we are told, that he could not crown a woman who, in the eyes of the Church, was living in a state of concubinage, and we are given to understand that had Josephine been anything else but a concubine the Court of Vienna, so punctilious in matters of religion, would have rejected the proffered alliance. The Pontiff had required that a state of sin should cease to exist, and that Josephine should set herself right with the Church before receiving her diadem

beneath the roof of Notre Dame, and Austria demanded proofs to the contrary.

As evidence against the religious marriage with Josephine having been performed, something might be urged with regard to the previous character of Napoleon. More than one historian has observed, and rightly observed, that the basis of his policy was knavery. Although an adept at geometry, he seemed incapable of understanding that a straight line is the shortest road from one given point to another, and that this rule might be sometimes applied to political matters. He deceived where there was no necessity for deception, and resorted to craft when he was powerful enough to act boldly and openly. He appeared to love artifice and dissimulation for their own sake, and because he considered himself a master in both; and he was fond of displaying his peculiar talents. He could not even resist the temptation of cheating at cards, to such a length did he carry this mania for outwitting other people. It is easy to comprehend with what gusto he would chuckle over the idea of deceiving the Pontiff—the Pontiff who was in his clutches, and who had dared, at the last moment, to exact certain conditions before performing a ceremony which had been carefully rehearsed, and upon which he had set his heart. All the promises with which Napoleon had lured Pius VII. to Paris were ruthlessly broken, and what would a falsehood the more or less have cost Napoleon? We believe that a strange custom still obtains in Poland, where the bride invariably gives the bridegroom a tap on the cheek at the altar in order to be in a position to prove, should necessity arise, that there

was no consent and a show of resistance. Had Napoleon been aware of this stratagem he would doubtless have adopted it on his own account, nor would it have been more unworthy than the subterfuges to which he finally resorted.[1]

[1] Through the kindness of Monsignor Rogerson of Paris, we have obtained the following information:—Professor Balan, keeper of the Vatican Archives, says there is no document in Rome to prove the religious marriage of Josephine, and that if a written declaration by Cardinal Fesch ever existed, it no doubt fell into the hands of Napoleon when the Vatican Archives were conveyed to Paris. Professor Balan, in spite of Prince Metternich's statement, is of opinion that the religious ceremony was performed.

VI.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

ON February 23 Napoleon notified his approaching marriage to his brothers, the Kings of Spain, Holland, and Westphalia, to Prince Eugène and Prince Borghese, his sister Eliza, and Cardinal Fesch, his uncle. He also wrote the following letter to Francis II., Emperor of Austria :—

Rambouillet : February 23, 1810.

Sir, my Brother,—To-morrow my cousin, the Vice-Constable, Prince of Neuchâtel, will leave Paris to demand from your Imperial Majesty the Archduchess Marie Louise, your daughter, in marriage. The great qualities which eminently distinguish this princess make me anxiously desire this union. I have been encouraged to hope that your Majesty will accord your consent. I therefore do not lose a moment, but despatch Count Lauriston, my aide-de-camp, already known to your Majesty, to bear you this letter. I have instructed him to make known to you the price I attach to this alliance. I expect for myself and my people a great deal of happiness.

NAPOLEON.

On the same day his Majesty wrote the following letter to Marie Louise :—

My Cousin,—The brilliant qualities which distinguish your person have inspired us with the desire to serve and honour you. In addressing ourselves to the Emperor, your

father, begging him to confide to us the happiness of your Imperial Highness, may we hope that you will accept the sentiments which have induced us to take this step? May we flatter ourselves that you will not form a decision solely through duty and obedience to your parents? If your Imperial Highness will only show us some impartiality, we shall cultivate it with so much care, and make it our duty so constantly to please you, that we flatter ourselves we shall one day be agreeable to you. This is the object we have in view, and we pray your Imperial Highness to be favourable to us.

NAPOLEON.

How different to the freedom of style with which General Bonaparte pleaded his cause when wooing Madame de Beauharnais!

On the next day Napoleon wrote to the Comte de Montesquieu-Fezensac, who had replaced Talleyrand as grand chamberlain:—

Paris: February 24, 1810.

I forward you the list of persons who compose the household of the Empress. Give orders and take measures that these persons be presented to me to-morrow, after mass, in order to take the necessary oaths.

NAPOLEON.

This was the list, which M. Thiers says was made out with great tact. First almoner, the Archbishop Ferdinand de Rohan, who declared the great Napoleon to be his tutelary deity, and who was to receive a douceur in the shape of 12,000 francs taken *from the theatrical fund!*[1] The Duchess de Montebello, whose husband, Marshal Lannes, had been killed three months before by an Austrian cannon ball, lady of honour. The Comtesse de Luçay, mistress of the

[1] V. Imperial decision, February 15, 1810.

robes. The Comte de Beauharnais, Josephine's uncle, master of the horse. The Prince Aldobrandini, first equerry. The Duchess de Bassano, the Comtesse de Montemart, the Duchess de Rovigo, the Comtesse de Montmorency (M. de Montmorency had been made a count the same day that Fouché was made a duke), the Comtesse de Talhouet, the Comtesse de Lauriston, the Comtesse Duchâtel (Napoleon's quondam mistress), the Comtesse de Bouillé, the Comtesse de Montalivet (to whom the Emperor had paid his addresses as Mdlle. St. Germain), the Comtesse de Perron, the Comtesse de Lascaris-Vintimille, the Comtesse de Brignola, the Comtesse de Gentili, and the Comtesse de Carissy—of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter—these were the 'ladies of the palace.' Josephine, by the way, when she became Empress, had thirty-six ladies-in-waiting, twenty-four French and twelve Italian, Napoleon being Emperor of France and King of Italy.

On February 27 Napoleon sent the following message to the Senate:—

Senators,—We have sent to Vienna, as ambassador extraordinary, our cousin, the Prince de Neuchâtel, to demand the hand of the Archduchess Marie Louise, daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

We have ordered our Minister of Foreign Affairs to communicate to you the articles of the marriage convention passed between us and the Archduchess Marie Louise, which has been concluded, signed, and ratified.

We desired above all to contribute to the happiness of the present generation. The enemies of the Continent [the English] have founded their prosperity on the dissensions by which it is torn. They will no longer be able to excite war by attributing to us projects incompatible with the ties

and duties of the relationship we have just contracted with the Imperial and reigning House of Austria.

The brilliant qualities which distinguish the Archduchess Marie Louise have gained for her the love of the people of Austria; they attract our attention. Our people will love this princess for their love of us, until, witnesses of all the virtues which have won our esteem, they love her for herself.

NAPOLEON.

On March 8, 1810, the following letter from Napoleon was handed to Marie Louise :—

Madame, my Sister,—The success of the demand I addressed to his Majesty the Emperor, your father, for your hand, is the most precious mark of esteem and consideration that he could accord me. I am extremely sensible of the consent which you yourself have given to a union which overwhelms me with the sincerest joy, and ought to embellish my whole life. I await with the most lively impatience the moment which shall hasten its conclusion. I appreciate above everything in this alliance the care which I shall take to render you happy. I have instructed the Prince de Neuchâtel, my ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary, to hand you my portrait. I beg you will receive it as a pledge of the sentiments which are engraved in my heart, and which will be unchangeable.

NAPOLEON.

Berthier, Prince de Neuchâtel, went to Vienna with great pomp and circumstance, preceded by Marshal Count Lauriston, grandson of Mississippi Law. He was received by the Viennese with intense delight, and they fain would have taken his horses out of his carriage, as the Londoners did when he went over to the Court of St. James's to conclude the treaty of Amiens, and have dragged him to his residence. The

same enthusiasm was manifested in France as well as in Austria on the subject of this wedding, which was to restore peace and goodwill to the nations of the Continent, and, in the mind of Napoleon, to frustrate the diabolical designs of the British Government. Berthier, who travelled with a large retinue, has left upon record, in a letter addressed to Napoleon, an account of his first interview with Francis II.

On reaching the hall where the Emperor awaited him, he said, the grand master of the ceremonies stepped forward and announced him. 'His Majesty was standing at the extreme end of the apartment under a dais. At my second reverence all the ministers of the Emperor, and the ladies and gentlemen of the court, stopped short in the middle of the hall, and I advanced alone over the long space which separated me from his Majesty. When I reached the edge of the carpet which covered the estrade I put on my hat. On handing my credentials I addressed a few words to the Emperor, taking care to remove my hat, and to put it on every time I pronounced the name of your Majesty or that of the Emperor of Austria. I uncovered at the moment I handed him my letters. The Emperor having commenced to speak, I covered myself. When he had ceased speaking I uncovered myself once more. His Majesty then assumed a conversational tone. I presented him my secretary, my aide-de-camp, and the gentlemen of the embassy. I then retired with the same ceremony as on entering, and paid a visit to the Empress, where a similar ceremonial was observed.'

All this was very *talon rouge*, but in marrying the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, did not Napoleon put off the old man? He was no longer a parvenu, but belonged to a reigning family. Josephine had introduced him to the society of the Faubourg St. Germain, Marie Louise into that of the

monarchs of Europe. Versailles and its etiquette flourished once more in France. As soon as the Austrian union was decided upon, the most minute search was made for precedents. The marriage demands made by Henri IV. and Louis XIV. were copied for the Emperor. The archives were ransacked. Inquiries were instituted in Paris and Versailles to know if there existed any persons who had been present at the marriage of the Dauphin (Louis XVI.). They were examined on the subject. M. de Dreux Brezé, who had been grand master of the ceremonies in France under the ancient régime, was sent for and interrogated, and it was decided that the ceremonial of the marriage of the Dauphin with Marie Antoinette should be adopted in all its details, even to the throwing of money to the people.

A similar determination was taken at Vienna. A despatch from Prince Metternich to Prince Schwarzenberg, dated February 19, 1810, concludes thus: 'The secret of the negotiations was so well kept that the public knew nothing until M. de Floret arrived. . . . The diplomatists had no idea of what was coming, and Count Schouvaloff was terrified at the news. The court and the public are now busy preparing for the fêtes. His Imperial Majesty has ordered that here matters shall be conducted according to the strictest etiquette, and in conformity with the protocol employed on the occasion of the marriage of Marie Antoinette. Nothing is to be neglected in order to render the ceremony as splendid as possible. Your Highness will do well to venture some explanations on this subject, for we perceive that the French Emperor attaches great importance to details.'

The delight of the public, both in France and Austria, over this marriage, which was regarded as a token of peace, throws an additional stigma on those who shortly afterwards plunged Europe into war. Prince Metternich several times alludes to the enthusiasm of his countrymen, who were tired of war; and Lanfrey tells us that 'Paris indulged with blind confidence in fêtes and demonstrations, and the happy event which was destined to ensure the peace of the world was everywhere hailed with transports of joy. Peace, that was the popular interpretation attached to the marriage.'

The demand made by Berthier having been accorded, the Archduke Charles, 'the glorious adversary of Napoleon,' as M. Thiers calls him, consented to represent the French Emperor at the altar. A few months before they had been engaged in the deadly battles of Essling and Wagram, and now the Austrian general stood proxy for his great rival, and received the following letter of thanks:—

Compiègne: March 28, 1810.

My Cousin,—I owe your Imperial Highness many thanks for representing me at my marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise. She arrived here two days ago, and I have renewed with all my heart the promises made by you in my name. Your Highness is aware of my esteem for you, based on your great qualities and actions. Desiring to give you a mark of this I beg you to accept the Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour and also the Cross of the Legion which I wear and which is worn by 20,000 mutilated soldiers who have distinguished themselves in the field. The one is homage paid to your genius as a general, the other to your rare merit as a soldier.

This letter forms a strange contrast with the pro-

clamations which his Majesty addressed to his army May 13, 1809, in which he declared that from motives of humanity he took the good people of Vienna, who had been basely deserted, under his protection, and spoke of 'this capital, which the princes of the House of Lorraine abandoned, not like soldiers of honour yielding to the ill-fortune of war, but as perjurers flying from their own remorse.' In deserting Vienna he said, 'their adieux to the inhabitants were murder and incendiarism. Like Medea, they killed their children with their own hands.' Madame de Rémusat tells us that at an interview which took place after Wagram it was the intention of Napoleon to have offered the Archduke Charles a handsome sword, but that he changed his mind on finding the Austrian general such a dolt.

As soon as the marriage ceremony had been concluded at Vienna—a ceremony which rendered the marriage complete and irrevocable, and which was therefore unlike previous ones—Marie Louise set out for France, and was handed over at Braunau, on March 16, to Napoleon's sister, the Queen of Naples. In accordance to ancient custom she was immediately stripped from head to foot and clothed in new garments, and then entered France and commenced her journey to Compiègne, accompanied by the ladies and gentlemen of her household. Her Majesty travelled very slowly, being fêted in each village through which she passed. The Emperor wrote to her every day with his own hand, and Marie Louise replied regularly. At first, according to Constant, the letters of the Empress were short, and probably cold, for they elicited no remark on the part of Napoleon. But as

the distance diminished the epistles grew longer and warmer by degrees, and his Majesty perused them with transports of delight, awaiting their arrival with all the impatience of a youthful adorer of twenty. At each moment he cursed the fêtes and ceremonies which retarded the coming of his bride. A camp had been established at Soissons for the reception of Marie Louise, and the Emperor, who had gone to Compiègne, whiled away his time by 'according an amnesty, paying all debts due to nurses, and arranging the marriage of 6,000 soldiers, each bride being presented with a dowry.' When his Majesty learned that Marie Louise was only ten leagues from Soissons he could no longer restrain his impatience, and determined to set out and surprise his bride. He laughed like a child at the sensation this interview would produce. He paid more than usual attention to his toilet, and putting on the grey coat he had worn at Wagram, jumped into his carriage with the King of Naples and drove off. Their Majesties met at the little village of Courcelles, where the Emperor had taken shelter from the rain in the porch of the village church. As the carriage of the Empress was passing he made a sign to the postillions to stop, and in another moment he had thrown his arms round the neck of his bride, who said with a charming smile, as she held his portrait, which Berthier had presented her, in her hand and compared it with the original, 'It is not flattering.' Although a magnificent supper had been prepared at Soissons, the Emperor, regardless of the appetite and the fatigue of the ladies and gentlemen of her Majesty's household, determined to push on to Compiègne at once.

According to the official programme, Napoleon should have slept at the Hotel of the Chancellery; but after a long conversation with Marie Louise, and in imitation of Henri IV., he determined to remain at the palace. 'The next morning,' says Constant, 'his Majesty asked me if anyone had remarked that he had made a rent in the programme? upon which I answered "no"—at the risk of telling a falsehood.'

On April 2 the Imperial pair made their entrance into Paris in the midst of a cortège of kings and queens. Everywhere there were banquets, illuminations, music, and dancing, and wine and food were distributed to the people. In all the schools of the Empire the professors of rhetoric pronounced Latin speeches in honour of this union, upon which the divine blessing was implored in all the churches. More than a hundred and fifty poets celebrated it with epithalamia. The Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Council of State vied with each other in exalting this eternal alliance, which was the presage of the repose of the universe. The President of the Upper House exclaimed, 'What a guarantee has Europe acquired for her solidity and duration! You have seen arrive in the bosom of France, transported with love and joy, an august messenger of peace, a revered pledge of an eternal alliance!' And in the Lower House the President cried in a fit of enthusiasm, 'What interest does this glorious hymen shed over our labours! What long years of happiness and tranquillity does it not promise!' Diplomatists, however, of the Metternich school, were less demonstrative or were not so easily deceived; they saw the dark shadows which struck across this brilliant pic-

ture; the gathering cloud in the north; the lines of Torres Vedras against which Massena, the spoiled child of victory, Duke of Rivoli and Prince of Essling, had dashed himself in vain; and there was also the Pope, at Savona, who obstinately refused to listen to the propositions of Napoleon—the Pope, who bore so little ill-will to his persecutor, that when Metternich saw him shortly after the marriage, he said—'Heaven grant that this unforeseen event may consolidate the peace of the Continent. None desires more than myself the happiness of the Emperor Napoleon; I desire it with all my heart; he is a prince in whom are united many excellent qualities. God grant that he may recognise his true interests. He has it in his power to re-establish the Church, to do great good to religion, to draw down upon himself and his family the benedictions of his people and posterity, and to leave behind him in all respects a glorious name.'

The civil marriage was celebrated with great pomp at St. Cloud, in presence of Madame Mère and all the kings, queens, princes, and princesses of the Imperial family, and the other royal vassals of Napoleon. The next day the religious ceremony was performed with equal pomp at the Tuileries. On the altar was a basin containing the nuptial ring and thirteen pieces of gold. According to the programme published by the Comte de Ségur, we see that before handing the ring to Napoleon, the officiating priest gave him the pieces of gold, which he handed to the Empress, who passed them to a bridesmaid, who handed them to a master of the ceremonies.

But the chief interest of the ceremony lay in the sudden wrath of Napoleon, who, on glancing round

the hall, perceived that half the cardinals were absent. Of the twenty-seven Italian cardinals who had been summoned to Paris, fourteen had acquiesced in the sentence of the officiality which had pronounced the non-validity of the religious marriage of Napoleon with Josephine; but Consalvi and twelve others held that the Pope alone could decide so grave an affair. They explained their manner of thinking to Cardinal Fesch, and informed him that having sworn to uphold in all their integrity the rights of the Holy See, they could not consent to be present at the nuptial benediction. Consalvi said that he and his colleagues would be glad to pay their respects to the Empress after the marriage, and suggested that in order to avoid a scandal only half the cardinals should be invited to the Tuileries. In this way appearances would be saved, and the public would know nothing of the refusal of Cardinal Consalvi and his twelve colleagues to be present at the ceremony. When Cardinal Fesch told Napoleon what had occurred, 'Bah!' he ejaculated, 'they will never dare!' The cardinals had been so submissive up to that moment, they had all, with the exception of Consalvi, accepted a salary of 30,000 francs, and had attended the Imperial fêtes with such diligence, that Napoleon refused to believe in this threatened act of resistance. Several efforts were made to shake the purpose of the dissidents. At a reception held the day before the marriage, the Emperor thrice planted himself in front of the Cardinal and 'glared at him ferociously.' Fouché, too, attempted, first by persuasion and then by intimidation, to induce Consalvi to change his resolution; 'to absent yourselves,' he said, 'will be to render your-

selves guilty towards the State in the gravest manner, *because this affair touches the legitimacy of the marriage*, and concerns the succession to the throne of the children who may be born.'

The Emperor and Empress had no sooner traversed the gallery and entered the improvised chapel where the ceremony was to be performed, than the expression of Napoleon suddenly changed from one of triumph to anger. Knitting his brow, he said to the Abbé de Pradt, 'Where are the cardinals? I cannot see them.' And in fact he only saw fourteen The Abbé attempted to excuse their absence on the ground of infirmities and the weather. 'Ah, the fools,' hissed the Emperor; and darting another glance at the empty benches, he added again, 'the fools! the fools!' The Abbé de Pradt relates in his 'Four Concordats,' that during the rest of the ceremony Napoleon remained pensive. The storm was brewing, however. When he placed the nuptial ring on the finger of Marie Louise, he turned to the Abbé and said, 'I have given my wife a ring, and she has not given me one. Why is this?' The Abbé having given an explanation which did not satisfy him, Napoleon, after remaining for an instant in a kind of reverie, added, 'I gave the Empress a ring because the wife is the slave of the man. Look at the Romans; their slaves always wore rings.' His Majesty appears to have taken no notice of the thirteen pieces of gold which really symbolised the slavery of woman, and whose presence was derived from an old Parisian custom, dating from the time when husbands purchased their wives.

The Emperor's remark about the ring evidently

interested the Abbé, who goes on to observe, in the work above-named—'What Napoleon said faithfully depicted his character. I wish I could transmit to the reader the impression made upon me by his words. In order to form a proper estimate of them, one must remember the place in which they were uttered, the act, the spectators, and the mantle of the female slave borne by five queens; herself torn, thunder in hand, from the throne of the Cæsars, serving at the same time as a mutual pledge of stability to Austria and France.'

The day after the wedding there was an official reception at the Tuileries, to which the thirteen dissident cardinals repaired in company with their colleagues. 'One may easily imagine,' says Consalvi, 'with what anxiety we waited in the grand hall the appearance of the Emperor.' Suddenly, at three o'clock, the door of the ante-chamber was thrown open, and an aide-de-camp entered with an order for the cardinals who had not been present at the marriage to leave the palace at once, as the Emperor declined to receive them. This order was at once obeyed in fear and trembling. According to Consalvi, the Emperor gave directions for him and the Cardinals Oppizoni and di Pietro to be shot, but that the ex-Oratorian Fouché saved their lives. This is no doubt an exaggeration. What Fouché did was to persuade Napoleon not to drag the recalcitrant cardinals before a special commission; and his Majesty may have been reminded of what happened on the occasion of the trial of the seven bishops in England in the days of James II., and of the shouts which proclaimed their acquittal.

The Emperor therefore determined to take the law into his own hands, and he ordered the Minister of Public Worship to assemble the dissident cardinals, and to tell them that 'without the Pope they are nothing, and in the case of possessing a jurisdiction, the minority should obey the majority; that his Majesty has seen in their conduct the same spirit of rebellion which has often been manifested during the last ten years, obliging him to seize upon Rome; an act that led them to induce the Pope to fulminate an excommunication against him which excited the laughter of contemporaries, as it will excite that of posterity. His Majesty at first despised their intrigues in a spirit of charity, but it is time they should remember he holds the sword of justice in order to smite bad priests and traitors to the State.' This note terminated with the order that the thirteen cardinals were no longer to wear the dress or insignia of their sacerdotal office.

The thirteen cardinals attempted to explain and justify their conduct; and Consalvi wrote the following letter to Napoleon, which they all signed :—

We declare that we never had any intention to make ourselves judges or to throw any doubt on the validity of your first marriage, or on the legitimacy of the second, nor to call in question the right to the succession of the throne of the son which may be born to you. Finally, we beg your Majesty to accept this humble and sincere declaration, together with the assurance of our profound respect, devoted obedience, and submission, which we have the honour to profess for your person.

The apology was abject, but it made no impression on the mind of the Emperor. The condemned

cardinals, ruthlessly stripped of their external attributes, and obliged to clothe themselves in the costume of simple ecclesiastics, were hereafter known as the 'black cardinals' in contradistinction to the 'red cardinals.' They were deprived of their ecclesiastical and patrimonial property, and even of the means of existence, and were obliged to have recourse to charity. Two of them were exiled to Rheims, two to Rethel, two to Mezières, two to St. Quentin, two to Sédan, two to Charleville, and three to Sémur, where they were placed under the supervision of the police, and where they remained until the conclusion of the second concordat at Fontainebleau, which was no sooner signed than it was rescinded by the Pontiff.

The Abbé de Pradt (almoner to the God Mars, as he described himself), made the following reflections on the above event: that Napoleon was wrong to take notice of an act which had little importance, the cardinals having lost all their authority; that no one could explain how the same men who were present at the civil marriage should have objected to attend the religious marriage, the two acts being intimately connected; that the public failed to perceive by what scholastic subtlety subjects and dignitaries of the States of Napoleon could venture to cast a stain of reprobation on so important an act, and this in virtue of pretensions which had no existence except in the Roman Chancellery; that it was highly impolitic to divide the Sacred College on this subject. The Abbé added that 'when this imprudence brought down vengeance it was severe; and then rose a cry of martyrdom, persecution, heroism, atrocity, when there

was no more heroism on one side than persecution on the other; nothing but imprudence on the part of the cardinals, and violent resentment on the part of Napoleon for injury offered in a purely temporal matter, for it was not the sacrament of marriage which Napoleon defended, but the tranquillity of his presumptive descendants. We should like to know what would happen in a country where the authorities publicly disapproved of the acts of the prince, under the most solemn circumstances, even to throwing a slur on the legitimacy of the descendants of the throne? In the case in question the matter was all the more serious in the eyes of Napoleon, because he was engaged in founding a new dynasty, which required precautions with which ancient ones could dispense.' 'We are now far removed from this event, but one thing still remains to be decided—the rights of the Court of Rome. Was there ever anything more singular than a power established in the middle of the world, without any recognised or limited rights, possessing the power of drawing from its arsenal, at a moment when it is least expected, an arm embarrassing for some, dangerous for others. The Roman Chancellery is a phenomenon in the centre of Europe; it wishes to govern the world with its rubrics, as the true Rome governed it with the sword. However, there is a great difference between the two instruments.' Curious language coming from the pen of a churchman. One is certainly inclined to excuse the wrath of Napoleon in this instance. It was trying to his temper, after having wittingly indulged in two false marriages, to find one, in the validity of which he was deeply concerned, indirectly denounced by

thirteen cardinals, and this at a moment when his enemies in Paris were declaring that the second marriage was not even morganatic. But as Napoleon once said, 'he was no Louis le Débonnaire.' He was not a sovereign to tolerate such bulls as the *Ausculta, Fili* of Boniface VIII., the *Dictatus Papæ* of a Gregory VII., or the Holy League of a Julius II.; and his conduct on the present occasion met, as we have seen above, with the approval of the Abbé de Pradt, or rather of the Archbishop of Malines.

Although Marie Louise experienced some regret at leaving her parents, her painting, her tapestry, and her dogs, her marriage at first was certainly not unhappy. As for Napoleon, he wrote the most enthusiastic letters of thanks to his father-in-law, and Cardinal Maury says his Majesty was never so much in love with Josephine as with Marie Louise. Prince Metternich, who followed the Imperial bride to Compiègne in order, if possible, to ascertain the intentions of Napoleon, has given us several glimpses of the honeymoon. On April 4, 1810, he wrote to the Austrian Emperor to say that he had been received with marks of visible satisfaction on the day of his arrival at the French Court. 'Napoleon,' he added, 'never ceased expressing his satisfaction at the conclusion of the affair, *which exclusively occupied him* at the moment. He entered into minute details on the subject, to which he constantly returned. He spoke of the past being buried in oblivion, of the calm and happy epoch at which we had arrived, and of the impossibility of anything in the future troubling those natural relations just established.' The next day, after dining at the palace, Metternich had a second

conversation with Napoleon, which lasted three hours. 'His Majesty,' wrote the Prince, 'expressed himself highly flattered at the honour done to him by the Emperor of Austria in according him the hand of his daughter, hoping the union would have the most happy results. Up to the last moment he was convinced that your Majesty would not consent. He then declared that had he been refused he would have continued the war, would have granted Hungary a constitution, and would have made Austria bankrupt by inundating her with false notes of the Bank of Vienna.' Chuckling over the tricks which he had intended playing, he added, 'I will hand you over these false notes.'[1]

Prince Metternich relates that two months after the marriage Napoleon asked him why he never went to see the Empress Marie Louise except on reception days. '. . . 'I wish you to see the Empress,' he said. 'Come to-morrow morning; I will tell her to expect you.' 'The next day I went to the Tuileries, where I found Napoleon with the Empress. After a few words on commonplace topics, Napoleon said, "I wish the Empress to speak openly to you and tell you all she thinks of her position; you are her friend; she ought to have no secrets for you." So saying, Napoleon shut the door of the room, put the key in his pocket, and disappeared.'

[1] Prince Metternich was never able to obtain them, and could get nothing more than the word of honour of Napoleon that notes and plates should be destroyed. Some of these false notes, to the amount of 200,000 florins, afterwards got into circulation, and led to several arrests in Paris. This ignoble method of warfare was no doubt borrowed from the bundles of *assignats* which the Royalists employed during the insurrection in La Vendée.

More than an hour afterwards Napoleon re-entered the room smiling, and said : 'Well ! have you had a good chat? Has the Empress said many bad things of me? Has she laughed or cried? I don't ask you to tell me ; those are secrets which do not concern a third party, even when that third party is the husband.' Prince Metternich, of course, understood that Napoleon wished him to write a favourable account of him to his father-in-law.

On another occasion the Austrian ambassador relates that Marie Louise said to him, a short while after her marriage : 'I am sure Vienna talks a great deal of me, and that the general opinion is that I am a prey to daily anguish. . . . I have no fear of Napoleon, but I begin to think he is afraid of me.' And, in fact, when Marie Louise did anything to displease Napoleon, his Majesty, instead of complaining himself, used to beg Metternich to remonstrate with his wife.

Lamartine has left us the following pen-and-ink sketch of the new Empress : 'She was a fine girl of the Tyrol, with blue eyes, fair hair, and a face in which the whiteness of snow was blended with the roses of the valley. Her figure was slight and elegant, with the kind of languishing attitude common to German women, who seem to require to lean on the heart of a man. Her lips were rather thick, her bosom full of sighs and fecundity ; her arms long, white, and admirably sculptured. She was of a simple and innocent nature, reserved, and made for domestic love.'

Events marched rapidly. In 1809 Napoleon bombarded Vienna, and learning that it had been im-

possible to move Marie Louise from the palace where she was suffering from the small-pox, he had ordered the direction of the French batteries to be changed. In 1810 Napoleon and Marie Louise were married. In 1811 the King of Rome was born. In 1812 came their visit to Dresden, which was exceedingly splendid, and then a few months later the opening of that fatal Russian campaign, during which the Emperor Francis observed an eccentric neutrality, furnishing his son-in-law an auxiliary corps of 30,000 men, with the consent of the Czar! As Prince Metternich explains, Napoleon wished to see the main body of the Austrian army employed beyond the frontier, while the Czar considered that this force, not actively engaged in the struggle, would form an excellent rampart for his southern provinces. But in this Russian campaign so many things were strange. In addition to Austrian neutrality, which is slightly comprehensible, there was the active aid lent by Prussia; but there was to be a French military governor at Berlin, and only troops sufficient in that capital to furnish the palace guards. French officers were constantly to visit Potsdam, to accustom the inhabitants to the sight of their uniform. War was blazing away in Spain and Portugal, and yet in looking over the composition of the grand army we find in one army corps, in addition to French troops—1st division: two battalions of picked Portuguese troops, two battalions of Swiss; 2nd division: two Portuguese and two Illyrian battalions; 3rd division: two Spanish and two Swiss battalions; 4th division: one battalion of Corsican sharp-shooters and four battalions of Swiss. There was a Castilian

brigade commanded by Bourmont, and Portuguese cavalry, which, raised on the sunny banks of the Tagus, resisted the terrible Russian winter better than any other troops.[1] There was a Polish army corps under Poniatowski. The 6th corps was composed of Bavarians, the 7th of Saxons, the 8th of Westphalians, while Wurtemburg furnished one division, and Hesse Darmstadt and Baden another, &c. &c.

Napoleon had no sooner escaped from the Moscow disaster than he exhibited the greatest anxiety to know what his father-in-law would do. Would the matrimonial alliance still hold good after reverses which must have terribly shaken his prestige? The first thing which he did upon reaching Dresden on his road home was to write the following letter, in which reigns a tone of confidence hardly in keeping with the gravity of the situation :—

The Emperor Napoleon to the Emperor of Austria.

Dresden : December 14, 1812.

My Brother and very dear Father-in-law,—I have stopped at Dresden to write to your Majesty and give you news concerning me. In spite of such great fatigue my health has never been better. I started from Lithuania on the 5th of this month, leaving the grand army under the orders of the King of Naples. . . . In four days I shall be in Paris, where I shall pass the winter months attending to business. Perhaps your Majesty may deem it advisable to send some one there in the absence of your ambassador. . . . Under the circumstances it will be important for your Majesty to raise the force in Galicia and Transylvania to 60,000 men. I have full confidence in the sentiments of

[1] By way of compensation German troops were employed in the Peninsula. Thus the 5th corps of the army of Portugal was chiefly composed at this time of Prussians, Hanoverians, and Irishmen.

your Majesty. The alliance we have contracted forms a permanent system from which our subjects should derive great advantages. . . . You may be sure that you will find me always ready to do what I can to be agreeable, &c.

NAPOLEON.

Eager were the inquiries which the Emperor made at all the large towns through which he passed in his rapid journey from the banks of the Niemen to Paris, and especially at Leipsic, which city he had always treated with indulgence as a seat of learning and more especially of journalism. By favouring Leipsic and exempting it from requisitions, he hoped to gain a powerful auxiliary. Everywhere he asked what effect the reverses of his army had produced in Germany. He seemed hardly able to believe that even the Saxons would stand to him, though he in no way doubted the sincerity of his friend the venerable Frederick Augustus.

After having passed the Beresina, Napoleon had sent Comte Anatole de Montesquiou with letters to the Empress, but he overtook his aide-de-camp on the banks of the Rhine opposite Mayence, and they crossed the river together. It was thus that Marie Louise only became aware of Napoleon's return when, in the middle of the night, he almost frightened her to death by suddenly entering her bedroom, accompanied by Caulaincourt. The meeting, according to an eye-witness (a lady's-maid), was extremely affectionate.

In the long conversation which Napoleon had with Prince Metternich at Dresden on the subject of a mediation the Emperor endeavoured to impress on the Prince that his defeat in Russia was due solely

to the climate, and that his prestige had never been greater in France than on his return from Moscow. Prince Metternich having expressed doubts on this subject, and alluded to the fact that his soldiers were mere children, the Emperor flew into a violent passion, and, pale with anger, said rudely—

'You are no soldier, and cannot understand what passes in the mind of a soldier. I have been brought up on the battle-field, and a person like myself cares little for the lives of a million of men' (his Majesty really expressed himself in more forcible terms). While speaking thus (says the Prince) he flung his hat into the corner of the room. I remained calm, leaned against a console which was placed between the two windows, and, deeply impressed by what I had heard, said to him, 'Why do you address yourself to me? Why make such a declaration between four walls? Let us open the doors, so that your words may echo from one end of France to the other! It is not the cause which I represent that will be the loser!' Napoleon, restraining himself, in the calmest possible tone then made use of the following words, which are not less remarkable than those he had just uttered:—'The French cannot complain of me; in order to spare them I have sacrificed Poles and Germans. I lost 300,000 men in the Russian campaign, but out of this number only 30,000 were Frenchmen.' 'You forget, sire, I exclaimed, that you are speaking to a German.'

Napoleon once more began to walk up and down the room with me. At the second turn he picked up his hat. At the same time he again began to speak of his marriage. 'Yes,' he said, 'I committed a great folly in marrying an Archduchess of Austria.'

'Since your Majesty desires to know my opinion,' I replied, 'I will tell you frankly that Napoleon *the conqueror* made a great mistake.'

'Then the Emperor Francis wishes to dethrone his daughter.'

'The Emperor,' I replied, 'knows nothing but his duty, and he will fulfil it. No matter what Fortune reserves for his daughter, the Emperor Francis is, above all, a sovereign, and the interest of his people will always occupy the first place in his calculations.'

'Yes,' said Napoleon, interrupting me, 'what you tell me in no way surprises me. Everything confirms me in the idea that I committed a fault in marrying an archduchess. I wished to unite the present and the past, Gothic prejudices and the institutions of my century. I was deceived, and now I see the extent of my error. It will perhaps cost me my throne, but I shall bury the world under its ruins.'

In the beginning of 1813 we find M. de Narbonne, who had played a prominent part in the matter of the Austrian alliance, going to Vienna in the hope of obtaining the continued neutrality, if not the aid, of Austria; but the matrimonial alliance could no longer resist the strain put upon it. In April of the same year Napoleon took the command of the army and handed over the regency to Marie Louise. Just a year afterwards he was obliged to sign his abdication at Fontainebleau. At St. Helena Napoleon declared that Marie Louise must have been happy though she did not reign long, as she had the whole earth at her feet. It seems to us rather that she lived among the crumbling ruins of the Empire, and that her existence must have been tormented by the certainty that a terrible disaster was approaching—a disaster of which she received many warnings.

During the negotiations at Dresden Napoleon revealed to her the secret of his position. In a message to the Senate the Empress said that her husband had associated her with his inmost thoughts, and that she perfectly understood all he would feel if seated on a

shattered throne and obliged to wear a crown without glory. According to Baron Fain, Marie Louise had the greatest confidence in the tender affection of her father, and wrung from Napoleon a promise to make a direct and confidential appeal to him. The Baron adds, that when the negotiations were broken off her Majesty was so deeply affected by this new war between her father and her husband, that, with the view of amusing her, Napoleon sent her to Cherbourg to see the new port opened, and that 'her feet were the last which left their print on the sand before the ocean was let in.' After the terrible battle of Leipsic, too, we find Marie Louise going to the Senate in state, and, with a voice half choked by emotion, saying—'Senators, the allies wish to avenge the triumphs which carried your eagles into their capitals. I know better than anyone what our populations will have to fear if they allow themselves to be conquered. Frenchmen, your Emperor, your country, your honour appeal to you.' And so great was the effect produced by this speech from the throne that the Senate voted a levy of 280,000 men.

Very few of the letters which passed between Napoleon and Marie Louise, or which concern Marie Louise, have been published in the Emperor's correspondence or elsewhere, but the following throw some little light on their mutual relations. First of all let us take a letter addressed to the Emperor of Austria, dated May 4, 1813, or nearly two months before the conversation with Metternich :—

Sir, my Brother and very dear Father-in-law,—Knowing the interest which your Majesty takes in every piece of good fortune that happens to me, I hasten to announce the victory

which it has pleased Providence to accord to my arms on the field of Lutzen. Although constantly under fire, I met with no accident, and, thanks to Heaven, enjoy excellent health. I daily receive news from the Empress, with whom I continue to be extremely well satisfied. She is at present acting as my First Minister, and acquits herself of her task in a manner which contents me. I cannot allow your Majesty to be ignorant of this fact, knowing what pleasure it will give your paternal heart, &c.

NAPOLEON.

Napoleon was in great hopes that the brilliant successes he had gained at Lutzen and Bautzen would induce his father-in-law to abandon his rôle of mediator and to join him. When he asked M. de Narbonne, who had slipped away from Vienna to pay him a flying visit at Dresden, 'What do they say about Lutzen?' the reply was, 'Ah! sire, some people say you are a god, others a demon; but all agree that you are more than a man.' However, the Emperor Francis was not to be won over, and the probability is that he was guided in this determination by the knowledge that France was almost exhausted and utterly sick of those wars which she thought were to end with the Austrian marriage.

After having played an active part in the matrimonial alliance, it is curious to remark with what energy and skill Metternich laboured to accomplish the downfall of the potentate who had wedded his sovereign's daughter. He attributed the ruin of Napoleon in 1813 to Providence and himself. In a letter to his old preceptor the Abbé Hähn, within a fortnight before Leipsic, he said, 'I have undertaken an immense work, and am advancing slowly. . . . Heaven has blessed our enterprise; it aids us because we aid

ourselves, and soon the colossal power of France will fall like a cedar of Lebanon.' At the same time he wrote to his father, saying: 'God has given me patience and force. For years I have pursued the same policy, and a great power like Austria should vanquish all obstacles, if well directed, and if its course is always directed towards the same end. It is not for nothing that I wished before undertaking my great work to become well acquainted with our adversary. . . . I know him better than anyone in Europe. . . . I prepared a favourable moment by the armistice of June 4, and then, by the boldest stroke possible, in prolonging the armistice for twenty days. I took upon myself to stipulate this prolongation in the name of the allies, without saying a word to them. Had they known anything about it the matter would have become impossible. The result proved that my calculations were correct. The Russian and Prussian armies arrived in time to cover the north of Bohemia and attract Napoleon's chief attention on the left of the Elbe. Blucher and the Prince Royal have had time to prepare,' &c. And to his daughter Marie: 'Everything proves that the hour has struck, and that my mission to put an end to so many evils has been determined by the decrees of heaven. Napoleon thinks of me I am sure; I must appear to him as a sort of *personified conscience*. I told him everything and predicted everything at Dresden. He would believe nothing, and the Latin proverb, *quos Deus vult perdere dementat*—which you may ask Victor to translate for you—is once more verified.' At least it was verified shortly afterwards, though matters looked so black for the allies at one moment, even after Metternich

wrote as above, that for twenty-four hours they seriously contemplated recrossing the Rhine. That they did not do so Napoleon attributed to the energetic advice of his countryman, Pozzo di Borgo, who had taken service in Russia.

From Erfurt the Emperor wrote to Savary, who had succeeded Fouché, that he was not to send his reports direct to the Empress, 'who is too young to have her mind disturbed and defiled by police details.' When that fine old soldier, Marshal Bessières, who always went into action with a Bible in the breast of his coat, fell at Lutzen, Napoleon wrote to Cambacérès, saying: 'The Duke of Istria was struck by a cannon ball, and fell stone dead. I write this in haste, so that you may acquaint the Empress and his wife. Explain to the Empress that the Duke of Istria was at a great distance from me when he was killed.' A few days after thus trying to calm the fears of Marie Louise, he addressed the following gem to the Chancellor of the Empire:—

My Cousin,—I am sorry you did not advise the Empress to pardon the man condemned to death. You behaved too much like a lawyer in this affair. The pardon should have been the *spontaneous act of the Empress.* Take the earliest opportunity of making her perform one or two acts of clemency on *her own inspiration.* Justice will not suffer, and a good effect will be created in public opinion.

In the following June the Emperor wrote thus to his 'Prime Minister':—

Madame, and dear Friend,—I have received the letter in which you inform me that you received the Archchancellor while in bed. My intention is that under no circumstances, and under no matter what pretext, shall you receive, no

matter whom, when in bed. That is only permitted to ladies over thirty years of age.

NAPOLEON.

A month afterwards his Majesty wrote, having somewhat picked himself together after Leipsic :—

August 1813.

Madame, and very dear Spouse,—I send you twenty flags captured by my armies at the battles of Wachau, Leipsic (?), and Hanau ; it is a homage which I wish to render you. I desire you to see in this a mark of my great satisfaction of your conduct during the regency I confided to you.

NAPOLEON.

On March 31, 1814, Paris capitulated. On April 2 the downfall of Napoleon was decreed, and on the 11th the Emperor abdicated, deserted by most of his old comrades ; even by Marmont, who 'was his child, and brought up under his tent.' Two days after the abdication had been signed, Napoleon at 8 P.M. wrote as follows to Marie Louise :—

My good Louise,—I have received your letter, and see all your pain, which increases mine. I perceive with pleasure that Corvisart encourages you. I am infinitely obliged to him ; he justifies by this noble conduct the high opinion I always entertained of him. Tell him this from me, and let him send me frequent bulletins concerning your state of health. Try and go as soon as possible to the waters at Aix, which, they tell me, Corvisart has advised you to take. Take care of yourself and preserve your health for (blank in the copy), and for your son, who requires your care. I am about to start for the island of Elba, from which place I will write to you. I shall do all in my power to see you again.

Write to me often, and address your letters to the viceroy and to your uncle, if, as they say, he has been made Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Adieu, my good Marie Louise.

NAPOLEON.

At the same date the Emperor Francis wrote from Troyes, where he was unable to find post horses :—

My dear Prince Metternich,—I thank you for all you have done. The important matter is to get Napoleon out of France, and God grant he may be sent to a great distance. You were quite right in putting off the conclusion of the treaty until my arrival in Paris. I do not approve of the island of Elba as a residence for Napoleon ; it is taken from Tuscany, and what belongs to my family is given to a foreigner. This sort of thing cannot be admitted for the future. Besides, Napoleon will be too near France and Europe. If this cannot be hindered, you must at all events try and arrange that the island of Elba shall return to Tuscany on the death of Napoleon, and that I shall be named co-guardian of the child as regards Parma, &c.; also that in the event of my daughter and the child dying, the states which are destined for them shall not revert to the Napoleon family. Above all, I thank you as a father for all you have done for my daughter.

FRANCIS.

On April 20, at 9 A.M., just before leaving Fontainebleau, and saying good-bye to his Old Guard, Napoleon sat down and penned the following letter:—

My good Friend,—I am about to start, and shall sleep at Briare, and after that I shall stop only at St. Tropez. Beausset will hand you this letter, give you news about me, tell you that I am well, that I hope your health will bear up, and that you will come and join me.

Montesquiou, who started at 2 A.M., ought to have arrived. I received no news from you yesterday, but I hope

that the prefect of the palace (Beausset) will rejoin me this evening, and give me some. You can always count upon the calm, the courage, and the friendship of your husband.

NAPOLEON.

It appears that M. de Beausset was unable to overtake Marie Louise, and that he kept the above letter, which was afterwards found in M. de la Jarrinette's collection of autographs. Other letters were intercepted.

What Marie Louise would do at this juncture was much discussed. Lord Byron in his celebrated ode asked—

> And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
> Thy still Imperial bride:
> How bears her breast the torturing hour?
> Still clings she to your side?
> Must she too bend, must she too share
> Thy late repentance, long despair,
> Thou throneless homicide? o
> If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
> 'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

When Paris was seriously menaced by the allies, Joseph, Louis, and Jerome advised the Empress to retire behind the Loire with her son. The remainder of the council were opposed to this. Marie Louise resisted for some time, and only yielded when Joseph, who had been placed in command of the National Guard, showed her a letter in which Napoleon said he would sooner see her and her son at the bottom of the Seine than in the hands of the enemy. It is impossible, on perusing the correspondence of Napoleon, and the various orders given for the defence of the capital, to suppose that the Emperor contemplated Paris being thus abandoned, although he

undoubtedly gave strict directions concerning the safety of Marie Louise and the little King of Rome. In a note on the present condition of France and the means of defence possessed by the capital, dated January 12, 1814, we find under the heading of *résumé*: '1st. Never make any preparations for abandoning Paris; bury yourselves under its ruins if necessary' (pièce 1,577). In a letter, too, written on March 31 from Fontainebleau, Napoleon told Berthier to write to the Prefect of Orleans to announce the unfortunate news of the occupation of Paris by the allies, 'which my arrival would have hindered had it been delayed for three hours.' It is clear that Napoleon never anticipated the sudden flight of the Government.

Several letters written during the campaign of France show that the Emperor was dissatisfied with the conduct of the authorities in the capital. On February 7, 1814, he wrote to Cambacérès from Nogent:—

My Cousin,—I have received your letter of the 5th. I see that, instead of encouraging, you discourage the Empress. What is the meaning of these *misereres* and prayers of forty hours? Have the people in Paris gone mad? The Minister of Police does nothing but say and commit follies.

NAPOLEON.

And on the same day he thus addressed King Joseph:—

I need not return to the subject of Paris. When that happens [the capitulation], I shall no longer exist, and consequently it is not for myself that I speak. I have given you orders concerning the Empress and the King of Rome.

I repeat that Paris shall never be occupied during my lifetime. If you march on the Loire you must escort the Empress and her son thus far, as both might be seized and carried to Vienna. . . . Never let the Empress and the King of Rome fall into the hands of the enemy. . . . If I live I should be obeyed, and if I die, my son reigning and the Empress being regent, they ought not, for the honour of France, to allow themselves to be captured. Remember what the wife of Philip V. said. What would be thought of the Empress? Were the throne abandoned, and the Empress and the King of Rome in the hands of the enemy, you and all those who wish to defend yourselves would become rebels. I should prefer my son to be slain rather than brought up at Vienna as an Austrian prince, and I have a high enough opinion of the Empress to be persuaded she thinks the same as far as it is possible for a wife and a mother. I never saw 'Andromache' played without pitying the fate of Astyanax surviving his family. [He only survived Hector, and not his mother.]

On March 12, when matters were looking very gloomy, not to say hopeless, his Majesty wrote again to Joseph, and this time with his own hand :—

I have seen with pain that you have spoken to my wife about the Bourbons, and the possible opposition of the Emperor of Austria. I beg you will avoid all such conversations in future. I do not desire to be the protégé of my wife. This idea would spoil her, and be a source of discord. Never say anything capable of leading her to suppose I would consent to be protected either by herself or her father. Never for the last four years has a word concerning the Bourbons or Austria passed my lips. Besides, this would only disturb her tranquillity and spoil her excellent temper. . . . . The Emperor of Austria can do nothing because he is feeble and led by Metternich, who has been bought by England. This is the secret.

After the abdication Marie Louise appears to have

left Blois, whither she had retired in the first instance, for Orleans, and thence to have gone to Rambouillet, escorted by Cossacks under the command of the Count Schouvaloff, who had been so horror-struck on learning that the Austrian alliance had been decided upon. She was to be prevented from joining or from corresponding with Napoleon. According to Bourrienne, she reproached her father at Rambouillet with having, when he placed her on the throne, promised to keep her there, and she could hardly be persuaded to receive the Emperor Alexander, whom she regarded as the author of all her woes.

At the same time that Napoleon, on his way to Elba, accompanied by the commissioners of the allied powers, was in danger of his life on the banks of the Durance, and was only saved by stratagem from an infuriated mob, his wife was being welcomed with wild delight, and being serenaded against her will, in the Tyrol; and in fact such crowds flocked to do her honour that several serious accidents occurred.

On her return to Vienna, Marie Louise was hailed with the same enthusiasm as had been exhibited four years previously, when the people wanted to take Berthier's horses from his carriage and to draw him through the streets. She had played her part in the great European drama, and had saved Vienna at the expense of Moscow. The union she had accepted in the interest of her country was severed without her consent, and she was even separated in a great measure, and for serious political reasons, from her son. She was to have, by way of compensation for her lost crown, the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla; but by the treaty of 1815 these duchies

were not to revert to her heirs, but were to go to the ex-Queen of Etruria, who had been so infamously plundered by Napoleon. Parma, by the way, was claimed at the same time by Austria, Spain, Naples, the Queen of Etruria, and the Pope. Pius VII. claimed it because it had been ceded in 1545, contrary to the rights of the Holy See, and in contempt of decretals, to Peter Louis Farnese, the natural son of his Holiness Paul III. Consequently, it would not have been strange had so devout a Catholic as Marie Louise refused to accept Church property. But this was not the case.

Baron Meneval, who had so long served Napoleon as secretary, and who accompanied Marie Louise on her return to Austria, says in his historical memoirs that 'When the Empress Marie Louise went to meet her father, returning from Paris, the Emperor Francis received her at Siegartkirchen, a village two miles from Vienna, in the same room of the post-house in which Napoleon in 1805 had received the deputation which presented him with the keys of Vienna. The recollection of this scene, which I had witnessed nine years before, vividly recurred to my mind. I fancied that I saw before me once more the glorious conqueror before whom Count Zinzendorf, followed by venerable magistrates, bowed while presenting him the keys of the proud Austrian capital on a silver plate. I beheld in imagination these deputies recommending the city and its inhabitants to the generosity of the victor. This hallucination had such an effect on me, that I closed my eyes in order to seize it. When I opened them, how different was the scene I witnessed. The parts had changed. In the

same place where I had beheld the victorious soldier, with proud attitude, tempered by a natural sentiment of generosity and by the sympathy which the humiliation of a great people inspires in a magnanimous mind, I saw before me a princess half-kneeling, with moistened eyes, and a prince who was raising her up with a mixture of pride and tenderness. This princess was the wife of Napoleon. The prince was the father-in-law of her husband, whose clemency he had formerly implored at the bivouac of Sar-Vehitz, and whom he proscribed to-day. What a change of fortune—what a contrast—what a lesson!'

No matter what may have been the feelings of Marie Louise towards Napoleon—whether it be true, as the Comtesse de Bradi assures us, that his inconstancy, impatience, and roughness had alienated her affection before the allies entered Paris—she at first showed herself greatly distressed by all that had happened. It is difficult, however, to form a just appreciation of her feelings, as all communication between the Imperial couple was interdicted, and Marie Louise was half a prisoner. Baron Meneval, however, tells us that when there was a question of Isabey the painter entering her service, she said, in addition to the expense, she would never take this matter on herself without first obtaining the consent of the Emperor. 'You know,' she added, 'his prejudices against him, and these I should respect; although separated from him, I am none the less responsible for my conduct to my husband.' Nor is this extraordinary, for Marie Louise was under the impression that she would shortly be permitted to rejoin Napoleon. In his 'Manuscript of 1814,' one of Napoleon's secre-

taries, the Baron Fain, says that the Emperor Francis was much affected on seeing Marie Louise once more, and that he could not restrain his tears on embracing his favourite daughter; adding, 'He then saw for the first time the little King of Rome, and was delighted to find in his infantine face the distinctive features of the House of Austria; but to win a smile from the child it was necessary to promise him his playthings.' The Emperor gave his daughter to understand that she was to be separated for a time from her husband, that they would be reunited after a while, and that she would do well to go to Vienna in search of distraction.

M. de Beausset also, who remained in the service of Marie Louise, speaks of her as greatly grieved at the misfortunes which had befallen Napoleon, and as expecting that she would be allowed to rejoin him. He denies, however, that she ever formed a secret project for making her escape to Elba. 'A triple barrier of iron,' he says, 'intercepted all messages, and the Empress knew little or nothing of anything that was passing beyond the walls of Schönbrunn, where she lived a most secluded life, and where hardly any ceremony was observed. In the summer she went to Aix to take the waters, and cried on leaving her son. While at that place she received the last letter from Napoleon, which escaped the vigilance of the Austrians, and she was joined by Count Neipperg, who had been sent to her by her father, to form part of her household.'

On his way to Elba Napoleon had written several letters to Marie Louise, but they were intercepted, and on reaching his place of exile he again endea-

voured to open up communications. He never for an instant doubted the affection of his wife, and was evidently persuaded she would be permitted to rejoin him. On July 27 he wrote to Count Bertrand, his grand marshal of the palace, from Porto Ferrajo, saying—

I have decided upon going to Marciana on the 1st August. It is necessary that my house should be finished during my absence, so that should the Empress arrive she may find her apartments ready. You will have to execute the following works: paint the doors, the windows, and the sashes; whitewash the façade, colour the pavement, decorate the ceiling in the gallery, raise the centre of the building, and put ceilings to all the upper rooms, &c.

NAPOLEON.

On August 8 he addressed another letter to his grand marshal, saying—'Count Leczinsky starts to-day for Leghorn, and will take a letter for the Empress. Write to Meneval and tell him I expect the Empress at the end of the month; that I hope my son will be allowed to come; that it is strange I receive no letters; that this must be the work of some subaltern, and not that of her father; and that no one has any right over the Empress and her son.'

In a letter dated August 20 Napoleon announced the arrival of Madame Mère, and said he expected the Empress in September; and on the 28th he wrote from La Madone to Bertrand, saying: 'Send off de Beausset's courier, and tell him I have received news of the Empress up to August 10. Tell him the Empress is to write to me to the address of M. Senno, directing her letters to Genoa, under cover to S. Constantin Gatelli. M. de Beausset will give the enclosed

letter to the 'Empress'—letter already mentioned as the last which escaped detection.

Receiving no more news from the Empress, and considering it useless to write to the Emperor Francis or the Archduke Charles, Napoleon addressed the following appeal to their brother Ferdinand Joseph, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had replaced Eliza Bacciochi:—

To Ferdinand Joseph, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Porto Ferrajo: October 10, 1814.

Monsieur my Brother, and very dear Uncle,—Not having received any news from my wife since the 10th August, nor of my son for six months, I send you this letter by the Chevalier Colonna. I beg your Royal Highness to inform me if you will permit me to send you a letter for the Empress once a week, and if you will send me news of her in return, and letters from Madame de Montesquiou, the governess of my son. I flatter myself that, in spite of events which have changed so many individuals, your Royal Highness still retains some friendship for me. If you will give me this assurance it will greatly console me. Your Royal Highness cannot doubt the constancy of my feeling towards you, &c.

NAPOLEON.

At Elba Napoleon behaved with great circumspection towards Marie Louise. He would give poor Josephine no encouragement to join him, and when visited unexpectedly by Madame Walewska, he begged her at once to leave the island for fear of the report of her presence reaching the ears of Marie Louise. His solitude was somewhat relieved by his mother and his favourite sister Pauline. When he landed, his relative, Joseph Philip Arrighi, canon of Pisa and Florence, and vicar of Ajaccio, Elba, and

Piombino, published a pastoral letter, in which he said that 'Divine Providence, who in His benevolence disposes irresistibly of things, and who assigns to nations their destinies, has pleased that in the midst of the political changes of Europe we should become in future the subjects of the Great Napoleon. The island of Elba, already celebrated for its natural productions, will henceforth be illustrious among the nations of the earth, owing to the homage rendered to its new prince, whose glory is immortal. The island of Elba assumes a rank among the powers, and its little territory is ennobled by the name of its sovereign. Proud of this sublime honour, it receives into its bosom *the anointed of the Lord*, and the other distinguished persons who accompany him.' In his new kingdom he attempted to hold a court, but on questioning the ladies who attended his receptions, in accordance with a custom contracted at St. Cloud and the Tuileries, and on learning that they were the wives of butchers and bakers, he gave up the attempt. His taste had become too delicate. Many of his marshals and ministers had been men of the lowest origin, but he had made them kings, princes, dukes, or barons.

The mind of Napoleon was eagerly bent on recovering his crown, his wife, and his son, and he followed with anxious glance the blunders committed by the Bourbons. On March 20, 1815, he was back once more in Paris, and after vain efforts to induce the Emperor of Austria to restore Marie Louise and the King of Rome, and to separate himself from the allies, he instructed Baron Meneval to draw up a note to be laid before the Chambers. In it

an account was to be given of everything that had passed from the time the Empress left Orleans until she arrived at Vienna. The horror inspired by the conduct of Austria towards the King of Rome was to be dwelt upon, and also the conduct of Austria and the other powers towards the Empress. It was to be pointed out that the treaty of Fontainebleau had been violated since Napoleon's son had been torn from him. The Baron was to draw particular attention to the fact of the Prince Imperial having been separated from his mother, and from Madame de Montesquiou; to the tears of the child, and, with all due precaution, allusion was to be made to the apprehensions of Madame de Montesquiou for the personal safety of her pupil.[1] Mention was to be made of the grief of the Empress on being separated from the Emperor, and Baron Meneval was to state that when his Majesty disembarked, Marie Louise had passed *thirty nights* without sleeping. He was to insist that the Empress was in reality a prisoner, since she was not allowed to write to the Emperor, and had been obliged to give her word of honour not to do so.

Up to the day of his death Napoleon had the greatest confidence in the virtue of Marie Louise, and the sincerity and strength of her attachment. He seems to have known nothing of Count Neipperg, to whom she gave her hand as soon as she found herself a widow.

[1] At St. Helena Napoleon said that the King of Rome would become an instrument of menace and the chosen of the people. 'Therefore Austrian policy will kill him, not perhaps during the lifetime of his grandfather, who is an honest man, but who will not live for ever; or, if the policy of the day be opposed to such a crime, they will destroy his faculties and render him idiotic.'

M. Fleury de Chaboulon says that Napoleon wrote several letters to the Emperor Francis, in the hopes that his wife and son would be restored, and despatched M. de Flahaut to Vienna, but this officer was stopped at Stuttgard. He himself, after returning from Bâle, where he had had an interview with M. Werner, saw Napoleon at the Elysée, who after some diplomatic conversation said :—'Did you ask after the Empress and my son ?'—'Yes, they are quite well, and charming.'—'Did you complain that the rights of humanity, and the first law of nature, had been violated ? Did you point out how odious it was to tear a wife from her husband, a child from his father ?' And in putting these questions his Majesty betrayed the most violent emotion. The story of M. Fleury's mission merits a few words. During the 'Hundred Days,' Fouché sent a secret agent to Prince Metternich, charged to propose that the Emperor Francis should allow the King of Rome to be proclaimed Emperor of the French, and to say that he would send a confidential person to Bâle to negotiate the affair. The Emperor Francis, incapable of taking such a step on his own account, at once communicated the matter to the Czar and the King of Prussia, suggesting at the same time that it might be advisable to despatch some one to Bâle in order to learn the views of the author of the proposition. This was agreed to, and Baron d'Ottenfels, under the pseudonym of Henri Werner, was told to meet Fouché's emissary. He was instructed to declare that the allies would under no consideration treat with Napoleon. He was to ask Fouché to explain himself as to a successor—Louis XVIII., the Duke of Orleans, or a regency. It

France desired the latter, it would not be refused, although Austria had objections to offer: 1st, a long minority would present numerous chances of disorder, &c.; 2nd, Austria had no desire to exercise a direct influence in France, which might lead to troubles with that country and with the other powers. Henri Werner, on reaching Bâle, was astonished to find, not an agent of Fouché, but an agent of Napoleon, and conjecturing that there was nothing sincere in the matter, he broke off all negotiations after a second interview.

After Waterloo Napoleon wished for a second time to abdicate in favour of his son. When pressed to lay down his power by the President of the Chamber, he declared his intention of abdicating only in favour of the King of Rome. His brother Lucien seconded him in his efforts, and crying out in the House, '*L'Empereur a abdiqué. Vive l'Empereur!*' proposed an oath of fidelity to Napoleon II. A stormy discussion ensued, and the debate was adjourned. When the Chamber met again, Manuel supported the proposition of Prince Lucien, declaring that by virtue of the constitution Napoleon II. became Emperor on the abdication of Napoleon I.; and such was the impression caused by this speech that it was ordered to be printed. In the House of Peers, General Drouet (Comte d'Erlon) spoke in the same sense, and on the motion of Comte Thibeaudeau a resolution similar to that proposed by Manuel in the Lower Chamber was voted.

On June 24 the Provisional Government, composed of Fouché, Carnot, Quinette, Caulaincourt, and Grenier, issued a proclamation saying: 'A great sac-

fice has appeared necessary to your peace and that of Europe. Napoleon has abdicated the Imperial power; his abdication is the term of his political existence; his son is proclaimed.' Two days later, however, all the acts of the Provisional Government were rendered 'in the name of the French people,' and the claims of Napoleon II. were dropped. The last act of authority on the part of Napoleon was to order a British nobleman to leave Paris at a moment's warning for endeavouring to prevent the succession of Napoleon II. His lordship rushed off to Fouché, who soothed his apprehensions by assuring him that the power of Napoleon I. had departed, and that there would be no danger in remaining where he was.

It is to be noted that at St. Helena Napoleon spoke in the most affectionate terms of his wife. He alluded to her in his will as 'my dear Marie Louise,' and 'my very dear and well-beloved spouse.' On the subject of this union Baron Meneval relates that the Austrian general who became the second husband of Marie Louise was the son of a Frenchman. He says that 'while his father, Count Neipperg, filled a diplomatic mission in Paris, he made the acquaintance of a French officer of a distinguished family, and received him in the most familiar manner at his house. The Comtesse de Neipperg was not insensible to the merits of this gentleman, who was very assiduous, while the Comte de Neipperg paid very little attention to his wife, and left her mistress of her actions. The consequence was a liaison between the Countess and the young French officer, the fruit of which was a child, who afterwards became a general. The proof of this fact is to be found in a letter which the general's

mother addressed to the French officer, and which was found among his papers when he died.'

The probability is, that the attachment of Marie Louise for Napoleon, if it lasted up to the time of the abdication of Fontainebleau, did not long survive the separation. Perhaps the Empress regretted her throne more than her husband. Had it been otherwise, it is improbable that Prince Metternich would have written to her as he did after Waterloo without adding a single consolatory expression to his dry recital of facts. The Prince wrote from Paris, saying: 'Your Imperial Majesty will see from the enclosed extract from the "Moniteur" that Napoleon has gone on board the English vessel the "Bellerophon," after having in vain attempted to escape the vigilance of the cruisers stationed off Rochefort. According to an agreement come to between the powers, he is to be sent as a prisoner to the Fort St. George, in the north of Scotland, and placed under the guardianship of Austrian, Russian, French, and Prussian commissioners. He will enjoy good treatment and all the liberty compatible with his safe keeping.' The letter concludes with what sounds like the death dirge of a dynasty: 'Madame Mère and Cardinal Fesch start to-morrow for Tuscany. We do not know exactly what has become of Joseph. Lucien is in England under a borrowed name; Jerome is in Switzerland, and Louis at Rome. The Queen Hortense has left for Switzerland, whither she will be followed by the General de Flahault (the Duc de Morny's father) and his mother. Murat appears to be still at Toulon, but this is uncertain.' And thus was dispersed this family of kings, queens, and prelates, who twenty years before had

sought refuge in France, had accepted a pittance from the Republic, and had set to work to learn French.

On August 13, 1815, Prince Metternich once more wrote to Marie Louise, saying:—

Madame,—Napoleon is on board the 'Northumberland,' on his way to St. Helena. The only news we have of his departure from Torbay is by telegraph, but we know that he is at sea. The 'Bellerophon' was ordered to sail because the crowd round the vessel augmented to such a degree that a scandal was feared.

Not only during the 'Hundred Days,' but after his arrival at St. Helena, Napoleon complained bitterly of the conduct of the Court of Vienna. Conversing with Admiral Malcolm, he said: 'I appeal to you. Is it possible that the Emperor of Austria, whose daughter I married, who solicited this marriage, to whom I twice restored his capital, who detains my wife and my son, should send me his commissioner without a single line from himself or a single word concerning the health of my son?' And it has always been asserted by his partisans that what confirmed Napoleon in his resolution to attempt his escape from Elba was the fact of the allies not only not paying him his pension, but detaining his wife and his child.

One of the first acts of Francis after the collapse of the French Empire was to deprive his grandson of the name of Napoleon and the title of the King of Rome. The Napoleonic dynasty was at an end; the Eternal City was no longer a French *chef-lieu*; the Pope, who sat once more on the chair of St. Peter, had resumed his temporal power, and his 'dear son,' M. de Talleyrand, had renounced his title of Prince of Beneventum through respect for the Holy See. It is

melancholy to think of the fate of this prince, over whose procreation there had been so much intrigue, and whose destinies might have been so brilliant. A certain fatality appears to hang over direct heirs to the French crown. Louis XIV. is the last French monarch who succeeded his father. The *Grand Monarque* had several sons and grandsons, but they all died before him with the exception of the Duke of Anjou, who on taking possession of the Spanish throne renounced the French succession. Louis XIV. was therefore succeeded by Louis XV., his great-grandson. On his death-bed, fearing that the son of the Duke of Burgundy might not live to perpetuate the line, he declared his natural children, eight of whom had been legitimised, capable of succeeding to the throne in default of princes of the blood. Louis XV. married the daughter of the King of Poland before he was sixteen years old, and by this marriage had five daughters and one son. The Dauphin, concerning whom great hopes were entertained by the nation, and who preferred the company of statesmen and scholars to the dissipation of Versailles, wasted away at the early age of thirty-six, leaving behind him by a second marriage Madame Clothilde, who married the King of Sardinia; Madame Elizabeth, who was guillotined during the Revolution; and three sons, who were all destined to reign over France, as Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X. By a curious coincidence the Valois, like the Bourbon line, also came to a close with the reigns of three brothers—the three sons of Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis, known in history as Francis II., Charles IX., and Henri III. Louis XV. was succeeded by his grand-

son, Louis XVI., and the fate of the Dauphin of that unfortunate monarch, who paid the penalty of the follies and vices of his predecessors, forms one of the most gloomy episodes of French history. After Louis XVI., the French throne was filled by the Emperor Napoleon, whose only son died an early death at Vienna, as Duke of Reichstadt and colonel of an Austrian cavalry regiment. Marshal Marmont, who was constantly with the prince, says in his memoirs that he died, not a violent or unnatural death, but a victim of the assiduity with which, in spite of a feeble constitution, he performed his military duties. Then came Louis XVIII., who had no children, and who was succeeded by his brother, Charles X., who had two sons, neither of whom was destined to reign. The eldest, the Duke of Angoulême, died in exile; while the Duke of Berri, the father of the Duke of Bordeaux, now known as the Comte de Chambord, was stabbed by Louvel on the steps of the Opera in 1820. In 1830 the Comte de Chambord was driven from France at the same time as his grandfather, Charles X.[1] Louis Philippe was the next monarch,

[1] On the birth of the Comte de Chambord, Béranger supposed the ex-King of Rome writing thus to the royal infant:—

Salut, petit cousin germain!
D'un lieu d'exil j'ose t'écrire.
La Fortune te tend la main;
Ta naissance l'a fait sourire.
Mon premier jour aussi fut beau;
Point de Français qui n'en convienne.
Les rois m'adoraient au berceau,
Et cependant je suis à Vienne.

Je fus bercé par les faiseurs
De vers, de chansons, de poèmes;

and his eldest son was thrown from his carriage and killed as he was about to start for Algeria. When the Revolution of 1848 occurred, an attempt was made to induce the Chamber of Deputies to accept the eldest son of the Duc d'Orleans, the Comte de Paris, for sovereign, with the Duchess for regent; but, thanks to Lamartine, this solution was rejected and the Republic proclaimed. The throne next passed to Napoleon III., the youngest son of Napoleon's third brother. As fate would have it, all Napoleon's combinations, and his brilliant alliance with a daughter of the Cæsars, came to nought. The next direct heir to the Imperial throne, the son of Napoleon III., fell in South Africa while serving with the English army.

On the second fall of the Empire there was some hesitation on the part of the allies with regard to the crown of France. The unpopularity of the Bourbons had cost Europe torrents of blood and millions of money. Louis XVIII. had already been established

Ils sont comme les confiseurs,
Partisans de tous les baptêmes.
Les eaux d'un fleuve bien mondain
Vont laver ton âme chrétienne;
On m'offrit de l'eau du Jourdain,
Et cependant je suis à Vienne.

Près du trône si tu grandis,
Si je végète sans puissance,
Confonds ces courtisans maudits,
En leur rappelant ma naissance.
Dis-leur: 'Je puis avoir mon tour,
De mon cousin qu'il vous souvienne.
Vous lui promettiez votre amour,
Et cependant il est à Vienne.'

Béranger could hardly have foreseen when he wrote the above that the Comte de Chambord would take up his residence almost under the walls of Vienna.

once on the throne of his ancestors, but he had been ignominiously driven from France after reigning a few months. To set up the Bourbons again would be to court further difficulties. For a moment it was thought that Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, who was so popular with the allied sovereigns, and who had ruled so wisely in Italy as to excite the jealousy of Napoleon, would be the next monarch of France. After the divorce of Josephine this would have been an extraordinary choice. However, the fortunes of the Beauharnais were not destined to attain this climax. The Emperor Alexander for a time favoured the pretensions of Bernadotte, who thought himself certain of succeeding Napoleon, but his hopes were disappointed. It would have been passing strange to have seen this ex-Jacobin, the husband of Désirée Clary, who had changed his religion in order to be able to sit on the throne of Protestant Sweden, become a Catholic once more, and under the protection of a schismatic Emperor reigning in France.

Alluding to this matter in his autobiography, Prince Metternich says that the Emperor Alexander was greatly agitated when it became necessary to adopt a resolution relative to the form of government to be given to France. The Emperor of Austria did not hesitate for a minute, but it was not the same with the Czar. 'That prince,' writes Metternich, 'was surrounded by revolutionists who had always exercised a fatal and decisive influence on his mind; they had never ceased to oppose the legitimate pretensions of the House of Bourbon, and to represent the return of the dispossessed family as an absolute impossibility. The Czar shared this conviction. As

for the son of Napoleon, he was merely a feeble child, and his establishment on the throne of France presented difficulties easily understood. The man who possessed the greatest chance in default of a Bourbon or a Napoleon was the Prince Royal of Sweden. His intrigues and those of his agents made him acceptable to the revolutionary party, and it is certain that Laharpe himself would have raised him to the throne, if that ardent Republican had not preferred the return of a form of government more in accordance with his ideas.'

There can be no doubt that serious efforts were made by the Bonapartists to effect the deliverance of Napoleon II. and to set him up on the throne of France; and on one occasion, in spite of the vigilance with which he was watched, he managed to escape to some distance from Vienna. Marmont, in his memoirs, has left us a graphic description of the young prince. He met him for the first time at a ball given at Vienna by Lord Cowley. The Marshal was informed that in the course of the evening the Duke of Reichstadt would enter into conversation with him. Shortly after having received this notice the Duke approached and said:—'Marshal, you are one of the oldest comrades of my father, and I attach a great price to making your acquaintance;' and Marmont's name is down in the will of Napoleon as one of the traitors who encompassed his ruin! The conversation turned on military subjects, and especially the campaigns of Napoleon. 'The Duke,' says Marmont, 'spoke with great ardour and passion of his profession and of his desire to fight, adding that he would be happy to learn under me. France and

Austria, he said, "might one day be allies and fight side by side. It was not against France he could fight—his father had forbidden that; it would also be contrary to his heart and good policy. . . . At other times, in a kind of despair, reflecting that war could only take place between France and the other powers, he would make such remarks as this—'But would not glory, even acquired at their expense, heighten me in the eyes of the French, and if I were called upon one day to govern them, would I not be all the more worthy to do so if I have proved my capacity by my actions?" However, he always returned to the idea that French blood should be sacred for him, and to the strict injunctions of his father.'

Marmont received permission from Prince Metternich to narrate to the Duke the campaigns of his father, and he saw him two or three times a week almost up to the day of his death. The last time the Marshal asked to see him, the Duke, who was in great pain, said, 'Tell the Marshal I am asleep. I do not wish him to see me in such a plight.' Marmont adds: 'He died on July 22, anniversary of the battle of Salamanca, a day become doubly fatal for me.'

Many false accounts have been given concerning the death of the amiable young prince, who was a general favourite at court, and especially with his grandfather. It seems that on January 2, 1832, the Duke, who was always very zealous in the performance of his military duties, took over the command of his squadron. On the 16th he attended the funeral of Baron von Siegenthal, and while giving the word of command found his voice fail. It soon became ap-

parent that the Duke, who had been ailing for some time, was much worse than he would admit. On the 21st he was too ill to go to the ball given by Marshal Maison, the French ambassador. In addition to his usual medical attendant, Doctors Wirer and von Raimann were called in; but the Duke persisted in considering himself quite well, and continued to ride and drive as usual in the Prater. When the spring came he went to Schönbrunn rather sooner than was customary, and took up the quarters which his father had occupied in 1809.

On June 21 Prince Metternich wrote to Count Apponyi, the Austrian ambassador at Paris, saying the Duke could not last long. Dr. the Baron Finkeim was now called in. So serious was the state of the invalid that his mother was informed of his precarious position, while the Archduchess Sophia undertook the delicate mission of getting him to take the sacraments. To spare him as much agitation as possible, she proposed that they should receive the communion together, as she was looking forward to her second confinement. This rite was celebrated with all the habitual etiquette in presence of the whole court.

Marie Louise, Duchess of Parma, arrived in Vienna on June 24, and was greatly distressed to find her son so ill. On July 21 Dr. Malfatti said the night would be very bad, and Baron Moll and his servant remained in the Duke's room, but placed in such a manner that he could not see them. At about half-past three in the morning the Duke suddenly sat up in his bed and called out, '*Ich gehe unter*' (I am drowning), and when Baron Moll sprang forward to

support him he asked for his mother, who was immediately at his bedside, accompanied by the Archduke Francis Charles (the father of the present Emperor of Austria), together with the Abbot Wagner, the Duke's confessor. A little before five o'clock the Duke turned his head round, and the Abbot having pointed upwards, he raised his eyes to heaven, heaved a deep sigh, and breathed his last. Marie Louise was borne fainting to her apartments; she remained insensible for some time, and her life was considered in danger.

The Duke of Reichstadt was buried in the Imperial vaults under the church of the Capucins, and upon his coffin was traced the following inscription:—

NAPOLEONIS GALLIÆ IMPERATORIS FILIUS.

Tous deux sont morts—Seigneur votre droite est terrible!
Vous avez commencé par le maître invincible,
Par l'homme triomphant,
Puis vous avez enfin complété l'ossuaire:
Dix ans vous ont suffi pour filer le suaire
Du père et de l'enfant!

Gloire, jeunesse, orgueil, biens que la tombe emporte!
L'homme voudrait laisser quelque chose à la porte,
Mais la mort lui dit, non!
Chaque élément retourne où tout doit redescendre;
L'air reprend la fumée, et la terre la cendre.
L'oubli reprend le nom!

It was in verse such as this that Victor Hugo recorded the death of Napoleon and his son. *L'avenir! l'avenir! l'avenir est à moi*, cried the father on the birth of the King of Rome, but the dreams of the conqueror were suddenly dissipated. England took the eagle and Austria the eaglet.

VII.

JOSEPHINE AFTER THE DIVORCE.

ALTHOUGH Bourrienne spitefully remarked that the sight of a new bonnet was sufficient to dispel Josephine's grief, there can be little doubt with regard to the sincerity of the anguish she experienced upon being separated from Napoleon, and this in spite of unkind and ungenerous treatment and numerous infidelities, to a few of which we have specially alluded. Nor was it without many pangs that the Emperor parted with the seductive woman who had so long, at all events politically speaking, been his faithful and devoted friend. As Napoleon said, he could trust Josephine with anything but money. She behaved with such tact when at Milan during the Italian period, and in the absence of Napoleon, that he wrote and said—'I could confide a State to your care, and give you a vote in the council, but never entrust you with the key of the treasury.' However, if she had thirty-eight new bonnets in one month, and allowed herself to be plundered by an army of milliners, she was exceedingly discreet and as true as steel in weighty matters.[1] Aware of her extrava-

[1] Mdlle. Avrillon tells a good story on this subject. She says that one day Napoleon found Mdlle. Despeaux with a number of bandboxes in the saloon leading to Josephine's apartment. 'Who are you?' he

gance, Josephine had hardly left the Tuileries when she received the visit of Comte Mollien, who had

cried in a rage, for he had recently been complaining of the extravagance of the Empress. Mdlle. Despeaux having explained, the Emperor rushed into Josephine's room gesticulating and shouting—'Who sent for this woman? Who made her come here?' Everyone professing ignorance, the wrath of Napoleon increased; he yelled like a madman—'I must know the guilty person! You shall be sent to prison!' At the moment this storm burst, the Empress was taking a foot-bath, and at the same time was having her hair dressed. All her women fled in dismay, followed by the coiffeur. Having thus routed the enemy his Majesty retired, leaving the Empress trembling all over. He immediately sent for Savary and ordered him to arrest Mdlle. Despeaux, who was duly consigned to La Force, whither half fashionable Paris flocked next day to condole with her. The poor woman remained in durance vile only one night, but she had been so terrified that she fell ill, and it was some time before she was able to busy herself with her bandboxes again. As for Napoleon, he soon calmed down, and a couple of days afterwards he laughed heartily over the consternation he had caused.

M. de Lavalette says in his memoirs that Josephine was extremely careless in money matters, that she was surrounded by persons who robbed her, that she never denied herself anything, and that she allowed the most prodigious bills to accumulate. Napoleon, on the contrary, loved order, and would not allow himself to be plundered of a farthing. At the close of each year Josephine's accounts were laid before him, and their examination always led to the discovery of a large deficit. One year, as the moment approached for presenting this budget, the Emperor, perceiving that Josephine and Mdlle. de la Rochefoucauld had been crying, said to Duroc, 'Those women have tears in their eyes. I am sure there are debts; try and find out what is the matter.' Duroc, who enjoyed the confidence of the Empress, mentioned to Josephine the suspicions of his Majesty, and asked to know the amount. Josephine, with many tears, confessed that she owed 400,000 francs. 'Ah!' said Duroc, 'the Emperor thought that it was at least double that sum.' 'No! I swear this is not the case, but if I must tell the whole truth, I owe 600,000 francs.' 'You are sure it is not more?' 'Quite sure.' Duroc related what had passed, and drew a touching picture of the despair of Josephine. 'Ah! she weeps,' said the Emperor; 'then she feels her crime. You must find out what her debts amount to; she is capable of owing a million.' Although somewhat soothed on learning that the deficit was not so enormous as he feared, he declared it scandalous, and said that he would talk the matter over with Josephine. Na-

been sent by the Emperor to arrange her affairs, and who, after due examination, left behind him a treasury clerk, who was to keep her Majesty's accounts. Comte Mollien, in relating what had passed to his Majesty, acknowledged that what the Emperor called his 'exaggerated solicitude' had wounded the Empress to such an extent, that fearing she must have given Napoleon some cause for displeasure she burst into tears. His Majesty interrupted the minister, saying, 'I expressly warn you not to make her cry.' Then entering into the details of her expenditure, that she allowed pensions to several officers and other persons who could not obtain employment, he ordered the officers to be placed on the active list and the other pensioners to be employed, thus lightening the civil list.

Josephine was to retain her title of Empress, to enjoy a revenue of 120,000*l.* a year, while Malmaison, and the château of Navarre, which had belonged to the Bouillons, which had been a magnificent place before the Revolution, and which stood in the centre of the forest of Evreux, were placed at her disposal. Napoleon insisted that she should continue to keep up her rank, and so close was the watch he kept upon her, that when he learned she had been

poleon and Duroc went into the saloon where the ladies were assembled, but the Emperor avoided approaching his wife, and when supper was announced he allowed her to pass in before him. She was in great distress. When she was seated, he placed himself behind her chair, and whispered in her ear, 'Well, madame, have you any debts?' Josephine began to sob. 'You owe a million.' 'No, Sire, I assure you I only owe 600,000 francs.' 'Only that. It appears a trifle.' After a few more words of reproach, which elicited new sobs, Napoleon whispered in the other ear, 'Come, Josephine! come, my little one! don't cry; console yourself.' And the 24,000*l.* were paid without any more bother.

out driving in a carriage unaccompanied by an equerry in uniform, he immediately remonstrated. On the other hand, Josephine felt highly flattered by all the visits she received from kings, princes, and other persons of high rank, at Malmaison, knowing that they had been ordered by Napoleon, and feeling that they were paid to the wife of his heart.

If we are to believe Madame de Rémusat, the Emperor, at the time of the divorce, proposed to Josephine that she should marry again and take for third husband the Prince of Mecklenburg Schwerin. It appears that in 1807 this prince paid a visit to the French Court in the hope of persuading Napoleon to withdraw the French troops which occupied his States. He appealed to the Empress to aid him, and was so graciously received and at the same time so much struck with the 'amiability of her face, her charming figure, and the elegance of her person,' that he fell in love with her. Josephine was highly amused, and Napoleon, though he afterwards took the matter in bad part, laughed over it at first. He never suspected anything serious, but he objected to being turned into ridicule. It had not been very dangerous to trifle with the wife of the First Consul, but Cæsar's wife was to be beyond suspicion. It seems that the German prince was not nearly so well treated towards the close as at the commencement of his visit, and it need hardly be added that he was not relieved of the French garrisons which weighed so heavily on the finances of his duchy. Madame de Rémusat, who says that Josephine told her this story, forgets if the Prince wrote a proposal; but the Empress refused to listen to that of Napoleon. The Prince is repre-

sented as young, handsome, and affable, and as so dazzled with the magnificence of the court, which he never ceased admiring, that he was obsequious even to the chamberlains. Josephine, at the time, was no doubt flattered by the conquest she had made, but in 1809 she must have had enough of matrimony.

Josephine had no sooner left the Tuileries than she received letter after letter from Napoleon. The first, in which the accents of tenderness were strangely mingled with that tone of absolute command so habitual to the Emperor, contained the following phrases :—'*Si tu m'es attachée ; si tu m'aimes, tu dois te comporter avec force et te placer* (*sic*) *heureuse. . . . Dors bien ; songe que je le veux!*'

Then came the following letters; the divorce having been pronounced on December 16 :—

Trianon : December 19, 1809.

I have received your letter, my friend. Savary tells me that you never cease crying ; that is not right. I hope you were able to take a walk to-day. I have sent you some game. I will pay you a visit when you can assure me that you are more reasonable and that you have recovered your courage. I desire to know that you are contented and calm. Sleep well.

NAPOLEON.

Trianon : December 22, 1809.

I intended paying you a visit to-day, but I was obliged to go and see the King of Bavaria, who has just arrived in Paris. I hope to see you to-morrow, and to find you gay and calm. Adieu, my friend.

NAPOLEON.

Josephine and the Queen Hortense having dined with Napoleon at the Trianon, the Empress received the following note the day afterwards :—

Trianon, 1809.

I went to bed as soon as you left yesterday. I am going to Paris, and wish to hear that you are gay. I will return and see you in a week. I have received your letters, and will read them in my carriage. The weather is damp and not at all healthy.

NAPOLEON.

Paris: December 31, 1809.

I hold a grand review to-day, my friend, and shall see all my Old Guard and more than sixty batteries of artillery. The King of Westphalia is about to return home. I am sad at not seeing you. If this parade is over before three o'clock you may expect me to-day; if not, to-morrow. Adieu, my friend.

NAPOLEON.

Trianon: January 17, 1810.

My Friend,—D'Audenarde tells me you exhibit no courage since you went to Malmaison. That place, however, is full of recollections which cannot, and never will change, at least on my side. I should much like to see you, but I must first know that you are strong. I own to being weak myself, and this makes me suffer dreadfully. Adieu, Josephine; good night. Were you to doubt me, you would be very ungrateful.

NAPOLEON.

A few days later came a business letter, saying:—

I was delighted to see you yesterday. I feel what charms your society has for me. I worked to-day with Esteve, and accorded you an extraordinary credit of 100,000 francs for Malmaison. You can therefore plant as much as you like, and lay out this money according to your good pleasure. Esteve is to pay 200,000 francs into Julien's bank when the contract is completed. I have given directions for the payment of your ruby ornaments [purchased at a fabulous price by poor Josephine], which shall

be valued by the administration, for I shall not tolerate the robberies of the jewellers. This affair has already cost me 400,000 francs.

I have ordered the million [40,000*l.*] which the civil list owes you to be placed at the disposal of your man of business, to pay your debts. You ought to find in the chest of drawers at Malmaison from 5 to 600,000 francs, which you can take in order to purchase plate and linen. I have ordered a handsome service of porcelain for you.

NAPOLEON.

Josephine was very fond of horticulture, and continually ordered rare plants from foreign lands. This innocent taste, we are assured, was so much respected by the British Government that our cruisers received orders not to interfere with the flowers and shrubs intended for the Empress.

Shortly after his marriage with Marie Louise the Emperor wrote :—

Compiègne : April 28, 1810.

My Friend,—I have received two letters from you. I have written to Eugène, and have ordered the marriage of Tascher [Josephine's nephew] with the Princess of Leyen. To-morrow I shall go to Antwerp to see the fleet. . . . Do not pay any attention to the gossip of Paris ; it is all idle talk, and far from the truth. My feelings towards you do not change, and I heartily desire to know that you are happy and contented.

NAPOLEON.

Josephine was in the habit of constantly receiving similar notes, which she always read with the greatest avidity, and the correspondence between her and Napoleon terminated only with her death. One of his last notes was written in 1814, during what is called the campaign of France, and was dated

from Brienne. This place naturally conjured up old memories in the mind of the Emperor, then harassed by foes and desperately struggling to save his throne. It ran thus—'Josephine, on seeing once more the spot where I spent my early youth, and on comparing the tranquillity I then enjoyed to the agitation and terrors of to-day, I often say to myself, I have sought death in many battles; I can no longer fear it; death would now be a benefit.' And Baron Fain tells that Napoleon was deeply affected at Brienne by the sight of the château which had been laid waste and the town which had been burned.

Some curious correspondence ensued when the long wished-for heir to the throne was born. Josephine received the news of the birth of the King of Rome at Navarre, and immediately gave orders for a fête. She also wrote a letter to Marie Louise in which she said—'As long as you were only the second wife of the Emperor I remained silent, but I deem that I can break that silence to-day, now that you are a mother. You might have some difficulty in believing in the sincerity of a person you perhaps regard as a rival, but you will believe in the congratulations of a Frenchwoman, for it is a son you have given to France. Your amiability and gentleness have won the heart of the Emperor; your charity has merited the benedictions of the unfortunate; the birth of a son will secure you those of all France,' &c. She also wrote a long letter to Napoleon, congratulating him on the birth of the King of Rome, and herself on 'a sacrifice made in the interest of all'; and assuring the Emperor of her constant devotion. When Eugène de Beauharnais was leaving Paris after the happy

event, Napoleon said to him—'You are going to see your mother. Tell her I am sure no one will rejoice over my happiness more than herself. I should already have written to her had I not been absorbed in the pleasure of contemplating my son. I can only tear myself away from him to attend to the most indispensable duties, but this evening I will perform the most pleasant of them all. I will write to Josephine.' And in fact the next day M. St.-Hilaire arrived at the château, half-dead with fatigue, and bearing the promised letter, which, according to Madame Ducrest, was in his Majesty's usual style, and covered with blots. It began, 'This child and our Eugène will form my happiness and that of France.' 'It would be impossible,' remarked the Empress, 'to be more amiable. Thus to couple my son with his own is worthy of the man who, when he chooses, is more seductive than anyone.'

In the 'Correspondence of Napoleon' we find the following letter addressed to Josephine, and dated Paris, March 22, 1810:—

My Friend,—I have received your letter, and thank you. My son is fat and well, and I hope will thrive. He has my chest, my eyes, my mouth. I continue to be satisfied with Eugène, who has never given me any pain.

NAPOLEON.

As we have seen, the Emperor Francis was afterwards delighted to find the distinctive Austrian features in the King of Rome.

Josephine was always anxious to see Marie Louise, and wanted Napoleon to bring her to Malmaison, but Marie Louise was jealous and refused, and also resorted

to all kinds of devices to prevent Napoleon from visiting his repudiated wife, who on her side desired, in imitation of Marguerite de Valois, to be permitted to reside in Paris. If poor Josephine was not destined to see the mother, she saw the son, and passed a couple of hours with him at Bagatelle in presence of the Emperor.

Madame Ducrest has left us a charming account of Josephine's life at the château of Navarre and Malmaison. She tells us how kindly Madame Walewska was received at the former place, and with what tenderness Josephine caressed her son 'in spite of his resemblance to Napoleon.' Most probably owing to this resemblance. She also mentions the curious fact that Madame Gazani remained attached to the household, and thus alludes to an incident upon which we have already dwelt. 'Two months after Madame Gazani became the Imperial favourite, the Emperor fearing, as often happened, lest he should be enslaved by a woman, suddenly said to Josephine, "Turn her out; let her go back to Italy." Josephine refused to drive a woman to despair who had been "torn from her duties." "I shall perhaps," she said, "be one day as unhappy as she is." Madame Gazani remained with Josephine after the divorce, and the repudiated wife found some consolation in talking to the repudiated mistress of their faithless lord and master. Madame Gazani was made a receiver of taxes at Evreux.'

Madame Ducrest also relates how one day the lovely Madame de Canisy arrived at the château of Navarre to implore Josephine to persuade Napoleon to allow her to marry Caulaincourt, Duc de Vicence.

Madame de Canisy had been divorced, and Napoleon declared he would never tolerate such a scandal. According to the memoirs of the time, M. de Caulaincourt had an intrigue with Madame de Canisy, 'a very fine woman, whose goodness was even more seductive than either her beauty or her wit.' We are also told that she demanded a divorce, and that her husband, although he loved her dearly, was obliged to consent. M. de Caulaincourt, who had been so active in trying to obtain the hand of the Grand Duchess Anne for his master, in vain solicited permission to marry Madame de Canisy, who was obliged to resign her post as lady of the palace, or lady-in-waiting, to Marie Louise. Hence the visit to the château of Navarre on the part of a quondam suitor, and the appeal to Josephine, who was known still to possess great influence. However, Napoleon refused to alter his decision. Caulaincourt consequently not only renounced all ideas of marriage, but made over his property to his brother Auguste, who immediately married the daughter of the Prince de Gaves. This romantic union took place in great haste, as the General had received orders to join his brigade without delay. The bride was let out of school for the ceremony, and when the service was over she returned to her *pension*, while her husband stepped into his carriage and drove away. The same thing happened when Prince Aldobrandini, the brother of Prince Borghese, married Mdlle. de Rochefoucault. But Auguste de Caulaincourt and his wife never saw each other again. The gallant General fell while leading a desperate cavalry charge against the Russian batteries at the battle of Borodino—a battle which would never

have been fought had his brother managed to obtain the hand of the Czar's sister for Napoleon. As for the Duc de Vicence, he married Madame de Canisy on the return of the Bourbons, and appears to have had no reason for regretting his choice. We have already seen how Napoleon had desired to unite him to the daughter of the wealthy Marquis d'Aligre, and how the Marquis had had the courage to decline the alliance and to refuse to break an engagement with another suitor.

The aversion of Napoleon for divorced women was remarkable. Among the fellow-prisoners of Josephine during the Reign of Terror was the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who one day, in the Carmelite prison, laughing over the prediction of the negress of Martinique, asked Madame de Beauharnais, when she became Queen of France, to make her a lady-in-waiting. In the memoirs of Madame Ducrest we find the following letter :—

Josephine to Madame . . .

No date.

I do not forget, but I cannot act after the dictates of my heart. The Empress of France is the first slave of the Empire, and cannot pay the debts of Madame de Beauharnais ; this renders my existence unhappy, and will explain why you do not occupy a place in my household, also why I can no longer see Madame Tallien and other ladies. The Emperor, indignant at the dissolute state of morals, desires the example of regular life and religion to be set in his palace. Wishing to consolidate the faith which he has re-established, and not being able to change the laws [the *Code Napoléon*, we suppose, with its facilities for divorce, which has since been repealed in France, but which still exists in Belgium !], he has determined at all events to banish from

court all those persons who have profited by the possibility of obtaining a divorce. He promised this to the Pope, and up to the present he has kept his word. This is the only reason which makes me refuse the favour you demand. Pity me, my friend, for I often regret that horrid dark little chamber which we shared together in prison.

This remarkable letter was written to the quondam Duchess d'Aiguillon, who had obtained a divorce and married M. Louis de Girardin.

In 1868 the 'Revue Politique' published the following letter, which among other rare curiosities was offered for sale at the auction of M. Felix Drouin's collection, and was knocked down for fifty pounds. It is addressed to Josephine, and runs thus:—

I forbid you to see Madame ——, no matter under what pretext. I will admit of no excuse. If you have any regard for my esteem, and if you desire to please me, you will never transgress the present order. She visits your apartments and passes the night there. You must instruct your hall-porters not to allow her to enter. A scoundrel has married her with her eight bastards. She was an amiable girl, but she has become a horrible and infamous woman. I shall be shortly at Malmaison. I give you due warning, so that there may be no lovers. I should be sorry to disturb them.

There is no date to this letter, and although the 'Revue Politique' would give us to understand that it was written after the divorce, it seems really to have been written from Berlin in 1807. The lady alluded to was Madame Tallien (who might have been Empress), who after being divorced from her second husband married the Prince de Chimay. Lord Holland, in speaking of this lady in his 'Reminiscences,' says: 'If she had some of the frailties, she had all the

generosity with a double portion of the beauty and gentleness which distinguish her countrywomen. She was a Spaniard by birth. The noble use she made of the influence which her beauty so naturally commanded should have rescued her from that neglect in which the hypocrisy of the Consular and Imperial, and the ingratitude of the Bourbon Governments have left her for years.' Such is the portrait, painted by one of Napoleon's great admirers, of this horrible and infamous woman who took a scoundrel in the shape of the Prince de Chimay for third husband. It was certainly not without a severe struggle that Josephine gave up the Princess de Chimay. At the time of the coronation Napoleon wished her to break with the Talliens. He said that he was a Corsican, and could never pardon Tallien's conduct while he was in Italy. To this Josephine replied that she was a creole, and could not forget that but for the 9th Thermidor they would neither of them be at the Tuileries. An old fellow-prisoner of the Carmelites, always kindly received by Josephine, and who visited her at the château of Navarre, was the celebrated actress Mdlle. Raucourt, whose funeral was the occasion of such a scandal in Paris, an angry mob forcing open the church doors, which had been closed against the deceased, and compelling a passing priest to perform the usual rites of the Catholic religion.

It may be easily imagined with what feelings of alarm and despair Josephine followed the reckless course of Napoleon, whose marriage did not bring with it those long years of tranquillity so fondly anticipated. Great was her anguish when she learned that the allies had taken Paris, and that the Emperor

had been forced to sign his abdication at Fontainebua. She wrote to Napoleon at Elba :—

It is only to-day that I can realise the extent of the misfortune caused by the legal rupture of our union. It pains me to think I am now but a friend, and can only mourn over a catastrophe as great as it was unexpected. It is not only for the loss of a throne that I pity you, for I know by experience how easily one is consoled for such a loss ; but what grieves me is the sorrow you must have experienced on being separated from your old comrades. You must also have wept over the ingratitude and desertion of friends upon whom you thought you could count. Ah! Sire, why am I unable to fly to you to assure you that exile can only alarm vulgar souls, and that, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, it only lends it fresh force? I was on the point of quitting France, in order to follow and devote to you the remainder of an existence you have embellished. One motive, however, which you may easily guess, prevented me. But should I learn that *I alone* am willing to perform my duty, nothing shall detain me. Only say the word, and I start.

JOSEPHINE.

P.S.—Malmaison has been respected, but I do not wish to remain here.

Alas! a month after writing this letter, Josephine was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the throat, and died. A few days previously Lord Beverley and his two sons had breakfasted with her. Among other things the Empress said that the English alone had been generous enough to speak of Napoleon with common decency. She expressed her astonishment that Marie Louise had not accompanied her husband to Elba, adding: 'Although I am no longer his wife, I would join him to-morrow did I not fear my presence would be disagreeable to him. It is especially at

this moment, when he is abandoned by everyone, that it would please me to be near him; to aid him to support the dulness of Elba, and to share half his grief. I never so regretted a divorce which always afflicted me.'

Josephine had been treated with the greatest respect by the allied sovereigns, and especially by the Emperor Alexander; and Madame de Souza relates, probably having the anecdote from Talleyrand, that the Prince of Coburg told Josephine the Emperor of Austria would have paid her a visit had he not feared to cause her pain. 'Why?' she observed. 'Not at all; it was not me he dethroned, but his daughter.'

It is needless to say how deeply and sincerely *la bonne Joséphine* was regretted, and how entirely her failings were forgotten in remembrance of her many estimable and lovable qualities. Although the Bourbons had returned to France, the pulpit was not silent when she died, and the following is an outline of the funeral sermon which the Archbishop of Tours preached on June 2, 1814. He chose for his text, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' After alluding to the strange vicissitudes of her life, the archbishop gave a short biographical sketch of the deceased Empress. 'Brought to France at an early age,' he said, 'she married Alexander de Beauharnais, who was successively quartermaster-general of the king's armies, and general-in-chief of the army of the Rhine. . . . At the head of his troops he covered himself with glory. But the progress of the Revolution became every day more fearful. God appears to have chosen the Revolutionists to be the instruments of His severe decrees against France, and from that moment

those persons who were distinguished by birth, talent, virtue, and services rendered to the country, fell beneath the blade of crime.'

After pointing out that if Providence permitted the death of Alexander de Beauharnais, his widow was preserved to console the poor, the archbishop continued :—'A man then appeared on the stage of the world, who promised to re-establish order and to restore the altar. He did not say that he reserved for himself the immortal glory of replacing the Bourbons on the throne of their ancestors, but his first steps indicated such an intention. This man interested the heart of Josephine; he demanded her hand and obtained it.' After speaking in a touching manner of the kindly interference of Josephine in behalf of those who remained true to 'the august blood of the Bourbons,' the prelate went on to say, 'Josephine was not only charitable. If it were permitted for a minister of God, at the altar, to talk of worldly qualities, I should speak to you, my brothers, of the nobility and grace of her manners, and of that extreme politeness which never deserted her, and which touched us all the more as it had so long ceased to be allied with power. I should speak to you about that mind, simple in appearance, but which was illuminated with traits of good sense, and which led her to know so well what not to say, and what to say in the best terms.' He might say with the prophet—that a good woman is an ornament to her house.

Alluding to the divorce, the archbishop remarked that Josephine might have resisted, but when the interest of France was urged she did not hesitate to consummate the sacrifice demanded from her.

Monseigneur de Barral in conclusion paid a high tribute to Josephine's children, and especially to Eugène de Beauharnais, whose wise administration and courage, he said, would be long remembered both in France and Italy.

It is a relief to find that all the French prelates did not imitate the Archbishop of Malines (the Abbé de Pradt), almoner of the god Mars, who, after receiving wealth from Napoleon, the title of baron, and the post of Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, hearing of his downfall, had nothing better to say than *Il s'est fondu comme un polisson*—language more suitable to a fishwife than a churchman. It was the Abbé de Pradt, too, who first called Napoleon a Jupiter-Scapin.

There can be no doubt that the Emperor felt deeply the loss of Josephine. On his return from Elba, accompanied by the Queen Hortense, he paid a long visit to Malmaison, wandered mournfully for some time round the grounds, and stood in mute contemplation before her tomb. A touching account of this visit may be found in a volume by Baron du Casse entitled 'Le Château de la Malmaison.'

We cannot conclude our notice of the Empress Josephine without quoting the following letter which she wrote to Madame Campan on the subject of Stephanie de Beauharnais, and which throws some light on the nobler instincts of the tender-hearted if erring woman. It runs thus :—

In sending back my niece, receive, my dear Madame Campan, my thanks and my reproaches. The first for the good care and brilliant education you have bestowed on

this child; the second for the faults which your sagacity has overlooked, or which your indulgence has tolerated. This little girl is gentle, but cold; she is well instructed, but disdainful; clever, but without judgment, and takes no pains to please. She believes that the reputation of her uncle and the courage of her father are quite sufficient. Teach her, in the most prosaic manner and very plainly, that these are nothing. We live in times when everyone is the son of his works, and if those who serve the State in the higher ranks of society ought to have some advantages and to possess some privileges, they are in duty bound to be all the more amiable and all the more useful. It is only by acting thus that good fortune can cause itself to be pardoned by everyone. This, my dear Madame Campan, is what you should have taught my niece. I desire that she shall treat all her comrades, many of whom are better than herself, as her equals.

This admirable letter, which reminds one of Josephine's conduct in the prison of the Carmelites, proves that the Archbishop of Tours did not exaggerate the excellent qualities of her heart.

Not long ago there stood a statue in Paris in memory of *la bonne Joséphine*. It stood in an avenue which bore her name, and it was erected on a spot where she had formerly founded a school. The statue was broken to pieces when the second Empire fell, and the avenue no longer bears her name, but that of Hoche, her old fellow-prisoner and admirer in the Carmelites. And yet the rue Bonaparte still exists; the Imperial Cæsar has been for the second time replaced on the summit of the column of Vendôme, and the triumphal arch still records the victories of Napoleon, who is allowed to slumber on in his magnificent mausoleum under the gilded dome of the Invalides.

But there remains no trace of *la bonne Joséphine*, who was so popular, both with the people and the *émigrés*, when she sat on the throne. The statue of the woman who was repudiated by her husband was dashed to the ground through hatred of the tyranny of Napoleon, and the memorials of Napoleon himself are permitted to remain! Malmaison, so rich in historical associations, allowed to go to wreck and ruin, has been recently sold by auction, and has been turned into a farmstead.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

00032092

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018